

Chapter 1: Finding Comfort in the ROR

Harry stumbled out of Dumbledore's office in a daze trying to process everything he had just been told as well as the consequences of their little trip into the ministry. His emotions were everywhere and he knew he couldn't go back to Gryffindor tower like he was or he was liable to scare someone and be seen as even more of a crack pot than the papers were making him out to be. Without even realizing where he was going he ended up in the hallway that housed the Room of Requirement. He was aware of the fact that he paced back and forth in front of the spot 3 times as needed but his head was too jumbled to form a request so he was surprised when the doorway appeared. Perhaps the room knew what he needed even if he didn't himself.

When Harry entered the room there was a comfy looking sofa sitting in front of a coffee table with two items on it, a photograph and a journal. The first was a framed photo of Sirius and Harry sat down heavily on the couch clutching the frame to him and crying over the loss of his godfather. The tears were therapeutic and he felt some of the weight lift as he gently set the picture back on the table. He was glad that the room had given him the picture as he knew he never would have cried in front of his friends. He reached forward and grabbed the journal off the table to find that it was Sirius' and the tears began anew.

Before he was able to start reading Dobby popped into the room and pointed out the clocks on the wall and explained that for every hour he spent in the room only a minute would pass outside and that the room would take care of him until he was ready to leave. Harry did some quick math and determined he could stay for a month and still make it to the Great Hall for lunch so no-one would worry about him. His heart was aching terribly from losing Sirius and from Dumbledore keeping so many major secrets and he knew he wouldn't be ready to face everyone for a while. He decided to stay and start to read Sirius' journal. He would figure out what else to do with the extra time later. So he opened the journal to the first page and was surprised to find a note to him.

Dear Harry,

If you're reading this then I am gone. I'm sorry for leaving you pup and I hope that however I went that it was doing something to help you or the war. Don't morn me too long. I have been miserable stuck here in this house and I still feel the years of Azkaban. Be happy for me as I am finally free and with your parents. The only times I have been happy these past few years where when you were around. I love you Harry, you're the son I never had and I wish all the best for you. There are many things that Dumbledore has kept from you and I have written all that I know in here for you. I was hoping to be able to tell you in person but this will have to do. Don't cry when you remember me, but live every day to its best and try to have some fun.

All my love,

Your Godfather Sirius aka Padfoot

Harry began the journal after his tears stopped. By having the journal it finalized that Sirius was really gone and he had been trying to believe it wasn't true. The journal started after his escape from Azkaban as a way to try and get his mind back in order. Harry hadn't realized how much damage the dementors had done to his godfather, but then he didn't remember him from before then so he had nothing to compare to. One of the passages caught Harry's attention from after he helped Sirius escape on Buckbeak. It seems he stayed with Remus Lupin for a while and it was the transcript of their conversation.

"I can't believe he was able to conjure such a powerful patronus," Sirius said with pride. "I didn't realize just how powerful he must be."

"I don't get it though Pads," Remus said to his long time friend. "He's never shown that kind of power before. He barely scrapes by in most of his classes."

"I don't understand; he's very smart. He has to be; James and Lily were top of every class!" Sirius said.

"He doesn't try at all and his homework looks rushed and un-researched. I understand that he spends all his time with the lazy Weasley boy but he should be able to do so much better without any real effort. It's like he tries to do poorly," Remus told him.

"Maybe he does try to do poorly," Sirius suggested. "That muggle cousin of his doesn't have two brain cells to rub together. If Harry was punished for doing well in school growing up maybe he is subconsciously doing it still."

"So since Ron is his best mate he just makes sure he stays at Ron's level so he doesn't attract attention?" Remus asked. When Sirius nodded he added, "Well Ron is the jealous type, maybe Harry is afraid he won't stay his friend if he's smart. And Hermione would feel threatened by anyone she perceived as smarter than her."

Harry stopped reading and thought about his time at Hogwarts and realized that he never tried hard to learn anything, other than the patronus, until he started to look up spells for the DA. He decided then that he would go back through all his books and re-read them. He made a promise to himself and to Sirius that he would actually try and do well from now on. He figured that now that he was aware of what he was doing he would be able to stop, hopefully.

It took Harry 8 hours to finish reading the journal and when he finished the ache in his heart over losing his godfather had started to heal. He had a long way to go, but he was on the road to getting over Sirius' death. He had taken a few notes to remind him of what he needed and wanted to do when he finished the journal and the list looked like:

Become better in school

What are the wards at #4 Privet Dr?

Talk to Gringotts goblin about finances

Review laws for underage magic

Buy new clothes

Buy more books

Learn self-defense

See Eye Doctor

Determine who I can trust

Read about Prophecies

Find if there is another copy of my smashed prophecy

Write to the Department of Mysteries

Write to the Department for Underage Wizardry

Find a lawyer about the Dursleys

Did Sirius have a will?

Did my parents have a will?

Make plans for summer

He had read about how Sirius was suspicious of the Weasley family's friendship with Harry. That there had been Order meetings that he wasn't allowed to attend, even though it was his house, and that it was best not to trust the Order blindly. Sirius told him about the prophecy and said that he wasn't sure it was complete and not to put too much hope on it as divination was very imprecise. He also found out that Dumbledore and the Order KNEW how his family treated him growing up. They knew how they starved him and verbally attacked him and how Dudley beat him up. He also found out that the Dursleys were PAID to take care of him. He was determined to get a lawyer about that!

After eating and sleeping for a few hours Harry was at a loss of where to start. The 1st thing on his list was to do better in school but without his OWL results he didn't even know where he stood with his scores as he'd never seen any. He smiled when a folder appeared on the table; it was his school file! He realized that Remus was right as he barely averaged Acceptable in most subjects and would do worse if he didn't do so much better on the practical than the written or

homework. He realized that Umbridge had been right about one thing, he wouldn't be getting a job at the Ministry with scores like his!

What really upset him though was finding his personal records in the file and the list of maladies and injuries that Madame Pomfrey had recorded over the years. The report from his 1st year made him angry as she reported to Dumbledore signs of abuse, severe malnourishment, stunted growth, eye problems from poor diet, poor muscle tone suggesting prolonged confinement and evidence of multiple crippling injuries that were poorly healed and evidence of multiple concussions and lasting damage to the left lung. The reports from the next years were not as detailed but all reported on his poor treatment at the Dursley's along with suggested courses of treatment that he was never given that would repair the damage, fix his height problems and improve his eyesight. He decided he needed to add 'See a Healer' to his list for the summer.

As he flipped to the last page he smiled at the info he was seeing:

Student: Harry James Potter

Mother: Lily Marie Potter nee Evans

Father: James Tiberius Potter

Grandparents: Tiberius Charles Potter & Marguerite Lynn Potter nee Wilson

Grandparents: Marcus Heath Evans & Jasmine Hope Evans nee Stevensen

Godparents: Sirius Orion Black & Alice Jane Longbottom nee Cooper

He finally knew his family's names, he decided to write them down and research to see if he could find out anything about them. He had been wondering if he had a godmother and why she had not come for him before; so at least he knew why. He wondered if that made him and Neville god-brothers or something.

As he put the file down he lamented that he had already taken his OWLs and wished he had gotten his act together sooner so he could have done better. He was startled by a big thick book appearing on the table open to a page in the middle. He grinned as he read that a student could request to be re-tested in OWLs or NEWTs if their test had been interrupted or disturbed in any way. The downside or reason most never took advantage of the rule was that you had to retake your entire OWLs not just the one that was disturbed and you had to file the petition to retake your exams before you received your scores. Harry decided it was exactly what he needed to do. He would send out a petition before he left for the summer. He knew if he came back to the ROR again after curfew the night he went back he could get an extra 25 days of studying in without being missed at all and he could do that every day until the train left if needed so he had a potential of 125 days to study plus the 27 days he had left currently.

Harry settled into a schedule over the next few days trying to get a head start on his summer list. He would wake up and start to exercise on the track the room provided and then do sit-ups, pull-ups and push-ups before drowning himself and his aching muscles in the shower or swimming pool sized bathtub. He would then eat a hearty breakfast and start studying for his OWLs. He was starting with 1st year books and making his way through all the subjects and taking notes, practicing the spellwork, and even attempting to brew the potions. He would try to remember the good memories of Sirius before going to bed to attempt to slowly come to terms with his death. Thinking of him still hurt but he was able to concentrate on the happy times instead of the image of him falling through the veil.

His general schedule was as follows:

Wake

Jog

Crunches

Push/Pull-ups

Shower

Eat Breakfast

Study for OWLs

Eat Lunch

Study Laws, Wards, Prophecy, Etc...

Eat Dinner

Have Fun/ Be Creative

Remember Sirius

Try to Clear Mind

Sleep

He continued on in his schedule for a few days until another potion exploded and he screamed to the room, "How am I supposed to know what to do? I'm muggle raised!" That was when a pile of books appeared on the table and he sat there in shock for a moment wondering what the room had just provided. The top item was a small pamphlet called 'Yes, Magic is Real' and went on to explain the Hogwarts letter, what to expect with school and how to access the platform as well as a list of contacts if you have questions as well as a recommended book list to help you adjust to your new world. It was obviously a pamphlet given to all muggle-born students. The books were: Muggle Guide to Wizards, So You Found Out You're a Wizard?, Magical Heritage, Hogwarts: A History, and a complete set of books called Wizarding Starter Books: A Comprehensive Guide to Beginner Magic.

Harry was livid that no-one ever thought to give him this information. The Muggle Guide to Wizards outlined the basic laws of secrecy and underage sorcery, how magic was tracked, what wands were and what their components meant. The book So You Found Out You're a Wizard? explained accidental magic and how to gain control as well as the basic principle of 'clearing your mind.' The starter books were

exactly what he needed to help with his OWL preparation as they explained why wand movements and incantations needed to be precise, how certain ingredients interacted in potions, why you stirred certain ways and the theory behind magic as well as what subjects were easier with what wand materials. The book *Magical Heritage* explained the vast array of magical talents there were as well as how to notice and test for them. It also talked about blocks on magic and how they could be put on or taken off and their effects as well as how to test for blocked magic or powers. *Hogwarts: A History* explained not only about the castle but about the houses, all the classes offered and how each subject could help with certain career paths.

After absorbing the knowledge in all the books all muggle-borns are encouraged to read he realized that until that moment he had known almost nothing about the magical world or how his magic worked. He was actually shocked that he had been able to even squeak by without all this key data. He finished his 1st year texts in a week, including all the new books he should have read BEFORE Hogwarts. After realizing what Snape had meant when yelling "Clear Your Mind" Harry was able to focus better on his work and his thoughts became more organized.

He also noticed how he had to almost fight his magic to perform certain spells and began to wonder if he had blocked magic or powers. He brewed the potion that would tell him if there were any blocks and when they were placed. He had to add his own hair and blood to the mixture and soak a quill in it for 48 hours and then the quill would write out on parchment if there were any blocks.

Harry was glad he had added time to have fun to his schedule or he was sure he would have gone stir crazy. He had found out that he was a decent artist, he couldn't sew or knit to save his life and he didn't have a good singing voice but he was a natural at reading music. He was teaching himself how to play the guitar, piano, flute and harmonica. He had also found books on broom design and other magical crafts that looked intriguing. Some of the things he decided to look into further were woodworking, carving, metallurgy, jewelry design, stained glass and wand making. His favorite part of the day was reading up on new hobbies and deciding which ones he really

wanted to pursue. He spent a fair amount of time reading about Quidditch and other magical and muggle sports and activities as well.

The 48 hours of soaking the quill revealed that Harry had more than one block. He had a block on his magic that was placed just hours after he was born. After looking up the block he determined it must have been placed by a Master Healer with his parents permission as it was a rare block only used if a child showed significant magic before a year of age and was to protect the child from damaging their magical core when performing accidental magic as it blocked off a good portion of the child's available magic. He also had a blocked power/ability of some sort relating to changing his body that was placed on him shortly after his 1st birthday. After researching he found that type of block was used regularly to block the metamorphmagi abilities or anamagi abilities of young children.

The third block was placed upon him when he was around 5 years old and blocked his ability for accidental magic of the wish magic variety. The kind of accidental wish magic where the veggies disappear off a child's plate who doesn't want to eat them or the kid's favorite toy sails across the room to them. Harry was mad because this block had to have been performed by a wizard and he would have already been living at his aunt's. He had a feeling it was Dumbledore who placed it and was mad it had not been removed when he started school and learned conscious control of his magic.

There were two more blocks added after he started school. One to block a healing ability of some sort that was added at the end of his 1st year and one that was to block a mind ability at the end of his 4th year. He had wondered why he took so long to heal at Hogwarts when he recovered from major injuries before faster and realized that Dumbledore must have blocked his natural healing ability. He was very upset about the last block because if he was right then Dumbledore had made sure his mind was opened to Voldemort and there would have been NO WAY he could be successful at Occlumency with the ability blocked. Harry also realized that with the number and type of blocks that he had, he would have to wait until he could have a healer remove them. He decided to ask Gringotts if there was a goblin healer he could see so he would know he could trust them.

He finished through his 3rd year schoolwork by the end of his stay, including the texts and workbooks for Arithmacy, Ancient Runes and Muggle Studies. He hadn't determined if he would have to take all the OWLs or only those he took classes for and decided he would much rather take the Arithmacy and Ancient Runes classes in the future than either Divination or Care of Magic Creatures. He was fascinated by runes and even read all the recommended extra reading the text book suggested on different cultures' runes like Egyptian Hieroglyphics. He realized he was quite gifted with languages and decided to add language study to his list, especially Gobbledygook and Mermish.

Harry gathered up all the letters he had written that he would send off after lunch in the Great Hall. He took a deep breath and then left the ROR what felt like 30 days from the fight at the Ministry but was actually just lunch time the following day. He made his way to the Great Hall and sat down next to Neville as Hermione and Ron were still in the hospital wing.

"Are you ok Harry?" Ginny asked from across the table. "Why didn't you come to the hospital wing with us?"

"Professor Dumbledore took me to his office and then I just wanted some alone time to think about everything." He told her wondering if she really cared or was asked to keep tabs on him since his best friends weren't there.

"I'm very sorry about the loss of your godfather," Neville told him sincerely. "If you ever want to talk or something..." he offered and Harry was glad there was someone he knew he could trust.

"Thanks Neville, why don't we go see those new plants you were telling me about in the greenhouse? I don't think I want to be inside any more this afternoon." Harry said and had to hold in his smirk at Ginny's pout at not being invited.

"Aren't you going to go visit Ron and Hermione?" She nagged.

"I doubt Madame Pomfrey will let us in there yet. I'm sure Professor McGonagall will tell us when it's ok to visit." Harry said wondering if he would have even noticed he was being manipulated without the ROR's help.

"So what's up Harry?" Neville asked once they were in the greenhouse. "You've never been too interested in plants before."

Harry smiled, "You're right, I just wanted to talk to you without everyone around. I am trying to be interested in your plants too. I figure if you like them so much there has to be a reason."

"Thanks Harry," Neville said with a smile, "Now spill; no more stalling!"

Harry laughed, "Ok, did you know that your mum is my godmother?" He asked.

Neville looked shocked for a moment and shook his head. "No, but it shouldn't have surprised me too much as your mum was mine. I never told you because I didn't want you to feel bad."

"So we are definitely god-brothers then," Harry said with a smile and the two spent the next few hours talking and really getting to know each other. Harry realized that if it hadn't been for Ron hogging all his time he would have become much better friends with Neville as they had much more in common. "I'm sorry your dad's wand broke," Harry told him. "Will you be in a lot of trouble?"

"Probably, but honestly I'm glad it happened. That wand is not suited to me at all but my Gran won't hear of it. Finally I may be able to get my own wand!" Neville told him and Harry wondered if Neville had blocks on his magic as well.

"Nev, have you ever had anyone check if there were any blocks on your magic?" Harry asked. "I mean if your parents placed one on you, your Gran might not have known."

Neville looked thoughtful for a moment. "I never thought about it; but Harry the same would be true for you."

Harry nodded, "I found evidence of more than one block and am going to have them removed this summer. Don't tell anyone but I think at least one of the blocks has been added since school so I can't trust Madame Pomfrey."

"I'll have my parents' healer check me this summer," Neville said still shocked that one of the professors would do that to Harry.

"I don't know who to trust anymore Neville," Harry told him sadly. "My godfather's journal was magically sent to me last night and it mentioned some lies I've been told and he told me he was suspicious of the Weasleys. He thought they may have been told to befriend me and could be reporting on my activities and keeping me ignorant."

"That's horrible!" Neville told him. "I always wondered about you and Ron as it seems he dictated what you should and shouldn't do and was always angry and jealous. Besides he is mean to me all the time unless you or Hermione are around. And this year Ginny has been hanging around more than normal." Neville observed.

"Now that I think about it, don't you think it strange that an entirely magical family would be wandering through King's Cross and boldly announcing 'Platform 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ this way.' It was probably a set-up so I would trust them more." Harry said sadly.

"Yeah, why wouldn't they have just flooed there then?" Neville asked and Harry knew in his heart that Dumbledore had sent Molly Weasley to 'direct' him through the barrier and to set-up his friendship with Ron.

"Did you know that I'd most likely be in Slytherin if not for Ron telling me that all dark wizards were from Slytherin?" Harry told him. "The hat told me I'd do well there but I just kept saying 'Not Slytherin'!"

Neville laughed, "I was the opposite; I begged for Gryffindor! My Gran had said she expected me to be in Gryffindor like my parents so I just said 'Gryffindor' over and over and over!" The two laughed at how neither one was a true Gryffindor before heading back in for dinner. Harry ate slowly knowing he would have to go visit Ron and Hermione afterwards.

Harry was relieved when he was forced to go by Madame Pomfrey and was able to escape to his dorm. He charmed his curtains closed and sneaked into the ROR under his invisibility cloak. He had packed his school bag this time with an extra set of clothes as well as his pajamas, toothbrush, photo album and all his spare parchment and quills to take notes with. He was prepared for his 10 real time hours in the ROR or 25 days inside.

By the time he returned to real time he had finished 4th and 5th year schoolwork in all subjects and was well on his way to learning Gobbledygook, Latin, Gaelic, and Egyptian. He had also determined that he would never be the type to play rugby or American football as he was too small. He was interested in trying football/soccer and baseball and maybe even skiing and kayaking.

He had experimented with a few of the hobbies he had read about and decided he really liked working with wood on brooms, carving and wood working. He was sad it was time to go back to reality.

Harry spent the next day playing chess with Ron in the hospital wing while Hermione read library books. He ate dinner with Neville and excused himself early to bed to give himself 12 hours in the ROR or 30 days. He knew he was using the room as an escape mechanism but also knew he needed the time so he could finally make informed decisions about his life.

He spent some time each day revising schoolwork but only an hour or two and used the rest of the time to exercise and learn. He found warding fascinating, especially wards that used runes, and in the month he was in the room exhausted the room's source of books on the subject. That was quite a feat as the room could pull any book from the castle including the library, classrooms and the professor's or students personal libraries. That was how it had gotten the journal since it had magically appeared in his trunk in his dorm when Sirius died.

Harry was probably one of the most well versed 15 year olds on laws. He decided that he didn't want any more surprises and studied up on the laws, discovering that quite a few had been broken in regards to

him over the years. He had been avoiding the topic of prophecy until now and as he prepared to leave the room again he knew he would have to focus on it next time along with self-defense techniques.

Harry spent the day outside with Neville enjoying the sunshine and breeze that he missed in the Room of Requirement. "Harry do you mind if I ask why you never wear your Potter ring?" Neville finally built up the courage to ask.

"What do you mean?" Harry asked him not knowing of any ring or family heirlooms at all.

"You're Lord Potter of the Ancient & Noble House. Every lord has their signet ring they use to seal official correspondence and to cast their vote in the Wizengamot." Neville told him.

"I'm only 15 Nev; I'd have to be of age right?" Harry asked thinking over everything he had read.

"As the last of your line you could claim lordship by the age of 10. Your advisor and regent should have informed you or you could press charges." Neville told him. "Who is your regent?" He asked curiously.

"I have no idea Neville; I didn't even know my family was Ancient & Noble until you said so. I'll have to investigate with the Goblins when we get back." Harry told him and Neville was shocked as it was a huge injustice that Harry was never informed of his heritage or duties.

"You'll have to review all the financial and legislative decisions your regent made in your stead to make sure they align with your family's beliefs. You have the authority to change your vote since you were never informed of your heritage." Neville said.

"Are you a Lord Heir?" Harry asked him.

"We are a lesser family, only Noble not Ancient & Noble but my family does still hold a seat on the Wizengamot. My Gran is filling in while my father is sick and I am underage. Since my dad is still alive I

cannot claim Lordship and can only take his duties over once I am of age." Neville explained sadly.

"Are they any closer with a cure?" Harry asked.

"No, but I refuse to give up hope. I figure if there was no hope they would have died and moved on by now so there must be a chance to bring them back," He said softly.

"Then we will hope together and wait for them to wake up. After all we are a family of a sort as god-brothers. I've already lost one of my godparents and my parents; there is no way I am giving up hope on my godmother!" Harry told him.

Neville grinned realizing that Harry did understand and was relieved to have someone else get it, to realize that he was not capable of giving up on his parents.

"Madame Pomfrey said we should be released sometime tomorrow," Hermione told him when he visited after dinner. He was glad they were on the mend but realized he may not get another chance in the ROR once Ron was out and tailing him again. When he entered the ROR that night he decided to treat it like the last time and hope he finished everything for the summer. He kept reviewing his studies some but focused more on prophecies, responsibilities of the Head of an Ancient & Noble House, what laws were voted upon since his fathers death, self defense techniques and body wellness and fitness.

He had heard that for his treatments from the healer to be most successful he would need a healthy diet as well as weight and conditioning training and cardio exercise. His study of prophecy led him to the conclusion that they were sketchy and self-fulfilling and most only ever made sense once they were fulfilled. He also found out that the globes returned to their shelf again if smashed and that he could go back in and listen to it to see if it matched Dumbledore's version.

He had been unable to tell who had been acting as the Potter Regent but had made a list of votes he wanted changed, 3 of which would change legislation since his was the vote or there was a one vote

difference between pass and fail. He looked forward to eliminating the anti-werewolf legislation that banned them from holding government jobs or any job with contact with the public (almost all jobs); as well as that banned them from marrying and having children. The other was a law that stated that only a pureblood could hold a department head position, be Minister of Magic or a Hogwarts Professor. Harry hated how that kept half-bloods and muggle-borns from advancing. The last law was one where his changed vote would approve a new law. The law was that wand/magic privileges be given to anyone who passed at least 2 OWLs in either Charms, Transfiguration or Defense Against the Dark Arts. This would allow many more students to protect themselves before they turned 17. He had made a list of his new votes and would give it to a goblin as soon as he got his signet ring. The goblins would have quite a busy day with him when he arrived.

When he left the room again he felt sure he knew what he needed to do for the summer and confident he could pass all the offered OWLs with flying colors. He was a new Harry and soon the world would see it as well, he just needed to hide it until the train arrived in London. He was prepared to deal with his uncle and take on the Order if he had to. It was time for him to begin to live!

Ron and Hermione were released before lunch and Hermione kept pestering him to talk about losing Sirius. "Look Hermione, I get that some people need to talk about their feelings to deal with them. But I have never been one of those people. I don't want to discuss it. Am I hurt and sad? Yes, of course but I don't need you to dissect it and attempt to make me feel better. I'll get over it in my own way; not in yours. Now can we please drop it or do I have to leave?" He asked after the 10th time she mentioned it that afternoon.

She just glared at him and tossed her hair before returning to her book. "So what did Dumbledore have to say when you got back?" Ron asked eagerly, for the 5th time.

"Ron I told you that I can't talk about it and I don't want to talk about it so stop asking already, the answer won't change." Harry said, quickly losing his patience.

“You’ve never kept secrets before,” Ron said like that should matter.

“Dumbledore never asked me not to say before either,” Harry countered, wishing desperately that there were not 2 more days until term ended and he could avoid all their stupid questions.

Chapter 2: Gallivanting With Goblins

The end of term finally came and they were off on the Express. Harry was in a foul mood as he had warded his trunk and Ron had tried 5 times to open it in the 3 days he was back and hadn't ever asked for something or mentioned it, which led Harry to believe he routinely looked through his things and enforced the idea that he was keeping tabs on Harry for Dumbledore.

Harry felt like strangling the Order after their threats to his uncle. It would have been a lot easier without their so called help. He waited until they had all gone before addressing his family. "Ok, I had nothing to do with that lot. I need to run some errands in my type of places here in London so I'll take a bus or taxi to your house. When I get there we will be discussing our living arrangements for the summer. Before you think to object to what I am saying you should know that I found out about the money they have been paying you and I can stop it easily. So you better cooperate. Now return home and I'll be along either later today or sometime tomorrow." Harry told them with a glare and then stomped off back to the platform to use the floo to get to Gringotts.

He stepped out of the floo and gave a polite nod to the security goblin as he headed to the Head Teller's desk. "I need to speak with a manager about my accounts as well as other personal matters."

Harry stated and waited with a smirk as the goblin turned to another and said in Gobbledegook, "Inform the lowest manager available that some stupid kid wizard wants to talk with a manager."

Harry plastered a scowl on his face and replied perfectly in the goblin language, "Watch who you call a stupid kid or you'll end up on the business side of my wand. Now tell your senior manager that I am here to see him or I will pull my families business from this institution." He then made sure to flick his hair out of his eyes and show off his scar plain as day to the now stunned goblins who both raced off toward the offices as if the hounds of hell were chasing them.

Minutes later he was led into Senior Director Ragnok's office, seated and served tea while he waited. He noticed the awards and

accommodations the goblin had received displayed around the office and was impressed and looked forward to meeting a real goblin warrior. He stood from his chair and bowed to Ragnok when he entered and said in Gobbledygook, "Greetings honored elder; may our meeting prove profitable to both our families." Harry said now extremely glad he had decided to learn the goblin language first.

Ragnok was impressed by the young man as he had never been greeted properly by a wizard before, even those who understood the language. The two spent the next 3 hours going over Harry's vast holdings. Ragnok was livid that his fortune and title had been kept from him. He was granted the title Lord Potter immediately and told since he was already a Lord he would take over responsibility for the House of Black as well as he was Sirius' heir by magical adoption when he was a year old and was therefore a Black as well as a Potter. He was informed that the Black family regent was dead and the ministry had claimed the vacant seat and it was what Fudge was using. The Potter family regent was as he suspected and was Dumbledore but was kept secret and he used his 2nd vote in private so no-one was the wiser.

Harry was given complete asset listings and inventories of all his vaults as well as a listing of all properties and business interests and a list of all dates and amounts of withdrawals from any of his accounts since his parents' death and Sirius's imprisonment. A few of the companies he had strong holdings in caught his attention such as Coca-Cola, The Daily Prophet, Nimbus and General Motors. The thing he noticed the most though was the name of one of his properties called The Farm.

"Is this The Farm, the unplotable Quidditch training facility some place in the States?" Harry asked in awe if it was. The Farm was the place pro teams went for training and team building and was said to be the premier facility for Quidditch in the world!

"Yes, it was founded by your great-grandfather Charles Potter and was expanded by both your father and grandfather." Ragnok told him.

"Can I visit it sometime this summer?" Harry asked eagerly, for once acting his age and looking like an eager toddler.

“You may visit anytime as you are the owner but I believe they hold Quidditch camps throughout the summer that would interest you.” Ragnok told him before they began to discuss more serious matters again. They had to review all illegal withdrawals from his accounts and decide how to handle them as well as to begin the paperwork to bring charges against the Dursley’s for their treatment of him as well as the theft of his money and start to fix all the damage that had been done to his estates from sitting idle for so long. The goblins would also investigate and see if either his parents or Sirius had a will.

When they finished Ragnok led him deep under the bank into the goblin city and to their best healer to document and remove the blocks on his magic as well as to prevent any blocks from being placed in the future. The goblin healer Nani led him to a bed and began scanning him to see what the blocks were and who put them on.

“We will remove the blocks in reverse order or from the most recent backwards,” she told him. “You will sleep for 12 hours and then we begin the stringent treatment of your past injuries and malnutrition which will take 2 full months of bed rest and then therapy.”

Harry was in shock at how long it would take and wondered how the wizarding world would cope if he disappeared for 2 months. The healer must have been able to tell what he was thinking. She explained that since he was able to afford it with little difficulties they would be using a time delay room or area and would only be gone around 24 hours. The time delay worked the same as the ROR except it had to be maintained by a team of goblins on the outside performing the spells to keep the time delay activated. She explained that it was rarely used as most could not afford the fee the goblin nation imposed for the service. She told him they would be joined by 5 other goblin patients and a full staff of healers as well as their families and a few others as there was no point in wasting the energy and cost of the spellwork for only a few to take advantage of. Harry agreed that the more the merrier and was relieved that he would not have to explain a 2 month absence to the Order.

"We have to wait another hour for everything to get set up," Nani told him before continuing the spells to determine who placed each of his magic blocks. Half an hour later she was able to tell him about the blocks. The first block was a standard, if rarely used, block for overly powerful magical children. She told him he must have been manifesting his magic in the womb or just after birth as it was placed when he was 8 hours old by the Master Healer at St. Mungo's at the time who was now deceased.

The 2nd block was placed a week after his 1st birthday by his mother and was placed to block a natural metamorphmagi ability. Nani had determined that he must have inherited the ability from the blood adoption from Sirius on his 1st birthday. The 3rd block was placed by his father when he was 14 months old to stop animagus transformation. Nani told him that he had the rare shape changer ability and therefore had almost unlimited animagus forms. Harry was surprised there were two separate blocks from his parents as the potion had only shown one but he realized they must be similar blocks as they kept him in his natural form.

He could understand all the blocks so far as his parents would have wanted to keep him safe and to teach him how to control his abilities over time. He knew the remaining blocks were the ones that couldn't have been cast by his parents and knew his parents would never had cast them.

Nani told him the 4th block was placed on his 5th birthday by Albus Dumbledore and actively blocked any intentional accidental magic he was still capable of through the original block. "This would block off most of your accidental magic expect in those instances of very strong emotions," she told him wondering why such a block would have been placed upon a child. She also told him that the 5th block was very dangerous as it blocked his natural healing ability and if the block had been completely successful he would have surely died from either the malnutrition or any of his other severe injuries over the years. It was placed at the very end of his 1st year and he realized it would have been when he was unconscious after saving the stone. It had been placed, poorly, by Madame Pomfrey and Nani determined that she must have been forced to perform it as it went against her

healer oath and that's probably why it was only partially successful as she didn't want to cast it.

The 6th and last block was placed at the end of his 4th year by Albus Dumbledore and blocked all natural mind arts talents such as Occlumency, Legilimency, memory recall, meditation, empathy and telepathy. Nani said they could test him later to see if he had any natural abilities in those areas. Harry was angry as he knew for a fact now that Dumbledore had been trying to open his mind to Voldemort; he just didn't know why. He was still brooding over all he had learned while he was led into the area they would be completing his treatment in with the time delay.

Meanwhile, the Order of the Phoenix was trying unsuccessfully to gain access to #12 Grimwald Place as it had locked itself down awaiting its new master. The Order was confused because as far as any of them knew Sirius had no blood heir nor was he able to leave a will so the house should not have closed itself up this way. Harry would have smiled if he had known of their plight but instead he was in a bed surrounded by 4 goblin healers as they began the process of releasing his magical blocks.

The 1st block was easy for them to remove as his body was fighting the block for control of his mind as well as it was only a year old. The 2nd block was also easy to remove as it had not been cast successfully originally. They left him be for an hour after releasing his healing block so his body could heal itself of the strain of removing 2 blocked powers and get used to having its healing abilities readily available again.

Harry couldn't remember his body ever aching so much as they removed his wish magic block. He was immensely relieved the goblins needed a break before continuing. They had explained that the longer the block was in place the more painful and difficult it was to remove. 2 hours later the goblins were able to remove both his parents' blocks at the same time as they were similar spellwork. The goblins laughed as his hair began to cycle through different colors as if his metamorph ability was rejoicing in finally being free. It also made Harry realize that his metamorph ability must have been how he grew his hair back overnight once and why his hair never grew.

The goblins warned him not to try to consciously use his metamorph or shifting abilities until he had studied them and then only when around them until he learned control. He realized that reason was most likely why his parents had blocked the abilities in the first place.

He was nervous about having the last block removed as the healers told him that with all the magic released he would have to relearn how to control his magic and may even need a new wand as his old one fit his previous power level and abilities not his new level. Harry screamed as pain worse than the Cruciatus curse lanced through his body as the now 8 goblin strong team of healers attempted to remove the Master Healer's block on his power. Harry was able to feebly thank the goblins before he passed out after the block had been lifted.

As he slept he was unaware of the looks of awe on the goblin's faces as they realized just how powerful the young wizard before them was. They all knew that it would be hard work teaching him to control that much more magic and were glad they were the ones privileged with his care. They would work on his magic for the next week before beginning his medical treatment so that nothing exploded when he was angry or in pain.

Petunia Dursley was worried. She was scared of the old man who had forced her to take in her nephew all those years ago. She was afraid of what would happen if he found out that Harry didn't come home with them and that he knew about the money they received for his care. She had been told to keep the boy as downtrodden as possible and was now afraid Harry would retaliate and then the old wizard would find out. She just prayed that Harry came home soon, before the freaks realized he wasn't there.

Chapter 3: Healing Old Wounds

Harry awoke 23 hours after his magical block had been released. The goblin healers were monitoring him but decided not to wake him at the usual 12 hours and allow his natural healing abilities time to work. He would need the extra sleep as they all anticipated the next week was going to be a struggle with him learning to control his released magic.

Harry was disoriented when he awoke and couldn't figure out where he was. The previous day's events came back to him when he saw one of the goblin healers reading a book nearby. The healer noticed he was awake and hurried out of the room, returning a few moments later with Nani. Shortly after the two entered they were joined by 3 more goblins and soon they were all arguing fiercely in rapid Gobbledygook. Harry wondered if Ragnok had 'forgotten' to mention to Nani and the others that he spoke their language. He had been wondering why they kept speaking English when he was the only non-goblin there.

The goblins that entered after Nani and the other healer were family members of the healers and the other patients. Two of them were the equivalent of goblin professors and the other was a magical focus maker. Goblins don't need or use wands but for certain types of magic they need to focus their magic and use a magical focus of some sort similar to a wand. The three were arguing with the healers about the best ways to help him learn to control his magic. The healers wanted to use meditation and have him learn to feel his magic and then learn to control it that way. The teachers suggested using a warded room and seeing how much control he had now and working with him to learn control while casting spells. The healers were against this method because of the level of magic they had released.

Harry decided that he would have to speak up soon as he knew the only way he could learn was by casting magic since he had very little success with meditation or mind arts. "You could just ask me which method I would prefer," he told them tiredly in Gobbledygook. The 5 spun around with wide eyes to stare at him in shock that he spoke

their language. The focus maker was the only one who found it funny and was laughing heartily.

“Ragnok must have known,” he chuckled, “and the old schemer didn’t tell us!” Harry assumed the two must be friends of a sort if he could joke about the Senior Director that way.

Nani smiled slightly and turned to Harry. “Which method do you prefer?” she asked, now speaking in her native language and glad not to have to speak English much for the next two months.

“I think we should use the teachers’ idea as I have no experience in meditation and would most likely end up frustrated with that method and accidentally blow something up.” He told her and she agreed, eyes slightly wide as she remembered his power levels and what could happen if he lost complete control.

Harry was led down the hall into a fairly large stone room by the 5 and they sealed the door to prevent accidents as the room was warded to contain magic. “Let’s start with something simple,” the younger of the teachers said, and introduced himself as Smartleg. “Try to light the candle on the far side of the room. We will try first without your wand as to avoid accidentally burning it out.”

Harry said lumos and the candle did light; it just lit so bright and so hot that it burnt down the candle instantly. “Wow!” Harry said in awe as he stared at what his magic had done. He had felt amazed as he felt his magic leave him to light the candle, it felt so powerful and alive and it didn’t take any effort to call it forward. Nani conjured an ever last candle for them to use. Harry spent the next 3 hours melting conjured candles until he was able to control the power he put behind the spell enough to only light the candle.

“Well, now you get to try it with your wand!” Grimtoe the focus maker told him, humor evident in his voice. So for another 3 hours Harry learned to control the spell through his wand and realized he would definitely need a new wand as his was sluggish and hard to control.

Harry spent the rest of the week working diligently with the healers and teachers trying to learn control over his magic. It was the hardest

week Harry could ever remember and that was saying something. His magic felt out of control and was bubbling under the surface just begging to get out. He had much better control without his wand and was hoping that Grimtoe would be able to help him fashion a new wand that was better suited to his increased magic levels.

Nani and the other healers had explained what they were going to do to heal his old wounds. The first thing was to remove the 3 ribs, left femur bone and all the bones in his left hand and wrist. They would all have to be re-grown with Skelegrow potion. She said he was lucky they didn't have to do the right arm as well since his incident with Lockhart after the Quidditch match. He would also be given a modified Skelegrow potion to re-knit his damaged cranial bones from his multiple concussions.

Harry had asked that they spell him to sleep during the bone regrowth process as he remembered the pain he had been in 2nd year. He knew they couldn't give him dreamless sleep as it interacted with the Skelegrow but a sleep inducing spell would work if the patient trusted the healer. The healers would begin physical therapy after the bones were healed to try and get his muscles working properly again.

Once his bone injuries were healed they would start a 3 week potion regimen that would heal all the other partially healed injuries and damage to his internal organs, muscle, and tissue as well as multiple potions to improve or correct his eyesight. He would officially be on bed rest for 3 ½ weeks and only then start with the potions treatments for his malnutrition and his cardio exercise program and muscle tone training.

Harry was glad there were so many goblins around to keep him occupied during his bed rest. He had been afraid he would go stir crazy being in a bed for over 3 weeks. He was also glad that he had mentioned re-taking his OWLs to Smartleg before his treatment started. Smartleg had told him that he was correct in assuming he had to retake all offered OWLs, not just the ones he took classes in. He also told Harry that there were 12 offered OWLs that Hogwarts did not offer classes in and he would be expected to sit for them as well. Harry had been shocked but decided to at least attempt the OWLs in the other 12 subjects. The subjects were as follows:

Healing and First Aid

Flying

Physical Education

Fine Arts

Human Languages

Non-Human Languages

Dueling

Dark Arts

Warding

Magical Craftsmanship

Politics and Law

Teaching

Harry was certain he would do well in the Healing and First Aid OWL as he had a natural healing ability and the goblin healers promised to show him the basics he would need for his tests. Flying would be easy as he was a natural on a broom and could easily pass the practical part of the exam on speed, precision and maneuverability. The written part of the exam would cover Quidditch, rules and regulations, flying etiquette and broom construction. Harry figured it would be the easiest OWL he ever took. The Physical Education OWL tested his physical fitness in both strength and endurance as well as basic physical skills in martial arts training and general sports. The written test covered the basic martial arts stances and rules for different sports.

Harry was actually looking forward to the Fine Arts exam. It was a personalized exam and the student had to showcase their abilities in

3 different areas (5 for NEWTs). The areas could consist of: playing a musical instrument, singing, drawing, painting, pottery, sculpture, dance or musical composition (writing music). Harry was planning on playing one of his original compositions on the guitar, playing a Bach piece on the piano, and presenting his sketch book. He would have to show that the artwork was his by doing a sketch for the exam and decided on drawing a depiction of Gringotts to send to Ragnok in thanks.

He knew he would have no problems in either of the language exams. For OWL level a student had to show the ability to speak one extra language fluently and know the basic grammar of a second language. NEWT exams needed 2 fluent and 2 basic. So for his Human Languages exam he would show he was now fluent in Latin and had more than a basic grasp of Gaelic. He would obviously use Gobbledygook for the Non-Human Languages exam as well as his basic knowledge of Mermish.

Dueling would be an interesting exam as the written portion covered rules and etiquette of the 3 major dueling forms. The practical was a mock duel. Harry was worried about the Dark Arts exam. He had read extensively about defense and how to block unfriendly spells but had never really read about Dark Arts. He would have to have the goblin teachers tutor him while he was on bed rest. The Warding exam would be easy as he had read well beyond NEWT level on wards and could perform over ½ of them easily even before his powers were unblocked. There was a goblin warder staying with them as well and he hoped to learn more about goblin wards from him while he healed.

The Magical Craftsmanship exam was a lot like the Fine Arts exam as it was personalized as well. The areas the student could showcase their skills consisted of: wand making, broom construction, metallurgy, woodworking, stained glass, blown glass and jewelry design. The student needed to show proficiency in 2 areas for OWL exams (4 for NEWT level). Harry would show his new skills in all the areas except the glass work and metallurgy as he was not up to par yet in those skills. He loved working with wood and found jewelry design interesting and hoped to be able to make some of his designs and give them as gifts once his metallurgy skills improved.

Harry was confident that he would do well in the Politics and Law exam as he was extremely well versed now on laws as well as politics as he was the Head of an Ancient and Noble House. He would read and study some more of the older political policies while he was healing to make sure he wouldn't have any surprises on his exam.

The only exam Harry did not feel in any way prepared for was the Teaching OWL. The exam would test his knowledge of teaching practices, learning styles, how to relate to different age groups as well as basic psychology principals and discipline methods. He knew he would have a lot of reading and review with the goblin teachers to be prepared for the exam. He knew he didn't have to do well in every exam, especially since most of the subjects were not offered at Hogwarts. He just wanted to prove to himself that he was capable. He knew his parents had been very smart and wanted to make them and Sirius proud. He also wanted to be able to prove to everyone at school that he was not lazy or stupid and knew having passing results in every OWL offered would prove that beyond a doubt.

By the end of his 3 ½ weeks of bed rest Harry's body was completely healed of past injuries from his early years that didn't heal properly as they were never tended by a doctor or healer and had only relied on his natural healing magic. His magic could help heal almost any injury and kept all illnesses at bay but when he was younger he didn't have conscious control of his ability to direct the healing. To him the best fix was that he would never need glasses again. With his natural healing and metamorph abilities he never should have needed glasses to begin with. Now that the potions corrected the damage he would be able to show off his amazingly bright green eyes.

Without his glasses he looked less like his father. As the potions began to correct the effects of the malnutrition and he began to fill out and get taller he began to have more of his mother's features than he ever realized before. He was actually glad he was no longer a clone of his father and was a good mix of both his parents. He was excited about being able to test his new metamorph ability as well as his shape shifter ability now that his body was healed. Nani had promised to work with him in understanding the abilities as well as how to shift his body.

Harry's days were full. He would begin his therapy/cardio program in the morning when he woke. Then shower and eat breakfast along with more potions for his malnutrition. After breakfast he would start his weight training program to build up his muscle mass to where it should be for his increasing height. After lunch he would work on his body until dinner with other physical exercise. He even worked with 2 of the goblin warriors and one goblin warrior student on hand to hand combat and martial arts techniques to help build both his strength and stamina. Without the potions the healers were feeding him his body would never have been able to handle as much as it was. After dinner he would focus on his studies with the teachers and his hobbies/craftsmanship with Grimtoe. Before bed he would either practice mind arts with a goblin healer Miften or would work with Nani on his metamorph and anamagi/shape-shifter abilities.

By the last week of their stay in the time delay Harry barely recognized his own body. He was now just shy of 6 feet tall and had added quite a bit of muscle weight to his once overly skinny frame. He was still lean, but it was a healthy lean and not from starvation. He had mastered enough of his metamorph ability that he was able to grow out his hair to past his shoulders and tie it in a tail. One of the goblins with them was a tailor and after the healers assured him he was done growing from the potions Harry had the tailor fit him with several new outfits. Without glasses, tall and muscled and with long hair and well-fitting stylish clothes he didn't look anything like the scrawny boy who walked in. He was sure that without his scar no-one would recognize him. He was finally comfortable in his own body. He felt energized and alive finally now that he was well-fed, healed of past injuries and his magic was free. He had never noticed the strain on his body before and it felt like a large weight had been lifted.

He was also as ready scholastically as he could be. He had spent any free time reading and was positive he could pass all the OWLs. He had also learned many new things from the goblins that most humans were never aware of. He had impressed Slickhand the goblin warder with his knowledge of wards and the two became quick friends. Harry was now almost as well versed in goblin wards as human ones and could even use them as he had the ability of wandless magic and spoke the language. His training with the goblin

warriors was very informative and he knew he would do better in the fight against the Death Eaters because of their advice and techniques.

Working with Grimtoe the magical craftsman had been the most fun he had ever had. Harry had never realized how much working with his hands relaxed him and even helped to center his magic. The two of them had been able to craft Harry a battle staff that would focus his magic much as his current wand did. They had experimented with different wand cores since Grimtoe did not have any Phoenix feathers to use. The core of Harry's new staff was very unique in its use of multiple cores and very contrasting cores.

One of the cores they used was basilisk venom, which Harry had a sample of in his trunk after harvesting the remains of the creature in the chamber. The venom was very powerful as well as very aggressive; it was great for use of offensive magic. The 2nd core of his staff was dragon heartstring. Coincidentally it was from the heart of a Hungarian Horntail that had actually died not too long ago, two of Gringotts dragons had gotten in a fight with each other and both died. Grimtoe had both heartstrings but the Horntail worked for Harry where the Chinese Fireball didn't match his magic. The dragon heartstring was also very powerful and it would boost his defensive magic.

The 3rd core component in his staff was unicorn horn. Grimtoe had thought the horn unnecessary since his other two balanced out quite well but Harry had a much more intuitive approach to his creation and knew the unicorn horn would make his staff more intuned to him as unicorns were pure and it would keep him from using the staff for wicked purposes. The 4th and last core component in his staff was Phoenix tears. The highly magical and powerful tears complimented his natural healing ability and focused the staff to Harry's own magic. Grimtoe had told him it was a good thing he was rich as each tear they used cost around 50 galleons as they were so rare as well as useful for their amazing healing abilities. In all Harry would owe the old craftsman 600 galleons for the 3 core materials and the magical redwood he used for the staff itself. Considering most wands cost less than 20 galleons his staff was both expensive and remarkable.

Harry planned on making himself a new wand as well when he got back to “real time” so that he would not have to show off his staff unless needed. He didn’t want most people to know how powerful he was. The tailor had fashioned him a leg holster from the basilisk hide Harry had to hold his shrunk staff so he could keep it on him but it would still be kept secret. Even if someone were to see it, in it’s shrunk state it looked like a carved wand. Grimtoe had suggested he keep using his now outdated wand for school and learning new spells as it would make it easier to cast with his new wand. He explained it as building up his magical muscles as he would be able to then cast easier, faster and for longer with his new wand by using his old wand most of the time.

The goblins had included a huge library in the time delay area and one of the goblins had kept busy by making copies of every single book for Harry’s personal library. The goblin was able to make permanent copies that were almost identical to the originals for only 1 galleon per book. As 90 of the books were older than 50 years and hard to find books it was a great deal. The best part is they were mostly in Gobbledygook so most wizards wouldn’t understand them. The goblin had even taught Harry the spell to copy the book, all that was needed was blank parchment and binding materials. The spell was a goblin creation and was not known to any others than the goblin librarians and scholars so Harry felt privileged to have been taught it.

The items on his summer list were quickly being ticked off:

Become better in school (Done or in progress)

What are the wards at #4 Privet Dr? (Easily tested once on the property)

Talk to Gringotts goblin about finances (Done, way more \$ than ever thought)

Review laws for underage magic (Done, need to find how tracking magic at #4)

Buy new clothes (Partially done, need to visit Diagon Alley and muggle London)

Buy more books (Partially done, need to visit/owl order different stores)

Learn self-defense (Done, keep practicing, find a Dojo)

See Eye Doctor (Done, eyesight fixed, never need Dr. again!)

Determine who I can trust (Goblins & Neville, everyone else still suspect, need to determine Hermione's loyalty soon and Weasley twins)

Read about Prophecies (Done)

Find if there is another copy of my smashed prophecy (Done, need to visit DOM)

Write to the Department of Mysteries (Done, waiting for response)

Write to the Department for Underage Wizardry (Done, waiting for response)

Find a lawyer about the Dursleys (Gringotts handling, will be interesting conversation with relatives when return)

Did Sirius have a will? (Ragnok checking)

Did my parents have a will? (Ragnok checking)

Make plans for summer (Visit The Farm, leave #4, have fun, live own life)

See a Healer (Done)

Retake OWLs (Ready for exams, waiting on response to letter for testing time and location)

Harry was glad that he seemed to be well on the right track for figuring out his own path. He hoped that Ragnok had found the wills or at least knew if there had been any when he got out of the time delay. He wanted to visit his vaults before heading to Diagon Alley for some quick purchases and then back to his Aunt's house. He wanted to see if there were any personal items from his parents or Sirius in the vaults and also hoped there were more books in them.

He had discovered that he was a natural at Occlumency and now that he knew he was able to easily sort memories and knowledge and access it quickly if needed. His retention rate for reading became almost photographic and he could read faster as well. He had devoured book after book during his bed rest and had amazed both himself and the healers with his speed of reading and his amazing retention. He was officially a book lover now and could understand some of the appeal they had to the book worm type like Hermione and the goblin librarian he had met.

"You are as healed as I can make you," Nani told him the last day they were in the time delay. "I have also got you as far as I can with your body changing abilities, the rest will be up to you to see if you are capable of. I would recommend choosing one animal form and registering that with the Ministry of Magic to keep yourself out of trouble and keep the rest of your forms secret."

"Thank you for everything Nani," Harry told her, actually sad to have to leave the healer he had become so close to. "I will do my best to keep from getting hurt in the future but will come to you if I am ever in need of a healer."

"You are an honorable wizard and I am happy to call you my friend," she told him with a goblin smile. "Please keep in touch and let me know if you need any more potions."

"I will send you letters through Ragnok and my Gringotts box. I am sure he can arrange for them to be forwarded to you as well as to Grimtoe, Slickhand, and Smartleg." Harry told her as she helped him pack everything of his into his trunk. They had expanded the inside as far as it would go and shrunk all his belongings to get everything to

fit as his new library took up quite a bit of space. His 1st stop in Diagon Alley would be the trunk shop.

Harry and the others all said their good-byes and were standing at the door when the time delay finally ended. Harry bid them all a fond farewell and followed a security goblin back to the bank and into Ragnok's office.

"You look much healthier," The Senior Director told him as he sat down. "I see the healing treatments were successful. I take it that the magical blocks were lifted as well?"

"Yes, I am finally healthy and able to fully access my magic. Nani even helped me place a block that will keep anyone from attempting to harness my power or abilities again. I learned quite a lot while we were gone and feel much more relaxed, happy and confident. Thank you for allowing me the opportunity." Harry told him with a genuine smile.

"You paid for the service and we were honored to help. Now while you were there I was able to find copies of your parents and godfather's wills. It seems that both the original copies of the wills were 'lost' although I was able to find copies in the Ministry records. The wills the Ministry had on file were only filed after their deaths and are obviously forgeries. The Ministry insists they are authentic but when comparing them to the originals it is easy to see they are not." Ragnok told him and handed him 4 pieces of parchment.

His parents' original will was quite simple. If either of them died before the other, then the remaining one would inherit everything and assume custody of him. Harry would receive his title if his father died and was to be given instruction in how to manage the Potter legacy. If both his parents died he was to inherit everything and they stated a chain of people to be his guardian if he was still underage:

Godfather Sirius Black

Godmother Alice Longbottom

Ted and Andromeda Tonks

Amelia Bones

Minerva McGonagall

They also stated that if all the named guardians were unavailable they wanted him adopted by a magical family. If that could not be arranged he was to be placed up for adoption by a muggle family. If that didn't work then he would go to an orphanage. Under no circumstances was he to be placed with his muggle relative Petunia Dursley.

Harry was angry that their wishes had not been followed but was at least happy that his mother had taken steps to keep him away from his aunt. He had been afraid that she had not realized what her sister was really like and had been the one to place him there. He opened the forged copy of their will and knew immediately who was responsible. The will listed that if they both died then Harry was to be placed with his only remaining relative and that Albus Dumbledore be named magical guardian and regent to the Potter estate until such a time as Harry was ready to assume the responsibility.

Sirius' original will was basically the same except he left some bequeaths to others before leaving his title and the majority of his fortune to Harry. Remus was left with \$1 million galleons; the Tonks family was left with \$500,000 galleons; the Weasley twins were left \$50,000 galleons for the joke shop, Hermione was left \$5,000 for helping free him, \$250,000 galleons was to be given to any confirmed lovechild of his, and \$2 million galleons was to be donated to St. Mungo's to fund research into finding a cure for Remus and the Longbottoms. The rest was left to Harry. The forged will left everything to the Order of the Phoenix except for his personal effects that were to be split between Remus and Harry.

Ragnok had laughed at the forged copy of Sirius' will as it was not possible to leave more than a bequeath to anyone other than a blood relation when the person was from an Ancient and Noble House. The old goblin promised that he would make sure the original wills were authenticated and would also make sure the bequeaths in Sirius' will were taken care of. There would be no problems from the ministry or

he would see to it that charges were brought against Dumbledore for forgery.

Before Harry left the office Ragnok handed him 5 letters that had arrived while he was in time delay. He also gave him his Gringotts box which would allow him to correspond with Ragnok as well as request money and items from his vault. It was keyed so that only Harry could open the box. They would keep him informed of their work on his accounts and how they were doing. Harry could also use it to deposit money or items into any of his vaults as well as to communicate with the goblins. The only thing in the box at the moment was a toe ring that Ragnok had made for Harry. It was a permanent portkey directly into the goblin security office that would activate if Harry had been unconscious for more than an hour or if he spoke the activation phrase in Gobbledygook: "I am a goblin friend seeking safety in the Halls of Gringotts."

Harry said his good-byes to the busy Goblin and sat down in the outer waiting area to read his letters before going to his vaults. It was 3 pm and he was determined to get to his Aunts by 7pm. The first letter was from The Department of Mysteries and informed him that he could come to the Ministry anytime to view his prophesy. He just needed to ask for Unspeakable Nolan at the guard desk.

The 2nd letter was from Mafalda Hopkirk from the Improper Use of Magic Office. She apologized for his warning letter about the hover charm as she checked the record and saw it was house elf magic. She explained that she found an anomaly in his file that was tracking magic used in his entire household, not just his wand. She said it had recorded several spells throughout the years that somehow didn't set off the underage detectors and that even his accidental magic had shown on the sheet. She told him she had fixed the anomaly and that only intentional underage magic from his wand would earn him a warning now. She also told him that there were tracking charms placed on her records that had the instances of magic used in his proximity automatically relayed to Hogwarts and to the Minister of Magic's office. She had also removed those charms on his file and sent along a form for him to request a permit to perform magic as he was the head of his house. Harry smiled and filled out the form to send off with one of the Gringotts owls.

The 3rd letter was from Neville inviting him to come stay anytime that summer and that even if he couldn't come to keep in touch via owl. He also included his manor's floo address and apparition coordinates and reminded Harry that as a Lord he was entitled to use magic early and could get his apparition license. Harry grinned and promised to find something spectacular to get Neville for his birthday in thanks.

The 4th owl was surprisingly from Remus Lupin and told him there were things they needed to talk about. He asked Harry to sneak out of his aunt's house and meet him at the play park at 10 pm that night so they were not overheard by anyone. He told him to use the invisibility cloak and that Mad-Eye Moody was not on duty until the next day so he would not be seen. Harry thought it strange but wanted to give the last real Marauder the benefit of the doubt and hope that he could find another ally.

The last owl was from Griselda Marchbanks about his OWLs. She told him that she agreed that not only was his Astronomy exam interrupted but so was his History of Magic exam and that she was granting his request to retake all the exams. She outlined which exams he would have to take (all of them) and wished him luck. He would re-take the exams the 1st week of July along with anyone else wishing to re-test and all the home schooled students and anyone wishing to test in a subject not offered at Hogwarts. The exam schedule was included. He would be taking 24 OWL exams, 12 offered at Hogwarts and 12 not. He would have 7 exams the 1st day as they were all single exams. They were History of Magic, Ancient Runes, Arithmacy, Muggle Studies, Politics and Law, Teaching and Astronomy. The 1st 6 were all written exams as they really had no practical exam and Astronomy was a combined practical/written exam. Tuesday he would have the exams for Defense Against the Dark Arts, Dueling, Dark Arts and Care of Magical Creatures. Wednesday he would have the exams for Herbology, Potions, Divination and Healing and First Aid. Thursday he would have the exams for Transfiguration, Charms, Warding and Magical Craftsmanship. Friday he would finish with the exams for Flying, Physical Education, Fine Arts, Human Languages and Non-Human Languages.

Harry realized that it would be a grueling week of exams and was glad he had some time remaining to prepare for them. Madame Marchbanks had also said that his new results would be released with all the others and he should still receive them at the end of July. He would receive notification of the results from his original OWLs as well as his re-taken ones but only the new set would count towards his record.

Harry made his way down to his vault following Griphook the goblin who helped him his first time at the bank. They visited each one of his vaults and he was able to fill his money bag and add some items to his already stuffed trunk. He was amazed to find Sirius' old motor bike in his godfather's personal vault and asked Griphook to have it delivered to his Aunt's house and to take the fee out of his account. There were lots of books in both the Potter and Black vaults and he was able to fit most of them into his trunk. He made copies of the very old and rare ones so not to damage the originals. He found the best items in his parents' personal vault. There were many items salvaged from the house that fateful night. There was a wedding portrait of his parents, 3 photo albums, numerous other nick-knacks, his father's favorite snitch, and both of his parents' wands. He took the photo albums, portrait and the snitch. He also found a few jewelry items and among them was a very nice platinum watch and he put it on and placed the instruction manual for it in his trunk with the rest. The only other thing he took was a light weight cloak with the Potter crest that he decided he would wear if he was ever going out as himself.

Harry focused on his metamorph ability as they were returning to the bank lobby from the vaults. He changed his hair to a sandy brown, his eyes to hazel and moved his scar to his foot. He had discovered he could not remove his scar but he could change its location and decided his foot was the best place for it as he was almost never without shoes. With his new height and weight along with his morphed hair and eyes he was completely unrecognizable. He thanked Griphook and made his way out of the bank humming a happy tune as he felt free for the first time in his life.

He made his way into Diagon Alley and smiled at the shopping possibilities that presented themselves. He decided to skip shopping for wizarding clothing at Madame Malkin's as he thought he might

keep growing over the summer and would rather give the goblin tailor his business anyway. He stopped in the Owl Emporium and bought a bunch of owl treats for Hedwig before making his way to the trunk shop.

He browsed around the shop for a few minutes looking at their display trunks. "Is there anything in particular you are looking for in a trunk?" A man came over to ask him.

Harry smiled at the man, "Yes I need lots of space. I want room to put my extensive library and the ability to access the books quickly. I will also need a wardrobe compartment, a few normal storage compartments and a potions ingredients storage area. I need it to be completely secure as well. I can place the wards that will only allow me to open it but I need the other spells imbedded in the wood such as anti-theft, fireproof, waterproof, keep from aging/cracking, and an auto-shrink feature."

The store owner looked at the young man before him for a moment wondering how such a young man had a need for such a trunk. He was excited to build such a piece as it had been a while since he had such a challenge. "We will have to custom design it then," he told Harry. "My name is John Loch and I am the owner and craftsman. Why don't we go sit down at my drafting table and get all your specifications ironed out."

"Sure," Harry said grinning at having such a magnificent trunk. "Why don't you tell me what else you have as well? I might as well go all out from the start." He said and enjoyed watching Mr. Loch's face light up.

The two spent the next hour getting everything decided. It would be a redwood trunk to match his staff. Harry would carve the Potter Crest into the top later. Every theft and environment protection spell Loch was capable of was going on the outside. There would be 10 compartments in total. There would be a full room library with rows of shelves along with a desk and couch to study at. There would be a quick access library where he opened the lid of that compartment and could summon any book from the library for quick access. There was a wardrobe compartment, a potions ingredients compartment, a

compartment for his Quidditch stuff and broom, a full art gallery compartment to showcase his work, a compartment for his instruments and music supplies, a compartment for his woodworking and art supplies, a regular trunk compartment for his school supplies and an extra storage compartment for anything else.

Harry was told it would take Mr. Loch at least a day maybe two to construct the trunk. He told him to send it to Gringotts in care of Ragnok for him. He had introduced himself as Jim Grim, his new alias for use when he was avoiding being recognized. Sirius had used the alias Nigel Grim when he was in hiding and so Harry decided to use that last name as well as a variation of his father's name. Ragnok had even made him muggle identification as Jim Grim with the look he was using now.

Harry headed back into Diagon Alley and decided he could spend another hour looking around before heading to his Aunt's house. He wandered into a side alley that had all types of household stores. He decided that he would purchase new furniture for his room at his Aunt's so he was more comfortable while there. He headed into a furniture store and looked around. The shop was much smaller than its muggle counterpart as most of the furniture was shrunk and on shelves with open areas to unshrink the item to look at it better.

Harry was overwhelmed at the choices and decided to ask for assistance from the sales person. The sales witch was in her late thirties and seemed pleased to show him to the bed section. She was surprised that he wanted a twin size bed but his room at his Aunt's was too small for a larger bed. He decided on a redwood frame and a very comfortable pillow top mattress. He got a matching bookcase and desk as well as some self sticking shelves that he could put on the wall. The sales lady had told him he was maximizing his vertical space since he had such a small room. He thanked her for her help and headed on his way.

He stopped into a linens store next and purchased a new comforter as well as 2 sets of sheets and a new pillow that was nice and soft. The comforter was in varying shades of blue in stripes. One set of sheets was a navy blue while the other was a cream color. He also bought cream colored self adjusting blinds for the window. He

decided to purchase his own towels for the bathroom as well in a deep navy blue. He left the store with a smile and headed off to see what else there was.

His next stop was at a small shop that sold rugs. He decided that he would like a nice carpet in his room and purchased a navy blue shag area rug that would fill most of his small room. He figured he had everything he would need but decided to stop in a grocery store and see if he could stock up on some non-perishables so he wouldn't have to deal with his relatives for meals. A clerk asked him if there was anything in particular he needed as he had just been wandering around wondering what the best items would be to buy. He explained to the man that he wouldn't be able to get out much for the next few months and was wondering what type of items to stock up on.

The clerk grinned and took him to a corner of the shop that looked to house cabinets and other furniture pieces. "These are food storage units and some have MRE capability. That's a muggle term for meals-ready-to-eat. This one here has a large selection of different meals, snacks, deserts and beverages and you just tell it what you want to eat and seconds later its ready." The clerk explained that they were quite expensive but a big seller with single wizards who didn't like to cook. "This one here has the same features as the last one with the MRE capability built into this top portion here but the bottom portion works a lot like a muggle refrigerator. This way you can still stock any fresh items or things you buy yourself as well as have the MRE section."

Harry was very impressed with the MRE idea and thought it sounded perfect for his needs. He wished he had known about it in previous years! The cost was high as they were prepared meals. He decided to purchase the unit that was part MRE and part refrigerator. He was able to get it in a redwood to match his other furniture and it looked like a wardrobe so the Dursley's wouldn't become suspicious. He flipped through the selection booklet and set up which items he wanted more of than others before placing his order. The sales clerk had told him that most bachelors refilled their MRE dispenser every 6 to 9 months and that it had enough meals to last 1 year but you would run out of your favorites before then. It only took the sales clerk 30

min to get his MRE set up. He also bought 2 cases of Butterbeer and a bunch of sweets to put in the bottom part. He was now ready to head to his relatives.

Chapter 4: Dealing with Dursley

Leaving the grocery store he prepared to head to Privet Drive. He had a portkey that Ragnok had made him that would take him to the play park and he would wear his invisibility cloak to the house so no nosey Order member would see him. He knocked on the door and waited for someone to answer, still under his cloak, and hoped it wasn't his uncle. He was relieved to see his aunt open the door.

"Aunt Petunia, its Harry, open the door further and let me in. There are others like me watching the house." He told her and was surprised when she did as instructed without a fuss.

After she closed the door he took off the cloak. "It's about time you showed up. I was afraid those freaks would realize you were missing." She said and then got a good look at him. "What did you do? You look... You look..." She didn't even know how to comment on his new height and weight as well as the confident look in his eyes.

"Yes, well I went to a magical healer after I got off the train. That is where I have been since. I was treated for over 2 months but with magic time moved slower and I was only physically gone for 24 hours." He told her, no longer afraid of them enough not to mention magic. "This is what I would have looked like if you hadn't starved me and taken such poor care of my health and would have healed my injuries." He told her with a glare. "Now where are Vernon and Dudley? We need to have a family meeting."

"They are in the kitchen having pudding," she told him and followed her now formidable nephew into the kitchen knowing things were going to be much different around their house from now on.

"Good evening Uncle Vernon, Dudley." Harry said and enjoyed the looks he got from both of them when they saw his new look. "Now we are going to have a little chat about how things run in this family." Harry told them with a glare as he sat at his place.

"Who do you think you are boy to walk into my house and make demands of me?" Vernon bellowed, obviously not realizing that Harry was not the same pliant boy he once was.

"No, you listen Uncle," Harry said eyes flashing. "This is not your house, it never has been. This is my house, I own it, therefore you will sit there and listen to what I have to say. I will let you ask questions after I have said my part." He waited until his uncle grudgingly nodded before continuing. "Now as I stated I found out that I own this house. You were allowed to live here by my mother after my grandparents died and left her the house. She knew she would be living in the magical world and wanted you to have a place as you had just married and Vernon had not found a job yet." Harry told them and watched as Dudley's eyes got huge as he realized that his cousin could kick them out of their house.

"I also found out that I own 100 of the Grunnings Drill Company," Harry told Vernon with a smirk and watched as all the blood left Vernon's face. "Turns out that my Grandfather Potter invested in one of his friend's son's ideas and thus purchased Grunnings; allowing his friend's son to run the business. When my mother told my father that her sister was marrying a man with no job, my father the one you call a worthless freak decided to help you out. My grandfather told the company to hire you and make sure that you had a job as long as you were married to Aunt Petunia." Harry told him with a triumphant smirk. "So now I own the company and I am the one keeping you employed. It seems the Grunnings Drill Company is not too pleased with your work. You are arrogant, rude and lazy and the only reason they have kept you on is because my grandfather demanded it."

Petunia was shaking as she realized how horrible her life would have been without her sister's kindness. They would have been destitute with no place to live and Vernon with out a job. She also realized that with how they had treated Harry over the years there was no reason to expect he would help them.

"I have also come to find out that you were paid 5,000 pounds per year to take care of me. This money does not come from the government nor does it come from the people who placed me here, it comes directly out of my trust account. Therefore I have complete control over the money you do or do not receive." He told them with a smirk. "All those gifts you get for your birthday and Christmas Dudley, they were all paid for with money that was supposed to be used to

pay for clothes, food, medical care and toys for me.” Harry told him and watched Dudley’s eyes flash to his precious TV for a moment. “As of now the money has stopped. You have never spent one single cent on me before now so you will be easily able to manage without my money.” He told them and watched as his aunt began to cry.

“Now we come to my demands. You should realize that by not using the money you were paid for my care, you are guilty of negligence and embezzlement as well as fraud as you never claimed that income.” Harry told them and was pleased to see his uncle starting to sweat. “I have every right under the law to sue you for every penny that was ever given to you for my care. Additionally I could bring criminal charges against you and would easily win. Now I am hoping it does not have to come to that but there will have to be some major changes around here.”

“First, I will no longer be your personal slave. I will not be cooking or cleaning any part of this house other than my bedroom. I will not be doing any chores or yard work. I will not be farmed out as cheap labor to the neighbors.” Harry told them seriously, “Second, I will be treated with respect. You will call me Harry, not boy or freak. You will also not speak ill of my parents or my world in general. Third, I will be able to come and go as I please without hassle. I do not need to tell you where I will be if I do not desire you to know. I will leave you a note if I will be gone overnight. Fourth, Marge Dursley is not welcome in this house while I am here. If you must see her then go visit her and be happy I am not banning her entirely but only when I am here. Fifth, Dudley, you and your gang will cease to terrorize the children of this neighborhood. You will stop beating up innocent people for the fun of it. You will stop vandalizing the neighborhood and will stop stealing from the local merchants. Those are the rules for now but I reserve the right to add more as I see fit.” Harry told them, “Any questions?”

“What do you mean about Dudders terrorizing children and stealing?” Aunt Petunia asked seemingly offended by the thought.

“Would you care to explain Dudley or do you want me to tell them what you really do when you go out for tea?” Harry asked with a smirk and a raised eyebrow.

Dudley gulped and realized it was now or never to actually admit everything to his parents. "You know all the graffiti and stuff that people in the neighborhood complain about? Well most of it is from my friends and I. The boys and I used to beat up all the neighborhood kids when we couldn't find Harry to bully. We never had tea; we would be out stealing cigarettes or destroying stuff or beating up smaller kids. At least that was what happened through last summer." He told them and while Petunia looked appalled, Vernon looked unfazed which made Harry realize he had known all along. "I am no longer on speaking terms with Piers or Malcolm and have actually not gone out without one of you since I've been home from school."

"Why aren't you speaking with your friends Popkin?" His aunt asked her son, still trying to process that her son was responsible for everything her and all the other neighbors said Harry had done.

"Because they are mean, bullying, gits and refuse to change. I decided I didn't want to be fat and hated by everyone my whole life and have tried to change this year at school. They said I was becoming a wimp after I told them that beating up school kids didn't prove anything. I told them where to go and haven't spoken to them since. I don't need them anyway as I have made some good friends at school." Dudley told them and Harry was impressed with the apparent change in attitude and decided he would have to try and talk to Dudley at some point this summer.

"What do you mean by fat and hated, you're a strapping young lad and a fine boy?" Vernon asked him puffing up his chest in pride.

"No dad, I'm not. I have never done well in school. I have to struggle to just scrape by. I have belittled everyone I have ever known and thought way too highly of myself. I had no real friends until this past year as I never realized how poorly I treated people. I am way overweight thanks to both of you. If you had been proper parents and ever disciplined me I wouldn't have turned into a fat and stupid jerk. I have never been made to do anything for myself and you never made me try in school or checked on what I was doing with my friends. Thanks to you I will probably only live to be 40 since I am so fat and I will never marry because I have repulsed all girls my age with my sexist attitude that you instilled into me. I will be lucky to find a job

after I am hopefully allowed to graduate.” Dudley told them, huffing with the effort to speak so much in one go.

Harry was in shock at what Dudley had just said. All of it was absolutely true but he never thought any of them would realize it or admit it. “You were so worried about me becoming a freak like Harry that you turned me into a freak of another kind.” Dudley finished waiting for his father to hit him and his mother to cry out protests.

“What have you done to my son Potter?” Vernon bellowed, knowing it had to be something his freak nephew had done.

“I haven’t seen your son since last summer Dursley. To me it looks like he finally realized what horrible people you two are. You abused and neglected me, your nephew who was the same age as him, in front of him his whole life and expected him to learn how to treat people properly? You make your wife do every little thing for you and him and then expect him to learn to be self-sufficient? You starved me and then overfed him and expected him to be physically fit? You praised him for horrible grades and beat me for good ones and then expected him to excel in school? You blame all your mistakes on others and then expect him to learn responsibility? You two probably did more damage to him than you ever did to me. At least I knew that you weren’t my parents and was content with knowing my parents would never have treated me that way. Dudley never had that luxury.” Harry told him, it felt so good to say those things to his uncle. He had never had the courage before, but there was nothing stopping him now.

“I should have just drowned you when you were a child,” Vernon growled at Harry. He would always blame the little freak for everything bad in his life just like he had blamed others his whole life. Vernon Dursley would never own up to his own mistakes or shortcomings because in his puny mind he had none.

“Yes and then you would be homeless, jobless and penniless.” Harry told him with a smirk. “Now I am going to unpack and you are going to remember the new rules.” He told them before making his way toward the kitchen door. “Oh and Dudley, if he tries to rough you up

for what you just said feel free to lay him out. You can't beat me or the kids up but I never said anything about deserving adults."

Harry made his way to his bedroom and snorted in disgust at the layer of dirt and grime. It appeared that his aunt didn't see fit to clean while he was at school. He hated the thought of spending hours cleaning a room that he hated and wished he could do magic, but until he received his permit he had to suffer the muggle way. "Man I wish Dobby was here," he sighed out loud to himself. He was completely startled moments later when Dobby popped into his bedroom bouncing around with a big grin.

"Harry Potter wants his Dobby now?" The hyper elf asked, still bouncing.

"Hello Dobby," Harry said, trying to calm his still racing heart. "I didn't know you could hear me call you outside of Hogwarts."

"Dobby can hear his Harry Potter whenever he calls." He said proudly. "Yous freed me and so Dobby waits for his Harry Potter to wants him as his elf."

"Do you mean you don't want to be free any longer?" Harry asked, not sure he understood what the elf was saying.

"Dobby wants to have a family again but only for Harry Potter sir," he said with a very hopeful look in his huge round eyes.

"Well Dobby, I know I will need a few good house elves in the future but you should hear my rules before you agree to bond to my family. First, I want you to wear clothes. If I ever need to free you or if you wish to be free again we will need to talk about it. Second, you will not call me master and I would like it if you could try and call me Harry. Third, you will not punish yourself unless told to do so by a family member. And finally, if there is anything you need, such as yarn to make socks or new clothing I want you to tell me and we will see if I can get it for you. So what do you think?" Harry asked, hoping he was doing the right thing. He hadn't planned on taking on any elves until he had a stable place to live.

“Dobby does like all the rules Harry sir,” the house elf said, tears brimming in his eyes as his greatest dream was about to come true. He was going to be Harry Potter’s elf!

“Good, now until I have a place to stay you will have to live at one of my other properties or stay at Hogwarts. You cannot stay here or my uncle may hurt you. I must admit I am not familiar with house elf bonding, you will have to help me through it.” Harry told him fondly; glad he was able to make his little friend so happy. Dobby just snapped his fingers and a glow surrounded the two of them and then faded. Harry could feel the part of his magic that was connected to Dobby’s now.

“I welcome you into the Potter family Dobby,” Harry told him with a hug. “Now how about you helping me clean up this mess and get rid of all the old and broken things.” Dobby grinned and started using his elf magic to get rid of all the dust. While Dobby was cleaning Harry went through the wardrobe and shelves to find anything worth salvaging. He was pleasantly surprised to find a small but working TV with the only problems being a cracked screen that Dobby was able to fix in a second. He also found a broken VCR that he had Dobby repair and he was all set to watch movies over the summer, there were even some old videos that Dudley had obviously grown tired of. Three of the videos were aerobic exercise tapes; there were 2 kung-fu movies and 4 different kids’ movies of which there were 3 Disney animated movies and The Wizard of Oz. Overall Harry was pleased with the selection. He also repaired a few other broken toys and the Playstation so he could donate them to the local shelter.

After Dobby finished cleaning Harry had him vanish all the furniture and the remainder of the broken things that were not worth fixing. Once the room was empty they were able to see just how small and dingy it was. “Dobby can be painting the room.” The house elf offered. “Its only be taking short time to buy paint.”

Harry agreed that the room needed new paint and gave Dobby a small sack of gold to go get new paint as well as a ceiling fan with light fixture for the room. The fan and light would work off magic so no electrical outlet was needed on the ceiling. Harry had instructed Dobby to get a light blue paint to go with the rest of his purchases.

Dobby had just popped out when there was a knock on the door. Harry sighed and opened it to find Dudley looking nervous. "Can I talk to you please Harry?" He asked and Harry opened the door to let him into his currently completely empty room. "Um, where did all the stuff in here go? Where are you going to sleep? Did my dad do this?" His cousin asked, actually looking concerned.

"It's ok Dud." Harry told him and shut the door behind his large cousin. "I got rid of everything and am in the process of redecorating. Just so you are not too scared I have a magical friend who will be coming back soon. I'll introduce you but you can't mention him to your parents."

"So that's how you got rid of everything so fast, you used magic?" Dudley asked with a look of understanding.

"Yes, now what did you want to talk about Dud?" Harry asked and the two sat down on the floor.

"I wanted to apologize for the horrible way I treated you while we were growing up as well as to thank you for saving me from those horrible things last summer." Dudley told him. "I was having a real tough time of it once I got back to Smeltings. I kept having nightmares of the awful things and feelings and the cold and there not being any stars. My roommates thought I was cracking up and told a professor who sent me to the school psychiatrist."

Harry gave Dudley an encouraging smile as he realized that telling him all this must be hard on his cousin. He knew what horrible dreams could be like and almost wished Hogwarts had someone he could trust to talk to. "Was he able to help you any?" Harry asked concerned that his cousin could have lasting effects from the dementors.

"Yeah, it was hard talking to him at first because I knew I couldn't exactly tell him what it was that happened last summer. I was trying to be vague and he thought I was just making stuff up for attention. It came to a head one day when I just yelled at him that I almost died and that my cousin had saved my life. After that he began to ask

about your and my relationship. I saw him every day after class for 2 months straight telling him about how we grew up. About 3 weeks into our sessions he asked me your name since I always just called you my cousin before. When I told him you were Harry Potter his eyes got huge and he looked startled, like he knew you.” Dudley told him and Harry wondered how a muggle psychiatrist knew who he was, unless he wasn’t as muggle as he appeared.

“He told me he was something called a squib and that he knew about magic and he knew your name.” Dudley told him. “I was shocked and kind of scared but at the same time I was able to tell him about those dementor things and he could understand what my nightmares were about. He explained to me about dementors and how they suck all the happy thoughts out of you and everything. Since he knew about magic I was able to tell him about why my parents hated you so much and it was easier to explain growing up.”

“He helped me realize how horrible I had been to not only you but everyone and how my parents had basically abused me as well by coddling me as much as they did. We talked about a lot more stuff and I began to see myself for what I really was. I started being nicer to people and eating healthier and working out to try and loose some of this body mass. After the 2 months I only had to meet with him three times a week and he asked me why I was so afraid of magic. He asked me if I had any idea about it other than what my dad had said. I told him no and he started telling me things about your world.” Dudley told him with a shrug.

“I had never really thought about magic and what it could do before. So when he brought me a few books to look at about magic I was wary. He explained what a squib was as well as how some wizards discriminate because of blood. Finally he talked about the dark wizard that killed your parents and how he believed the evil man was back and that a war was going to be starting. He told me about you, things I had never known. He told me you were famous and that you had saved us all when you destroyed the dude that killed your parents. I didn’t believe him until he gave me three different books about you.” Dudley told him shaking his head. “My question is, if you’re so famous, why the hell are you living here?”

Harry had listened intently to everything his cousin had told him and was glad that it seemed Dudley no longer thought of wizards as freaks. "I was never supposed to live here Dud, but the headmaster of my school broke the law and placed me here anyway. I could leave, and I probably will sometime in July, but he would look for me so it is easier to just hang out here. I have money and now that your parents have incentive to leave me alone it shouldn't be too bad. Remember those people from the train station? They are watching the house and making sure I am a good boy and staying here like the little weapon they all see me as. You see Dud, they think I'm the only one who can kill that evil wizard who killed my parents again. He came back to life using very evil and dark magic and now they are all waiting for me to kill him again. Problem is I have no idea how to do it, no idea how I did it the other time."

"So they do nothing and wait for a kid to save them?" Dudley asked in shock. "They're as bad as dad!"

Harry just shrugged as he agreed. He had a hard time understanding why the Order was basically doing nothing to stop the Death Eaters and were not training him or anything. "So what are you doing to try and get in shape?" Harry asked wondering if there was any way he could help him. He decided that since Dudley took the first step in trying to become a better person that he would do whatever he could to help.

"I have started a diet the school nutritionist recommended. It involves eating small healthy portions about 5 times a day to boost my natural metabolism. I am doing cardio exercise as well to burn more calories. The problem is that there is just so much to burn off that it will take years to get to a healthy weight. I was to the point that it was hard to walk from class to class because I was so overweight. I am continuing with boxing and that is helping me with stamina but there just are not enough hours in the day to get healthy before its too late. The school doctor told me it may be too late to help prevent heart disease and I am a prime candidate for other health problems like diabetes when I'm older." Dudley told him sadly. "I was roughly twice my healthy body weight. I need to get to under 200 lbs as a start."

Harry was trying to think of any potions regimen that could speed up the process. As long as Dudley kept to the diet and exercise schedule, a potion may be able to boost his metabolism enough to burn twice the amount. "I will write to a healer friend of mine and see if there is anything magical that can help you." Harry offered.

"Thanks Harry, I know I don't deserve your forgiveness or your help but I do appreciate it. I am almost envious of your ability to perform magic. It would be cool to be able to just fix broken things with a spell. I really want to see a Quidditch game sometime, flying sounds cool." Dudley told him and Harry was shocked with how comfortable his cousin sounded talking about magic. He assumed that his squib counselor and him must have bonded over both knowing about magic.

Dobby popped in and Dudley jumped up. "It's ok Dud, this is my friend Dobby. He is a House Elf and will be helping me get my room ready." Harry told him and watched as Dudley calmed and nodded a greeting to Dobby.

"Yeah, I read about them too. Jack, my councilor, gave me a book about magical creatures since I was asking if there was anything worse than a dementor." Dudley told him as he watched Dobby start to spell the paint onto the walls in wonder.

"I think dementors are the worst creatures ever but they are probably not the most dangerous. The dangerous ones are the Nundu, Chimera, Manticore and Dragons. You shouldn't have to worry about any of them though living here in England or even in Europe for that matter." Harry told him smiling at how fast Dobby was able to paint a room.

"Hey do you think your friend could help me paint my room too?" Dudley asked Harry. "I wanted to paint it last summer but mum refused to hire painters and I didn't want you near my stuff then."

"He's welcome to help you if he wants once we are done here." Harry told him. "But we'll have to see what he wants to do." Dudley nodded and the two boys who were once enemies watched magic being performed openly at #4 Privet Drive.

It only took Dobby 20 minutes to paint the room and dry the paint in place. It was a very nice periwinkle blue that Harry found soothing. Harry took his trunk from his pocket and focused his wandless magic on it resizing. He then took the small bags of shrunken purchases from his other pocket along with Hedwig's cage. After placing the shag rug in the room he carefully placed the bed in the middle of the room and enlarged it. Dobby and Dudley helped him push it into place in the corner where his old rickety cot had been. He enlarged the desk, bookshelf, shelves and MRE unit and placed them around the room. Dudley really liked the shag carpet and the blue bedding. He decided that magic was awesome when Dobby put up the ceiling fan and light combo that didn't need electricity.

Dudley sat down on the desk chair and Harry on the bed after Dobby headed back to Hogwarts. The two talked until it was time for Harry to go meet Lupin. The two cousins both realized that they were well on their way to becoming friends. The ability to discuss magic and their lives at Privet Drive was healing for both boys. They both decided that they wouldn't let Vernon and Petunia's prejudices affect them any longer.

Harry had gone out the back door under his invisibility cloak and snuck to the play park through the neighbors yards just in case. He waited until he saw Remus and approached him slowly, expanding his magic to see if there was anyone else around. "Let me put up some wards before you take off your cloak Harry," Remus told him and Harry realized he must have smelled him or heard his breathing with his enhanced senses. "Ok, it's safe to talk and you can take off the cloak," he told him lowering his wand.

Harry had recognized all the wards and though they were weak wards they would keep anyone from noticing them and keep their conversation private. "So why did you want to see me Remus?" Harry asked deciding to get straight to the point. "Your letter didn't give much information but I am guessing this is not an Order sanctioned conversation from the secrecy and warding."

"First I need to know if you have read Sirius' journal yet," Remus asked. "Because I realize you have no reason to trust me and if you

have read the journal then you may believe more of what I have to say.”

“Just to make sure that we are on the same side here Remus,” Harry told him, wary of a trap. “What were the contents of Sirius’ will?”

“I don’t know exactly,” Remus told him. “He made it at Gringotts one of the times he left the house when I was on duty. He told me he was just making sure the people he cared about would be taken care of. He did tell me that you would get his bike and that he was planning on funding the next best pranksters to the Marauders, whom I assume are the Weasley twins. The only thing I do know is that Grimwald place shut up tighter than a Gringotts vault when he died and no-one has been able to get inside. Dumbledore is furious as it should only have done that if there was a blood heir, which he assumes there is none. As both of us know that is false, I am assuming you have gained control of the House of Black.”

“Ok, I believe you Remus,” Harry told him with a smile. “Now tell me why you are here.”

“Sirius and I realized that Dumbledore has been manipulating you and us since before your parents died. I had always wondered why Albus didn’t realize that Peter was the secret keeper for your parents and we finally realized that he HAD to have known since he would have been the one to cast the spell. I heard Flitwick talking to Moody about the spell and he was saying that if you were hiding a person rather than a location, the person or people being hid could not cast the charm on the secret keeper, that you needed another person. So who else would your parents have trusted other than Dumbledore? He knew the whole time and left Sirius to rot in Azkaban to make sure he had control over you and your finances and your families vote on the Wizengamot.”

“Yeah, I had figured that as well.” Harry told him and smirked at the astonished look on Remus’ face. “I’ve learned a lot since the fiasco at the ministry. For example, I learned I had 6 blocks on my magic, 3 of which were added after my parents’ deaths. I read the diary and how you thought I was holding back my learning to Ron’s level and you

were right. I have been reviewing all my books since to get ready to retake my OWLs in July.”

“Harry, as much as I am happy to hear you are going to take your schoolwork seriously, I don’t think you understand exactly what happens if you ask to retake your exams. Additionally you don’t have enough time to relearn everything in a few weeks.” Remus told him with a sad look on his face. “Maybe if we talked to the ministry...” He trailed off thinking. “What we really need is a few extra months to get you ready.”

“Remus, relax.” Harry said the amusement evident in his voice. “I have spent just under 5 months studying since the DOM incident. I found a time delay feature in the Room of Requirement at Hogwarts and studied all the material I could before leaving. I am past OWL level in all offered classes as well as have read extensively about warding, prophesy, laws and duties of a Head of House. After I got off the train I headed straight to Gringotts where I spent another 2 months in time delay having my magical blocks removed and all my previous injuries healed, thus my new look.”

They talked for another hour with Harry explaining everything he had done since the DOM. Remus told him everything he knew of the Order’s plans for the summer. There would be guards watching the house again and reporting on all of his comings and goings. They were told not to speak with him to give him time alone to grieve. His so-called friends were told not to contact him at all over the summer as any owls could be intercepted. Harry was pissed, he couldn’t believe the nerve of the Order to try and hold him hostage all summer. Harry thanked Remus for his information and promised to keep in touch over the summer.

The next morning Harry ate a light breakfast, changed into exercise clothes and went out for a jog around the neighborhood. He amused himself by imagining the out of shape Order guard trying to keep up with him. He was morphed back into his scrawny starved look to fool the guard. He would gradually change the morph so he looked more like his new self before he headed back to school. At least with his old look he didn’t arouse any suspicions.

After he got back from his jog he showered and then he and Dudley walked down to the local health club. Harry had offered to buy them memberships if Dudley would join with him. He thought it was something they could do together that would benefit both of them and keep the Order off his back. Harry paid for a personal trainer for Dudley to maximize his weight loss. Harry signed up for 3 different martial arts classes and he and Dudley would work out together on the machines and bikes.

Harry smiled to himself after leaving his first martial arts class that afternoon. He was taking Judo, Tae-Kwon-Do, and Hapkido. Both he and Dudley were signed up for the kick-boxing and Tae-Bo classes. Harry had taken the entrance exam for Tae-Kwon-Do and proven his knowledge of the different stances by testing in at an Orange belt. The sensei was impressed with his knowledge and eagerness to learn.

Both boys were tired and starving by the time they got back right before dinner. They stumbled into the kitchen and to their seats both just relieved to sit down. They had showered at the gym so they didn't have to walk home all sweaty and were now glad that they could just eat and relax the rest of the night. Petunia placed a huge platter of chicken fried steak on the table and the two boys looked at her like she had grown a second head.

"Mum, you know that's not on my diet." Dudley told her. "And there is no way 4 of us will be able to eat all of that."

"Oh Dudders I hate how you're just wasting away," Petunia said all teary eyed. "Those people at your school don't know what they are talking about, now eat up. I made half of this for you."

"Come on Dud," Harry said standing and shooting a disgusted look toward his aunt. "We can eat in my room." It seemed his aunt would never learn and was still planning on babying her son into an early grave.

"Sorry mum, but there is no way I can eat this. I'll start eating with you again when you start following my diet. I gave you the list of

acceptable and unacceptable foods as well as portion sizes.” Dudley told her sadly. He was upset that she wasn’t willing to do as he asked.

Harry showed Dudley how the MRE worked. They both had spinach salads with grilled chicken breast and pumpkin juice. They were both glad that Harry had the MRE. Eating a high fat meal after their full day of exercise would have made both boys sick. “We should go shopping tomorrow before our workout. We both need some more exercise clothes.” Harry told Dudley.

“I would Harry, but my dad cut off my spending money. It seems that they are struggling to pay their bills without the money they were getting to take care of you. He is in credit card debt and will barely be able to pay for my school tuition for next year.” Dudley told him. “With all the work outs I don’t have time for a summer job, so I’ll just have to make due. I’m very grateful that you are paying for my gym membership otherwise it would have been difficult trying to lose more weight this summer.”

Hedwig soared in while they were eating with a response from Nani. Harry was encouraged to see she also carried a package. He quickly opened the letter and smiled as he read about how she could help Dudley. She had made him a specially formulated potion that would work on a muggle. It would boost his metabolism to work at 4 times the normal rate so he can lose the weight faster. She warned him that the potion could only be taken for 2 months or it could start to damage his natural metabolism. She had included the full regimen of potions. He would take 3 per day one with each major meal. She also included a minimum exercise schedule and a meal plan that he needed to follow to get the most out of the potion.

Dudley was ecstatic and couldn’t believe magic would be able to help like that. “It will only work for the next 2 months so you will be back to burning normal calories by the time you go back to school.” Harry told him and they decided that was best so it didn’t raise too much suspicion. Harry also had Dobby make a copy of the meal plan and sent him to Diagon Alley to get MRE’s that followed Dudley’s plan. He decided he would help his cousin as much as possible if his aunt and uncle wouldn’t.

Chapter 5: Starting Summer Plans

Harry looked over his remaining items on his list and was glad that it was a lot shorter than it had been. Some of the items were even partially complete.

Become Better in School

Wards at #4 Privet Drive

Buy New Clothes

Learn Self-defense

Who Can I Trust?

Review Copy of My Prophecy at DOM

Retake OWLs

Learn to Apparate

Visit The Farm

Have some fun!

He would be able to become better in school once he took his OWLs over and he knew he was ready for them. He reviewed for a half hour before going to bed every night so he didn't forget anything important, but his new natural Occlumency talent really helped with his memory retention. As soon as he received his permit for magic use he could check the wards around #4, he was also waiting for that before visiting the Ministry. He wanted to learn to apparate before he went so he could apply for his license and visit the DOM in the same trip. That way it would be less likely he would be seen by any Order members. He was planning on going shopping the next day and possibly over the weekend if he still needed to. He was going to take Dudley with him. He was already well on his way to knowing self-defense and the classes he was taking at the gym would only

increase his proficiency. The only main things he had to work on were determining who to trust and deciding when to visit The Farm.

As he went to bed that night he was pleased with the progress he had made. It did disappoint him that the only people he knew he could trust were Neville, Remus, Dudley and his Goblin friends. Harry realized he would have to sound out the rest of his friends, especially Hermione and the twins. He had already determined that he couldn't trust Ron or Ginny, he also figured that Mrs. Weasley was out but he didn't know about the twins or Mr. Weasley. He figured most of the Order members were out too as most knew about his abuse at his relatives but didn't do anything. He would talk to Remus and see if he thought any of them were trustworthy. He was hoping to have a few of the Aurors on his side, since they valued the law and were less likely to be involved in any of the shadier ways Dumbledore was manipulating him.

The next morning Harry and Dudley made their way into town for some shopping. Dudley had told him that he would only get one or two exercise outfits and maybe a new pair of jeans as he planned on them no longer fitting in a few weeks. Harry had told him that he would be able to shrink them as Dudley lost weight but that would only be a temporary solution. He would definitely need a new wardrobe before school started. Harry promised to help him get new clothes before the end of the year or to at least leave him some money. Vernon had taken to calling his son an ungrateful brat and Petunia had adamantly refused to believe there was ever anything wrong with her precious baby. Harry was tempted to kick the adults out of the house but until Dudley was of age he needed a guardian so they got to stay.

Harry had never been to the local mall before and was impressed with its size and the variety of stores. They stopped in an athletic store first so Harry could get a new pair of trainers. He was embarrassed to tell the salesman that he had no idea what size shoe he wore. It was a quick measurement and then the man began to describe the different types of shoes. Harry decided on a nice pair of white Nike cross trainers as well as a pair of Adidas running shoes. He figured he had room and money so there was no reason he

couldn't have 2 pair of athletic shoes. Harry also bought some Underarmor shirts and shorts to keep his body temperature regulated.

They headed to one of the department stores next to get a few pairs of workout wear. They each bought 3 pair of shorts and 5 sleeveless t-shirts to wear to the gym. Harry stocked up on jeans in dark blue and black as well as two pair of khaki Dockers. He got a large selection of boxers and socks as his were all cast-offs. He was glad to be able to pick out his own boxers, it was fun. He also bought a few button down shirts, one in a rich blue, deep red, burnt orange, and an emerald green to match his eyes. He was going to get some t-shirts but Dudley told him to wait until the next store.

They went to a fun clothing store next that had all kinds of printed t-shirts with different characters and sayings on them. Harry had a blast picking out different stuff. He ended up buying a pair of Doc Martins, 4 belts, a new wallet, 3 hats, and 6 pairs of pants to go with his 15 new short-sleeve and 5 new long-sleeve shirts. He had even found a brown shirt with a tree on it that said "Plants are my Friends" for Neville, "I'm with Stupid" t-shirts for the twins, and two shirts for Hermione one that was light yellow that said Bookworm in rainbow colors with a picture of a book and another that said "Don't Question Me, I'm Always Right." Harry hoped he would be able to trust them enough to give them to them.

They were on their way out of the mall when Harry noticed a leather shop and decided to go in and see if they had anything he could wear to ride his motorcycle. The Goblins had delivered Sirius' bike the night before and he was itching to try it out. When he asked the sales clerk about riding gear she suggested he visit the Motorcycle shop that was a few blocks away. He was going to leave the store when he saw a nice black leather trench coat that he figured he could wear in both worlds without always having to have his cloak. He shocked both the sales girl and Dudley when he didn't even flinch at the heavy price tag.

"Harry, how much money do you have?" Dudley asked as they walked the three blocks to the motorcycle shop. "I mean you've bought all that new stuff for your room, and our gym memberships

and now all those clothes. I just don't want you to run out before you finish school."

"Don't worry about it Dud," Harry told him with a sad smile. "Both my parents and my godfather were filthy rich and I inherited almost all of it. I will never need to work, hell my great-grandchildren won't need to work if they don't want to. That's why I'm helping you as it's not a strain on my finances at all."

Dudley was shocked that his cousin could have so much money. He was very glad they had gotten to become friends. He knew that with that kind of cash he could have made Dudley's life hell if he wanted to but instead he forgave him and was helping him. It was amazing to him how forgiving Harry was. He had been told of a lot of the things going on with Harry and how his friends were phony. He just didn't understand how Harry kept from becoming bitter but he did and it was nice to finally have a friend in his family.

They were able to get Harry a leather jacket, boots and chaps as well as two helmets for the bike and still make a stop back home to drop everything off before their first tae-bo class. The rest of the day spent working out was hard work but both boys enjoyed it. They ate at the café inside the gym that specialized in healthy meals and decided to make it a regular routine. They showered and headed back to Privet Drive before dinner, both hoping that the Durselys would be more receptive to Dudley's changes.

Petunia just scowled at Harry and pointed at the hall table telling him he had a letter and then tried to get Dudley to join them for another fattening dinner. The boys retreated upstairs with Vernon bellowing about them both being freaks now. Dudley was upset that his parents were treating him so horribly but not terribly surprised. Harry just felt bad that Dudley didn't have his parents to rely on anymore. They had never been good parents but until this summer Dudley hadn't realized it so now it was even harder to be around them.

Harry was surprised to have gotten a letter in the muggle post. He smiled when he saw Hermione's return address and quickly opened the letter.

Dear Harry,

I hope the beginning of your summer is going well. I was horrified when Dumbledore forbid us from contacting you for the summer. He claims that the owls could be tracked and the Death Eater's could find you. If that's the case then what is he thinking sending you to live with your Aunt anyway! I tried to find information about blood wards in the library but there wasn't anything in the regular section and I was afraid to ask for a pass to the restricted section for it. I decided there was no way a Death Eater would be able to track mail to you the muggle way. I hope we'll be able to stay in touch this way.

I know things were strained between all of us at the end of the year. I hope that you know that it was not your fault about what happened that night in the Department of Mysteries. You tried everything I asked you to see if it was a real vision and we all demanded to go with you. I am so sorry about Sirius' death. I can't imagine what you must be feeling. All I can suggest is that you remember the good times you had with him and know that he is finally at peace and with your dad again. They are probably pulling pranks in heaven!

I wonder when our OWL results will get here. My dad is already asking if I did well enough. I just want the results so I can get it over with. Sometimes I wish I could stay in the Wizarding world all summer. Keep in touch Harry, even if it is just to say Hi!

Love,

Hermione

Harry grinned as he realized that Hermione would never go against Dumbledore if she was spying for him. He knew he would have to test her in person but it gave him hope that she was genuine. She may be overbearing and hate anyone with better scores than her, but she had stuck by him in the trying times and that was what counted. He showed the letter to Dudley who was also happy that she seemed trustworthy.

A ministry owl arrived after dinner with Harry's permit for magic use. Harry was so excited to be able to legally do magic over the summer. He grinned at Dudley and then used a switching spell to change his bed sheets that needed washed. After seeing that there was no owl coming to inform him of his magic use he headed downstairs to check the wards.

The wards that the Headmaster said were placed there to protect him and were blood wards tied to his mother's sacrifice to save him. Blood wards were extremely powerful at keeping out people who have the intent to harm the person with whose blood was used to set the wards. They were set into the foundation of the house and only protected the person inside the walls. Harry checked and saw that there was a single, very weak, blood ward. It was set using Harry's blood, not his mothers, and was to keep anyone from finding Harry using a form of magical tracking. It was nothing like the supposed ward that Albus had claimed to exist. Harry was surprised he hadn't been found by Death Eaters before this point as the ward only protected him inside the house and now that Voldemort shared his blood, the ward was useless against him.

Harry headed outside to the back yard and cast a ward detection spell on the house, property and surrounding area. There were a few additional wards but nothing spectacular and nothing that wouldn't have been able to be recreated elsewhere with a guardian that cared for him. There was an apparition ward on the house, a magic concealing ward on the property, and a weak ward to keep out those with ill-intent on the residents of the house. If these were the best wards that the mighty Albus Dumbledore could produce Harry wondered what else was not so mighty about their esteemed headmaster. He would be able to increase the strength of the current wards by 10 times as well as add many additional wards that would actually keep him safe and the house and his relatives protected.

It only took Harry until midnight to finish renewing the existing and laying new wards. There was now a magic repelling ward on the house that will keep out any magical person or being that is not keyed in. He only keyed himself, Remus and Dobby into that ward. He added the standard set of protection wards that all wizarding houses had to protect from fire, flood, insects and theft. He extended the

apparition wards to the boundary of the property and keyed himself and Remus into those as well. He also placed a mail ward up that would alert him if there were any harmful spells attached to his post or if they contained something harmful or a portkey or a howler. He was afraid Dumbledore might try and abduct him once he realized that Harry was able to use magic and had boosted the wards. He also adjusted the mail ward to restrict any fan mail and redirect it to an owl post box that he would have Dobby check regularly. He also placed a physical protection ward around the house that he could activate easily if there was an attack or if it appeared they were in any danger. Overall he was very pleased with his progress, especially with his sluggish wand.

Remus arrived early the next morning with a smug smirk on his face. "It seems that Albus found out about your becoming Lord Potter." He told Harry with a chuckle. "He called an emergency Order meeting late last night to find out who told you about being a Lord. He received word yesterday of the changes to the laws due to the misuse and abuse of the voting rights by the Potter Regent. He ranted for an hour on how you didn't understand enough about the world to be making your own votes and pouting that you have overturned 2 laws and brought the one he disliked the most into law. It seems he doesn't think any student should have wand rights. It caused quite a ruckus with the Weasley twins when they found out. Those who were unaware he was your Regent were appalled that he had never mentioned your title or responsibilities to you. Then as we were meeting he received an official letter saying you had been granted a magic use permit and began to rant about how you were not responsible enough to use magic outside of school. He then sent Molly Weasley to go retrieve your wand from you by force and was livid when she returned to report that she could not gain entry to the house and that there were other new wards on the property. He sent 5 more of his loyal Order to try and break down the wards. He was surprised when Bill Weasley, the Order's only curse-breaker, refused to help. Bill told him that he was glad that Harry had more protection and if they couldn't get in then either could the Death Eaters and that he would lose his job if he tampered with the personal wards on a house without the owners permission as it would interfere with his oath to Gringotts."

Remus was smiling heavily by the end of his tale and even Harry was glad things seemed not to be going in the Headmaster's favor. "I'm sure he'll owl me soon with his disappointment in me and trying to figure out what happened." Harry told him and they laughed as Fawkes flashed into the room at that moment. "Good morning Fawkes" Harry greeted the beautiful phoenix that had saved his life in 2nd year. "I don't think the headmaster is very happy that I have slipped his tight hold." Fawkes trilled a note that sounded like he agreed with him.

The note was long and wordy but basically said that Dumbledore was disappointed in him. That he should never have left the house to go to Gringotts and that if his behavior doesn't improve immediately that he will be forced to take Harry's wand and Gringotts key. He also expressed that Harry obviously knew nothing about the politics of the wizarding world and that he would happily take over as regent until he came of age. Harry just rolled his eyes and handed the note to Remus to make a copy so he could show anyone who didn't believe in the headmaster's manipulations.

"Why does he want to make me miserable Fawkes?" Harry asked the bird as he stroked his beautiful plumage. "He has known all along that I was abused here. In fact he has lied and broken laws to keep me here. There are no blood wards based on my mother's sacrifice. I should have gone to my godmother or another wizard family but never here. He falsified both my parents and my godfather's will and has kept my family heritage and responsibilities from me. He says he cares but everything points to otherwise. Am I just a pawn in this war to him? A sacrifice to end Voldemort?" Harry asked the bird sadly.

Fawkes trilled a sad note and then began to sing to Harry to brighten his mood. Everyone always had assumed that Fawkes was Dumbledore's familiar but the truth was he was not bonded to Dumbledore at all. The headmaster had taken him from his mother as a hatchling before he could care for himself. He knew the headmaster had cast a spell on him to keep him from flying off and unless instructed by Dumbledore he couldn't leave the Hogwarts grounds. Fawkes longed for his true companion and until the old man removed the spell, or died, he wouldn't be able to tell who his intended companion was. He had hope that Harry would discover what the

problem was as he was the only one who Fawkes ever felt comfortable with since Harry's mother attended school.

"You are a very handsome bird Fawkes," Harry said with a wistful sigh. "It's too bad that Dumbledore would have to give you permission to give me feather for the core of my new wand. Yours is the core of my current wand and I know that you must have grown in power since then so hopefully a newer feather would contain more power and be able to channel my magic easier than your old one can, especially if I use the right wood and maybe another core material..." Harry trailed off in thought of his new wand and didn't pay any attention until Remus gasped.

Laying innocently on Harry's lap was one of Fawkes' tail feathers. Harry was intrigued to say the least. A bonded magical familiar such as everyone assumed Fawkes was could only provide core elements like feathers with their companions consent. That meant that Fawkes was not bonded to the headmaster like everyone assumed. "Fawkes, are you Albus Dumbledore's familiar?" Harry asked hoping to get some ideas from the beautiful creature itself. When Fawkes moved his head in a decidedly "No" movement Harry became excited. "Do you have an intended companion?" Harry asked and decided that his head cocked to the side meant that Fawkes didn't know. "Do you choose to stay with Albus Dumbledore?" Harry asked, now concerned that Fawkes was another one of the old man's manipulations. Remus gasped again when Fawkes indicated "No" and they realized something was keeping the magnificent bird tied to the old Headmaster.

"Fawkes," Remus cautiously asked, knowing he didn't have much of a rapport with the bird. "May I cast some scanning charms on you to determine if any spells have been cast on you?" He was relieved when Fawkes gave him a happy trill. He carefully cast a revealing spell that Hagrid had taught him while he was teaching DADA in Harry's 3rd year. It was specifically to determine if an animal had been bound unwillingly to a witch or wizard. When the spell came back positive he shook his head sadly and began the tedious process of determining which spell the headmaster used so he could begin to unravel it. It took Remus 15 minutes to find the spell. "I've got what it is Fawkes,

but I'm sorry that I don't know how to break it." Remus told the bird and explained which spell it was to Harry.

"I know that one!" Harry exclaimed and hurried over to his trunk and started sorting through miniature books, finally just using Accio to find it. He resized it and double checked the wand movements and incantation as he didn't want to hurt his phoenix friend. "Ok Fawkes, why don't we conjure you a proper perch before I do the spell. I'm afraid removing it will force a burning day and don't want you to get hurt." Harry told him and waved his wand and a beautiful redwood perch appeared next to Hedwig's cage complete with tray to catch all ashes.

"Um, Harry, as beautiful as the perch is..." Remus began delicately. "Are you sure it's wise to make a firebird's perch out of wood?"

"Sure," Harry said cheerfully examining his creation for flaws. "Fawkes won't burn anything he doesn't want to so it's perfectly safe unless he decides he doesn't like it!" Fawkes trilled in agreement and flew over to his perch to await his first moment of freedom in over 60 years. "Ok, here goes!" Harry said and began the complicated counter charm. Fawkes was engulfed in a purple light before he burst into flames.

Remus and Harry approached cautiously to see little baby Fawkes peeking out from the ashes. He gave them a quiet trill of thanks before closing his eyes to sleep off the effects of the counter spell. "It worked," Harry told Remus with a smile as they watched the tiny and fluffy bird. "I can't believe he would do that to a phoenix. They are magnificent creatures and to hold one against its will! Fawkes must have been just a hatchling when he took him otherwise he would have been able to avoid the curse."

"I take it that this increased knowledge in both obscure spells and in magical creatures is from your studying for your OWLs?" Remus asked him impressed with the change in his friend's son.

"Yep, I can remember a lot better now that the blocks are removed and with my magic free and knowing I was holding back before everything became much easier. I never knew before that I liked to

read as I couldn't do it growing up because of my uncle and never at Hogwarts because of Ron's whining." Harry and Remus spent the rest of the morning talking about what Harry had found out about the wards as well as his letter from Hermione and talking about his classes at the gym and the rest of his summer plans.

Harry's new trunk arrived that day while he and Dudley were at the gym. Fawkes was still sleeping peacefully on his new perch and Harry enjoyed explaining phoenixes to his cousin. He and Dudley spent most of the night organizing Harry's large library. Dudley had been scared of climbing into a trunk but had been amazed by the large and comfortable looking library inside. They sorted Harry's book by topic and then by author like in the muggle libraries. Harry had never really understood the wizarding system of just placing a book randomly on the shelf in the specified section, it seemed sloppy and hard to use. Harry's current collection filled just over ½ the shelves in his library and they had placed all the books in record time.

Harry stayed up late organizing the rest of the compartments of his trunk so that he could start using the wardrobe and be able to have all of his things at normal size. As he was putting away his Quidditch gear he realized that his broom had been confiscated and he would have to write to the school Governors to get it back. As the broom had been seized illegally he had every right to protest to the Governors and planned on drafting a long letter in the morning about why they allow such things to occur at the school and how poor the education level was becoming. He decided if he was going to shake up the Wizengamot and the Order he should shake up Hogwarts as well as the rest of the wizarding world!

The next few weeks were filled with workouts, running and learning to drive his motorcycle as well as learning to apparate with Remus' help. By the end of June he was proficient enough in apparating that he could pass his license test and good enough on the motor bike that he felt safe driving it. He had built more muscle tone and was soaring through the martial arts classes faster than anyone the sensei had ever taught before. Dudley was doing well too. He was down 3 pants sizes and was losing between 10 and 12 pounds a week, he would be a whole new person by the end of the summer thanks to Nani's potion.

Harry headed to the ministry the Wednesday before his OWL exams to take his apparition test and to meet with the Unspeakable to view his prophecy. He decided to take his test first to get it out of the way. He had to show the examiner his permit for magic and filled out three different forms before they began the exam with him apparating just a few feet and then larger and larger distances. He passed with flying colors and was handed his apparition license and a pamphlet on the laws and regulations, which he had already read but kept anyway.

Unspeakable Nolan was waiting for him at the guard desk when he finished his exam. He was a man most would overlook and forget they had seen. Harry assumed it was one of the reasons he was chosen to be an unspeakable. They walked down the stairs rather than taking the lift to the Department of Mysteries. "The lift records everyone using it and which floor they entered on and exited on," Nolan explained. "I am sure you would rather keep your visit to my department a mystery," he said with a smirk and causing Harry to chuckle at his pun.

"Thank you for seeing me today," Harry told him. "I appreciate your discretion."

"Discretion is the founding principle of the Unspeakables. Most of us are researchers or masters in various fields. We study magic and magical objects. What we find is not always safe for use by the general public or could become very dangerous in the wrong hands. We all take an oath not to discuss the specifics of our work with others when we become and unspeakable." Nolan told him.

"Is the work rewarding enough that the secrecy is bearable?" Harry asked curiously. He knew they could not even discuss their work with their family and thought it sounded lonely.

"Yes and no," Nolan said, impressed with the young man's question. "It is hard at times not being able to talk about my accomplishments to my family but I love my job and there are people here I can talk to so it offsets some. I wouldn't give it up but some days I would just love to tell my wife what I did that day."

“Is it a career path where you get to use many different areas of magic?” Harry asked. “I just always find it strange that magic is broken into so many areas such as charms, transfiguration and curses when magic is just magic and can be used together to create wonderful things.”

“You have a much better grasp of the nature of magic than most,” Nolan said, now thoroughly impressed with the teen before him. “Most witches and wizards will never realize what you just mentioned. That is why it is so difficult to create new spells or magical objects. They have split learning apart into little pieces and then only offered a select few and then wonder how things become forgotten.”

They had made their way into the spinning room now and Nolan led them directly to the correct door and into the room full of prophecy shelves. Nolan led Harry to a stand that held a massive book with a complete listing of every prophecy ever recorded and the date as well as the location in the shelves. Only specific unspeakables knew the spells to activate the book to show them listings for specific people. There was only one prophecy that was assumed to be about him and it was the one Dumbledore had witnessed. Harry followed Nolan to the shelf with his prophecy orb.

“I will need to observe the process but you may place a silencing spell around you so that only you hear the contents,” Nolan suggested with a smile and then Harry broke the orb to hear the contents:

The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches... Born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies... And the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not... And either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives... The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord will be born as the seventh month dies... He will be betrayed by those who should have protected him, and the light will rally behind him... Revered yet not feared, he will lead the wizarding world into a new era.

The one with the power to vanquish the Light Lord approaches... Born to those who will die to protect him, born as the seventh month

dies... And the Light Lord will use him for his own ends, but he will be stronger than the Light Lord knows... And in his strength he will overcome and then expose the Light Lord's manipulations... The one with the power to vanquish the Light Lord will be born as the seventh month dies... He will be accepted by those who once despised him, and the dark will follow his lead... Revered yet not feared, he will lead the wizarding world into a new era.

Harry was upset. He realized there was much more to the prophecy than Dumbledore let anyone know. He was said to be able to vanquish both the Dark and Light Lords. To him that meant he was to defeat both Voldemort and Dumbledore. He was glad that the only one it said he must kill was Voldemort, he would only have to expose Dumbledore as the manipulative bastard he is. He also realized that Dumbledore was so concerned with his own defeat that was why he wasn't training Harry to take down Voldie. Dumbledore was afraid of him becoming powerful and breaking free. Well he had reason to, now Harry was sure he was finally on the right path.

Harry thanked Nolan and headed back to Privet Drive to record his memory. He wanted to send a copy of the prophecy to Ragnok and Remus as soon as possible. He was hoping Fawkes was feeling up to delivering a few letters as he had sent Hedwig with a letter to Neville earlier that day already. The beautiful phoenix was recovering well from his long entrapment and was close to full size already. Harry had told him he could stay with him as long as he liked but was free to go whenever.

Fawkes had felt the bond forming between him and Harry since the spell was removed. He wasn't ready to be bonded yet as he needed to find his mother or another phoenix to learn the things he should have been taught as a hatchling. He knew that Harry was most likely his companion as most phoenixes had a burning day every 25 or so years. The first 25 years were spent with their parents or at least their mother learning and they were considered a hatchling until their 1st burning day. The reason they stayed with their mother was for protection as a phoenix could die if killed before their 1st burning day, after that it would just force a burning and they would be reborn. The time between their 1st and 2nd burning day was when they were free to explore the world as they felt. After their 2nd burning day they

would feel the call to bond to their companion. Harry would have been a baby around the time of his 2nd burning and that was the time most phoenix companions bonded, when they were very young.

Chapter 6: OWL Overload

Harry spent the rest of the week and the weekend reviewing for his OWLs. He was determined to do well on his exams, even in the subjects he hadn't studied until recently. He arrived at the Ministry on Monday both nervous and excited. He wanted to prove to everyone that he was not just a mediocre wizard by getting good scores. He just imagined the looks on Dumbledore and Snape's faces if he got O's in most subjects, especially potions!

He knew Monday would be grueling as it was his first day back in a school type setting as well as he had 7 written exams to take. He made sure to pack himself a nice lunch along with a few snacks in an old lunchbox of Dudley's he had charmed to be refrigerated and larger on the inside than the outside. He thought taking a Star Wars lunchbox was amusing. He was able to shrink it and keep it in his bag along with all his notes for that particular day's subjects. He also had packed a shrunken change of clothes so that he could escape as his Jim Grim persona if the Order somehow tracked him down.

He apparated to the designated arrival point in the Ministry 30 minutes before his first exam. He made his way to the magical testing area, careful to take the stairs to avoid the spells on the elevators. He smiled cheerfully and made his way to Madame Marchbanks who was waiting at the front of a large room. He was glad to see he was not the only one there. He didn't recognize any of the other students and was hoping to make some new friends. He checked in with the wizened witch and she told him he could take any seat available but preferably not next to anyone else as to discourage peeking. They would take one exam and then get a 10 minute break to check in any additional students and allow for those not taking the exam to leave. If they finished early they could turn in their exam and then go into an adjoining room to do as they wished without disturbing the other students.

Harry breezed through the History of Magic test and even took extra time on the 4 essay questions at the end. When he was done he still had 30 minutes of the 90 min exam left and after checking his answers again he handed in the test feeling very confident and was the first student in the adjoining room. The room was comfortable with

tables and arm chairs and a few sofas. There was a bathroom as well as a table with water to drink.

Harry had to wait 10 minutes before anyone else joined him in the waiting room.

“Hi I’m Anna,” she said with a smile at Harry. “Whoa it’s going to be a long day today!”

“I’m Harry,” he told her hoping to avoid last names. “I think it’s going to be a long week.”

“Oh are you taking all the exams?” She asked with shock.

“Yeah, you have to when you are retaking your exams.” Harry told her with a shrug. “I had an exam interrupted and didn’t think I did too well on the others either so I requested to be retested. To do that I have to take every exam, even the ones I haven’t taken classes in.”

“Wow, that sounds harsh.” Anna said. “I’m home schooled so these are my only exams. I’m taking History, Runes, Politics and Astronomy today and then Herbology, Healing, Charms, Fine Arts, and Human Languages. How are you going to pass the language exams if you’ve never had classes?” She asked

“I love to read and have picked up Latin fluently and am almost fluent in Gaelic. I also am fluent in Gobbledygook as I am friends with several goblins and have picked up the basics of Mermish but am not fluent yet. I plan on learning French, Egyptian and maybe Portuguese as well as Fairy and Troll so I can get my NEWT in both subjects as well.” Harry told her with a shrug.

“It would be so neat to learn Gobbledygook,” Anne said with a grin. “I think the goblins are fascinating but most wizards are too pigheaded to pay any attention.”

“Yeah, I was muggle raised so all the prejudice here against magical creatures and the blood supremacy issues seem so stupid to me.” Harry told her honestly.

“It’s the main reason I’m home schooled,” Anne told him. “My dad is a werewolf and my mum is part siren.”

“Wow, I’ve never seen a siren or even part siren before. So does that make you like $\frac{1}{4}$ siren or is it less?” Harry asked her curiously. “

“I’m like $\frac{1}{8}$ siren is all,” she told him with a grin. “Basically the only remnants of siren blood let me have a perfect singing voice but without the drawing effect. You didn’t ask about my werewolf heritage.” She half asked half commented.

“Well the werewolf blood would only be transferred during a full moon. The only way for you to be a werewolf would be if both your parents were wolves or if your father was transformed when he impregnated your mother.” Harry told her and laughed at her astounded look that he would know such a thing. “My dad’s best friend is a werewolf.” He told her to explain his knowledge.

“Ok then I was starting to just think you were a know-it-all.” She laughed. “Most people just assume that I am a monster as well and don’t even check their facts.”

“I understand,” Harry told her with a sad smile. “My best friend is a muggleborn and she gets teased horribly at school by the purebloods. I can’t imagine how poorly you would be treated by the Slytherins.”

“Yeah they seem to be a bigoted bunch,” Anne said with a sigh. “It’s a shame too because snakes are such neat creatures and that lot has made them their mascot and ruined them for the rest of us.”

“I like snakes too.” Harry told her honestly. “I think they are a very misunderstood species.”

“It would be so cool to be a parseltongue and be able to talk to them!” Anna told him with a grin.

“Sorry I didn’t mean to eavesdrop,” a voice behind them said and they turned to see a tall skinny boy standing behind them. “I’m Aaron by the way and I was going to say that it would be even better since you could talk to all reptiles, not just snakes.”

“Really?” Harry asked wondering what else he didn’t know about his ability. “I’m Harry and this is Anne.”

“Yeah, my great uncle was a parseltongue, we kept it to ourselves since only the descendents of Slytherin are supposed to be able to speak it. He could talk to all types of reptiles and even claimed he could talk to Dragons.” Aaron said.

“Cool!” Anna said with a grin. “That would be so neat!”

“So what other exams are you two taking?” Aaron asked. “I’m taking all of them except for the ones on Friday. It’s been torture studying for 19 OWLs!”

“I’m only taking 9 OWLs but Harry here is taking all of them as he is retesting from Hogwarts. I’m home schooled what about you?” Anna asked him.

“I go to a small day school in our wizarding village in Ireland and then have different family tutors in the other subjects they don’t teach there.” Aaron said with a shrug. “It’s a good thing my aunt is a potions mistress otherwise I wouldn’t have any idea as its not offered at all at the day school as it’s thought of being too dangerous; same with Creatures, Dueling and Dark Arts. I learned to duel by watching the dueling tournaments my older brother was in. I started dueling in them myself last year.”

“Was it fun?” Harry asked, not wanting to insult him by asking if he was any good.

“Lots of fun and you meet all kinds of people. I’m not very good at it though. I am not that powerful and my spell base is limited, I’ll never make it past the 3rd round and once I’m done with school I won’t even be able to compete without getting hurt.” Aaron said with a

shrug. "I don't care that I'm not winning as I figure it is the most fun practical class I've ever taken. So you go to Hogwarts huh? What's it like?"

"The castle is magnificent and very magical." Harry told them with a fond grin. "The grounds are beautiful and there is a lake and forest. There are 4 houses the students are broken into and that causes some major rivalries that I think make things harder. I like most of the classes they offer but some of the professors have no business teaching. Until I found out I could retake my exams I didn't even know there were more OWLs offered here that Hogwarts didn't teach. They always say they are the best wizarding school but they only offer 12 of the 24 subject that are tested."

"Do you get to play Quidditch?" Anna asked excitedly. "I love to fly but being home schooled I've never been able to actually play a game."

"I was on my house team as seeker until last year." Harry told her with a grin. "I love to fly; it's the best feeling in the world."

"I'm afraid of heights so brooms and I don't get along," Aaron said with a rueful grin. "I watch games sometimes from the ground."

"I got to see the finals of the World Cup when it was in Ireland, which was the best game ever." Harry told them.

"I was there helping my dad with crowd control," Aaron said. "I was too afraid of the height to actually go very far up in the stadium. Where were you seated?"

"In the top box actually," Harry told him and laughed as the other boy paled at being so high up. "My friends' dad works for the Ministry and got us the tickets."

"Did you meet Harry Potter there then?" Anna asked curiously. "There was an article that said he was in the top box. I've always wondered what he is really like, the papers slander him so much its horrible."

“I know him,” Harry offered vaguely wondering how to change the subject.

“Yeah he’s at Hogwarts as well,” Aaron said. “So do you play Quidditch against him?”

“Not exactly,” Harry hedged hoping the exam would end soon and he would be saved.

Anna cocked her head to the side and looked at him more closely. “You know we never introduced ourselves properly. My name is Anna Goodwin.” She offered her hand to Aaron in greeting.

“Aaron Hightree,” he said and shook her hand with a smile before offering his hand to Harry who sighed in resignation before taking the other boy’s hand.

“Harry Potter,” he said with a smirk, knowing Anna had already suspected. Aaron’s eyes widened comically before they all started laughing.

“I guess that answers my question on if you’re just a normal person,” Anna laughed. “I’m sorry if my question made you uncomfortable, you must hate how everyone hero worships you for something you probably don’t remember.”

“Yes it is difficult to know if people like me for me or if they are just after being seen as friends with the Boy-who-Lived. I hate all reporters who think that my whole life is for the public’s eye. It was really hard entering Hogwarts as a muggle raised 1st year with no idea I was a celebrity and then having all my fellow students knowing more about me than I did.” He told them deciding there was no reason not to be honest.

“I can sort of relate,” Aaron said. “My family has some interesting history and every time someone finds out they totally freak out and it’s like hey I’m the same person I was 10 minutes ago!”

“Same here,” Anna said and the three laughed again and sat down to talk for the 15 minutes left before the exam ended.

The next exam was Ancient Runes and the three new friends sat near each other. Harry was more nervous about this exam than any of the others because he really wanted to take this class at Hogwarts at NEWT level and he would need to get a very high grade here to show he had the knowledge to start the class 3 years late. He was once again surprised with how easy the exam seemed to him. He decided that tests were easier now that he had better memory recall. He finished the 2 hour exam in 90 minutes and was glad he had time to review his answers and still be able to have a break before the next exam.

He was joined by Anna and Aaron after the test and they compared answers to any of the question they were unsure of. Runes and Arithmacy were Aaron’s favorite subjects but Anna struggled in Runes and had decided not to even test in Arithmacy since she was so horrible at it. Anna wished them luck on both the Muggle Studies and Arithmacy exams and said she was going to go wander around Diagon Alley for the next 4 hours or so before the Politics & Law exam.

The muggle studies exam was a joke in Harry’s opinion. He couldn’t understand how wizards had such a hard time understanding the simplest concepts. Any muggle born or even half-blood who was ever exposed to the muggle world would be able to scrape an acceptable without even trying too hard. He really didn’t understand why Hermione didn’t just take the OWL in muggle studies without having taken the class. They had a break for lunch after their exam and Aaron and Harry headed out into muggle London to find a park to eat their lunches at. Aaron had a fairly good grasp of muggle culture but was curious about technology.

“I want to know more about the telephone,” he told Harry as they were eating. “All my teacher really said was that muggles use them to talk to each other like we use floo powder.”

“Phones are one of the things I miss about the muggle world. I mean who wants to have a long floo conversation since you’re kneeling into a fireplace! Phones are small and can be carried around. You can’t see the person you’re talking to, only hear them but that’s better than a floating head in my opinion. I think my cousin has an old phone in his room that I can bring tomorrow and show you.” Harry offered and the two boys spent the rest of their time until the Arithmacy exam getting to know each other better.

The Arithmacy exam was harder than the other two had been only because of the sheer number of calculations required. Harry really wished he had a calculator rather than doing everything the long way. He decided while taking the test that he would look into a way of charming muggle electronics to work around magic as he was determined that calculators would revolutionize Arithmacy. He only finished the exam with 10 min left and then took the rest of the time to look over his answers to make sure there were no obvious mistakes.

The two boys waved at Anna as she took her seat near them for the Politics and Law exam. It was the first exam so far that was not offered on the Hogwarts curriculum and he wondered if he would see any of his classmates here. Just as he finished wondering if he would know anyone Neville walked into the room. Harry waved at his friend who grinned and sat near him as well.

“Hey Harry you look great!” Neville said with a grin. “You said you changed but what a difference.”

“Thanks Nev, it’s great to see you. I’ll have to introduce you to my two new friends I met today after the exam.” Harry said as he noticed it was almost time to begin. He did a quick sweep of the room and the only other people he recognized were Susan Bones from Hufflepuff and Blaise Zabini from Slytherin.

The exam was interesting for Harry as the last 10 questions were short answer on different policies and asked them to explain the different views held by the wizarding world on different topics. The topics were: werewolf rights, House elf ownership, family rights to specific positions, muggle baiting, cross-species mating, foreign

relations, underage magic, statute of secrecy and truth serum use in trials. Harry used all but the last 10 minutes giving the examiner a long narrative of not only the wizarding world's opinion but his own on each topic.

After the test he introduced Neville to Anna and Aaron. Neville had decided to take 4 additional exams in Politics & Law, Healing & First Aid, Magical Craftsmanship and Fine Arts. He told them that he was going to use his skills in carpentry and stained glass for the Craftsmanship exam and that for Fine Arts he knew how to sing and play piano and he loved making pottery. Harry got the mental picture of Neville making hand crafted garden benches and pots for his plants that he would sing to so they would grow. They all got a laugh out of it when Harry told them what he was thinking of.

Neville wished them all luck and said he would see them Wednesday for the Healing exam. The Teaching exam went well for Harry. He knew a lot of the others would struggle with the final essay question which asked them to describe their teaching style and when they have used it in a practical application. Harry's was easy as he explained how he ran the DA and his method of verbal instruction along with demonstration before allowing the students to practice and he could observe and refine.

Harry was glad there was only one more exam as he was very tired from writing so much. The Astronomy exam was neat as they had charmed the ceiling of the room to resemble a muggle planetarium and they were each given small telescopes to look through for greater accuracy. Harry was amazed with how much easier it was to see the stars with his newly healed eyes and only used the telescope twice to check his answer. He was once again the 1st one done with the exam and as the new friends had already said their good-byes before the exam he was able to leave for home 30 minutes before the exam ended.

It had been a long day with arriving at the ministry by 6:30 in the morning and not getting home until 8:00 at night. He just ate his dinner and fell into bed fully clothed and was asleep before 9:00. Dobby popped in once he was sure his master was asleep and used his elf magic to change him into pajamas and tuck him into bed. He

even remembered to set a wake up charm so Harry would have time to shower and eat before leaving for his 2nd day of exams.

Harry figured that it would be his hardest day of exams as they would be the most taxing on his magic. He would have practical exams in DADA, Dueling and DA as well as their written counterparts and the Care of Magical Creatures exams. Aaron would be there with him all day but Anna wouldn't be. When Harry finished the DADA written exam he felt great. He knew he had aced it. It was the best feeling knowing all the answers and having them come easily to him. The practical went better than his original one as he had filled in a lot more spells that he was able to perform. He knew he was at or above NEWT level in most of his DADA spells and was not surprised that the examiner who supervised his practical was skeptical that he could perform everything he said he could. After showing the man his patronus as well as casting the shield spell he had seen Voldie use in the Ministry to form a solid brass shield on his arm he knew he had the man eating out of his hand.

"That was the best test I have ever taken!" Harry told Aaron with a grin.

Aaron laughed at his new friend. "Well you're Harry Potter so I won't feel ashamed that you could trounce me. I guess it's appropriate that the appointed boy-wonder of the wizarding world would be good at DADA." Harry just smiled along knowing that it was more than appropriate but glad his new friend didn't apparently care about his fame.

The Dueling exams were next. They had a short written exam and then they were paired up in front of examiners to duel. If someone showed real promise they were held back and then paired with another promising student to see their real skill. It was rumored that it had been 10 years since the last time a student showed enough skill to duel one of the examiners for extra credit. Harry thought the written exam was a waste as it just covered the rules of the different forms and etiquette. He thought the examiners should just see if the person follows the rules and proper etiquette and forgo the written exam. He figured there was someone like Percy Weasley who insisted they

make a written portion since they were good with rules and not so good with a wand.

There were about 20 students taking the dueling exam. Harry saw Blaise Zabini and Susan Bones along with 2 Ravenclaws whose names he couldn't remember. He thought a few of the others looked familiar but couldn't place anyone. They each had a number pinned to them so the examiners could easily identify them without having to call out or learn names. Harry was first paired with a frightened looking girl who seemed afraid to cast a spell. She shrieked every time Harry sent a spell at her and never cast at him. She had a very strong Protego charm and it took a few hits to break it down until he could summon her wand. He bowed to the judge/examiner and walked over to hand the girl her wand and she shrieked again and backed away from him. He finally had to just set her wand down and head over to the side of the room before she would approach it. He was sure she had just basally failed the practical portion.

Watching the other duels still in progress Harry wondered what was wrong with half the students. They seemed almost incapable of performing magic under pressure. He decided that Neville, even with his lack of courage, could easily beat over ½ the people in the room. Harry was paired with Susan next and the two smiled at each other before tossing spells back and forth. He could tell she had been practicing since her Protego was much stronger than during the last DA meeting. He finally broke her shield with a tickling charm and was able to expel her wand and win the duel. They bowed to each other and then to the judge/examiner and headed over the side of the room.

"Hey Harry that was fun," Susan said with a smile. "I saw you in the Politics exam yesterday but didn't get a chance to say hello. Are you taking any other exams?"

"Yeah, all of them." Harry said and laughed at her shocked look. "I used the rule about an exam being interrupted to be able to re-test. I found some blocks on my magic and was able to have them removed and now I can cast much easier so my scores should improve." He explained, giving her a partial truth.

“But that means you have to take everything... all 24 subjects! I can understand how you know politics and dueling but what about the subjects you never took and warding and healing that are not offered?” She sounded so worried for him that he felt glad that she had stopped to say hello.

“I’ll do fine. I’ve been studying Runes and Arithmacy and am hoping I will get an E or O to prove that I can join the NEWT class. I was stupid and just signed up for what Ron did for 3rd year and didn’t realize that Runes would have been a much better choice for me. Languages come very easily to me and I am already fluent in Gobbledygook and Latin and almost there in Gaelic and Egyptian and I know quite a bit of Mermish and am studying French and Portuguese as well as Fairy and Troll.” He told her with a grin.

“So you’re a closet bookworm huh?” She asked with a laugh. “I’m guessing no one knew you were doing all this.”

“Just Neville,” Harry said with a shrug. “Ron would say I was mental for doing any extra work and Hermione would be worried I was going to beat her scores.”

“Once your scores come out you won’t be able to hide your talents anymore though,” Susan pointed out.

“That’s ok. I decided at the end of the school year that I was finally going to be my own person. I’m not going to be who everyone expects me to be anymore. I have taken control of my life and I don’t plan on letting it go ever again.” He said. “I was manipulated by a lot of people over the years and always just fit myself into the molds they made for me, it’s time to finally figure out who I really am and just be myself.”

“Well good luck with that. It’ll be tough with the gossip mill at Hogwarts. If you ever just want to talk to someone you can find me. I didn’t really know the “old” you so it should be simple for me to actually get to know the “real” you.” She told him with a smile.

“Thanks Susan,” Harry said with a smile. “It will be nice to know that I have at least one person other than Neville who understands when we go back. I am hoping to talk to a few of my other friends this summer and get their input but I am nervous.”

They didn't get a chance to talk any longer before one of the examiners called Harry over. They paired him up with Blaise Zabini to see him duel again. It seemed the two of them were the best out of the 20 people being tested. They bowed and began with simple spells to judge the other's reactions and style. Soon they were throwing much more complicated spells and had drawn a crowd of not only the other students but the other examiners as well. Blaise decided to use Malfoy's trick from 2nd year and conjured a snake to attack Harry. The Slytherin boy was smirking and basking in the screams from the assembled crowd and therefore didn't hear Harry tell the snake to go scare Blaise and then cast a stunning spell at him. Blaise was aware enough to dodge the stunner but when he noticed the snake advancing on him he changed his focus to the serpent rather than Harry and it was his downfall as Harry forcefully disarmed him by sending him flying before vanishing the snake and bowing to the judge/examiner.

Those gathered all clapped and Harry smiled at them wondering if that was the end of the exam. He watched as three of the examiners discussed something and then one of them approached him. He was going to have to duel the examiner to test his skill level. Harry was glad he was doing well but knew that it would somehow get into the papers and he sighed. He went through all the spells he could use in this type of duel and prepared himself; he really wanted to beat the examiner.

The duel between Harry and the examiner, who he would later find out was an expert dueler and had won several championships, took a long time. They were evenly matched with casting speed so they were volleying spells fairly evenly. Harry had more power behind his spells but the examiner had a larger spell repertoire. Harry finally got the advantage after setting the man on fire using Hermione's bluebell flames. They wouldn't burn the skin but the man didn't realize what they were and doused himself with water before realizing they were waterproof. While he was getting rid of the flames Harry used the

water the man had doused himself with and cast a freezing charm which turned the platform around his opponent into ice. Harry just needed to distract him long enough to connect with a spell and grinned as he cast his patronus. It was a legal spell in this duel because it would not cause bodily harm. The examiner had not been the one to test Harry in DADA so had no idea that he was capable of casting such an advanced spell and lost his concentration, moved and began to slip on the ice. That was all Harry needed to disarm him and win the duel.

The examiner stood shocked for a moment just staring at his wandless hand before bowing in concession to Harry who bowed back. He vanished the ice so the man could move safely and gave him back his wand. "Thank you for such a good duel," the examiner said with a calculating look in his eye. "My colleagues would not tell me your name before the duel. I am Gabe Clark reigning English dueling champion." He said introducing himself.

"I'm Harry Potter; the boy who it seems is incapable of being normal." Harry replied with a groan that he had just beaten a dueling champion and knowing there was no way to keep it quiet.

Gabe just laughed. "Well you just made me feel better," he said with a grin. "I mean loosing to a 5th year students sounds horrible but saying I lost to the Boy-who-lived doesn't make it sound so bad. My cousin says you have actually faced the maniac who killed your and my parents 3 times and lived to tell the tale, even if no one believed you at the time."

"Yeah, I have the bad luck of attracting trouble. I have faced old Moldy Shorts 3 times, twice that I remember and we dueled twice and I have also faced some of his stupid Death Munchers and survived them as well. Although I think that today's duels were the only ones I've ever participated in where the other party was following proper dueling rules and etiquette." Harry commented and enjoyed watching the man go from being impressed with his dueling prowess to laughing about their lack of dueling rules.

“Well Mr. Potter I will have to say that since you beat me you will definitely get an Outstanding on the practical portion and most likely extra credit since you are the first student to beat an examiner in over 70 years.” Gabe said with a grin. “Now, here is my card with my address and floo number on it. If you are ever interested in watching or participating in a duel and especially a competition let me know and I’ll get it set up.”

“Thank you,” Harry told him. “If you owl me with a list of competition dates for the summer I’ll look it over and see if any fit into my schedule.”

“I look forward to it,” Gabe told him and shook his hand. “Good luck with the rest of your exams!”

The Dark Arts exam was interesting to Harry. He had never especially studied the Dark Arts as there were very few books at Hogwarts but he had spent a lot of time talking with his Goblin friends about them. The first question on the exam threw him off because it seemed like a trick question. It asked him to explain the difference between Light and Dark curses and to give examples of why each one was considered that way. Harry in all his study had discovered that there were no light or dark curses, there was just magic and the intent with which you cast it. He went into detail on his explanation saying that every curse that most people considered dark could be used for good and that most spells that people consider light could be used for harm or evil.

He started his list of examples with the so-called unforgivable curses. For example the Imperius Curse could be used to keep someone from committing suicide. You could momentarily take over control of the person’s actions to keep them from slitting their wrist or jumping off a building. The Cruciatus Curse could be used to treat mental patients much like shock therapy in the muggle world. The Killing Curse could be used to euthanize wounded animals quickly and painlessly. He also stated that although they could be used for good those with the desire to hurt others could do even more damage with them which is why they were banned in the first place.

His examples of the light designated curses used to harm were a severing charm, you could use it to cut thread while sewing or you could use it to cut someone's arm off and allow them to bleed to death. The same exact spell just used for a different purpose. The levitation charm was another good example. It was a simple 1st year charm that would lift feathers or furniture off the ground. Someone intent to do harm could levitate a person high into the air and then release the charm with the person 100 feet in the air, or they could levitate the person off the side of a cliff. He used Incendio as another example, it was the common spell to light a fire in a fireplace but if a person wanted they could light an entire house on fire.

Harry realized by taking the rest of the exam the Dark Arts as they were referring to them were those with intent to harm. The exam covered spells like the leg breaking hex and Ginny Weasley's favorite Bat Bogey hex as well other simple ones like a tripping jinx. Harry decided once he graduated he would try and have the classes renamed as Offensive Magic and Defensive Magic rather than DA and DADA as it caused a great bias against offensive spells.

His practical was interesting as his examiner had witnessed his dueling practical and kept trying to think of more and more spells to test him on. Harry actually was relieved when the man asked him to perform a spell he had not studied and was able to finish up so he could rest before his Creatures exam. He and Aaron ate a snack and had a Butterbeer to refresh themselves after the exam. They had both eaten hasty lunches in between their duels that afternoon and were glad to get a rest before their last exam of the day. Both boys were slightly nervous about this exam as neither had a lot of experience with magical creatures although both were well read on the subject. Aaron was because his day school didn't have a budget to bring in the expensive creatures and Harry because Hagrid only ever showed them the very dangerous type.

The written exam was easy for Harry as he had read all the information and found it interesting. He was sure he had done very well on that part and hoped it would bring up his practical grade or that he was given animals for his practical that he was familiar with. When it was Harry's turn in one of the practical rooms he entered to see a crate in one corner, a covered cage in another and a Hippogriff

tied up between the two. The examiner checked his name off a list and the exam began.

Harry's first task was to pet and sit astride the Hippogriff. He rolled his eyes at the simplicity but assumed most teachers didn't have Hagrid's penchant for such creatures. Harry bowed to the rust colored animal, making sure to maintain eye contact. It did not take long for the creature to bow back and Harry moved forward and began to scratch the Hippogriff in the places Sirius had said were Buckbeak's favorite spots. He almost chuckled at how the animal became almost boneless with pleasure as he scratched spots that its beak just couldn't comfortably reach. Within a few minutes he was able to mount the Hippogriff and could even see he had impressed the examiner with how quickly he accomplished his task. He continued to scratch and pet the half-bird half-horse until the examiner indicated that he was to begin his next task. Harry made sure to thank the Hippogriff for letting him touch him and bowed again assuring that once he turned his back the animal would not attack.

The examiner pulled the cover off the cage and Harry was shocked to find a beautiful ice phoenix inside. They were just as rare as their fire phoenix counterparts like Fawkes was. "She's beautiful," Harry commented, "But what is she doing here without her companion?" He asked the examiner observing that the bird looked very sad.

"Her companion was killed during the last war," the examiner told him. "She has stayed with us and given us potions ingredients, wand components and helped with these exams. She has yet to find a new companion or a mate. Your task is to feed her and gather one feather."

"Hello," Harry said to the intelligent bird. "My name is Harry. I have a friend named Fawkes who is a fire phoenix and I know he hates being in a cage. Would you like me to take you out of there?" The blue and white bird gave him an affirmative trill and seemed much more interested in Harry once he said he knew another phoenix.

Harry picked her gently out of the cage and then cradled her gently to him while he transfigured her cage into a perch resembling the one

he made for Fawkes but this one was still silver like the cage had been. "Here you go beautiful, you should be much more comfortable now." He told her and set her upon the perch. She trilled happily at him, he didn't notice the stunned look on the examiner's face as he so easily interacted with the usually temperamental bird.

"Now I don't know your name so I'm just going to call you Beauty for now is that alright?" He asked her and she nodded. "Now do you have a fondness for grapes like my friend Fawkes?" He said offering her a green grape and laughing as she practically inhaled the fruit. "I'll take that as a yes," he said and filled her bowl with different colored grapes. "Now there is no natural spring water here which I know you would prefer but there is some apple juice, will that be ok instead?" He asked placing a small amount in her water dish which she drank from gratefully. She hadn't met a human in a long time that knew what she liked so well.

"Have you met very many other phoenixes?" Harry asked her curiously. They were reported as very rare but he didn't really have any idea how many there actually were. When she trilled sadly he realized she may have never known another phoenix since her own parents. "Would you like me to try and call Fawkes and see if he can hear me and come visit?" He asked and laughed at her frantic head bobbing of yes. He realized she must be very lonely without her companion and no phoenix friends.

Harry concentrated fully on Fawkes trying to convey that he would really like to visit and introduce him to his new friend. Seconds later Fawkes flashed into the room earning a startled gasp from the examiner who instantly recognized him as the Headmasters familiar. Fawkes trilled a happy greeting to Harry before flying over next to Beauty and the two began to trill and sing to each other in conversation.

"How were you able to summon Albus Dumbledore's familiar here?" The examiner asked looking strangely at Harry.

"Fawkes was never his familiar; he was taken as a hatchling from his mother and placed under a control charm so everyone would

believe Dumbledore had a phoenix companion. I discovered the charm when Fawkes willingly offered me a tail feather this summer without the headmaster's permission. I performed a revealing charm and was able to disable the control charm on Fawkes. He was very grateful and will occasionally come to me if I ask and he has been staying with me on and off since." Harry informed the man, watching the look of shock and then disgust flash across his face.

"It is a serious crime to illegally control a phoenix," he told Harry who indicated that he was aware. "I would not have thought Albus Dumbledore capable of such an act."

"There are a lot of things he doesn't want anyone to know he is capable of," Harry said bitterly. "I am sure more of his manipulation will come to light soon. But as much as I would love to press charges at this time I am not sure it is the best course of action with the war beginning again."

The examiner just nodded and realized he was seeing a side of both the wizarding world's heroes that most never would. He had just discovered that Albus Dumbledore was not an entirely Light person and that Harry Potter was just a kid with way too much responsibility thrust onto his young shoulders. He watched as Harry gathered a tail feather from the ice phoenix as was requested and left the two birds alone. The examiner told Harry that he could keep the feather and Harry thanked him and wondered what a wand core made of two different type phoenix feathers would be like.

The examiner looked nervously at the crate in the other corner. Harry's task was to carefully open the crate, identify the creature inside, and attempt to move it into the glass tank behind the crate without being bitten. After seeing that the man was afraid of the contents of the crate Harry wondered just what was inside.

"Just so you know, as long as you can correctly identify the creature you will receive at least an Exceeds Expectations on the practical as you did so well on the other tasks, perhaps even an Outstanding. So do try not to get hurt as it is not necessary." The examiner told him and Harry was even more curious what was in the crate.

Harry carefully levitated the lid off the crate so as not to have to be close enough for what was inside to physically attack him before he knew what he was up against. He looked inside the crate and had to hold back a laugh. "This is a Runespoor," he told the examiner. "Wow I never thought I'd get to talk with one!" Harry told him with a grin before turning to the three headed snake in the crate.

"Good afternoon," Harry hissed in parseltongue. "I don't imagine you are too comfortable in this crate."

"A speaker," the right head hissed. "We have always wanted to meet a speaker." The middle head informed him. "We hate it in here." The left head insisted.

"I am unable to free you but I can move you to a more comfortable environment. I have a large glass tank I will place you in. Is there anything specific you would like your new home to look like?" Harry said, wondering if he was speaking too much at a time. There was very little published about how intelligent snakes were since few could speak to them.

"Rocks, water, grass to sleep in." The right one said to him. "Someplace dark to hide in." The middle head requested. "Food," was all the left head said. Harry got to work transfiguring the current tanks layout. He turned one corner into a rock cave the snake could hide in or climb on. He placed a small shallow pool in the other corner and charmed a waterfall that would filter and clean the water. The rest of the area he transfigured into different surfaces such as tall grass to sleep on and some open rocky areas. He gently lifted the magnificent serpent into the tank and smiled at the pleased hisses he received. Harry smiled at how easy the exam had been. What were the odds that they would choose 3 creatures he could handle! He was just glad he was done for the day as he was tired and needed a good meal and lots of sleep. He was so happy to be done he didn't notice both phoenixes leave as soon as he did. He wouldn't even notice they were both in his room until the next morning.

The 3rd day of exams would be tedious for him but he figured not as tiring as the previous days. He had Herbology 1st with both Anna and Aaron. It was an ok exam for him as he felt he knew the information even though he wasn't all that comfortable with plants. Harry made sure to share his fool-proof Divination technique with Aaron before the exam. The other boy got a kick out of how Harry just made stuff up and admitted he had never seen anything in a crystal ball either.

During Harry's stay in the ROR he had actually read his Divination text and was surprised to learn that a lot of the techniques were interesting. He had even learned what the symbols were supposed to signify and how planetary alignment was supposed to affect the moods of those on Earth. He thought it was interesting even if he didn't put any stock behind it. His practical involved tea leaves, tarot cards, a star chart and palmistry. He was able to fumble through fairly well since they involved just interpreting physical objects rather than trying to see things in a ball.

He and Aaron had their potions exams next and Harry was excited. He knew he would do a lot better in the subject now that he understood the basics. He couldn't wait to show Snape his score! The written portion was straightforward and he was pretty confident in his brewing process for the two potions he was asked to brew from memory. It was nice to be able to brew without Snape lurking around as well. He was much more relaxed and didn't have to watch out for Slytherin's sabotaging his potions.

The Healing & First Aid exam was the last test of the day. Harry recognized both Susan Bones and Hannah Abbott of Hufflepuff as well as both Padma Patil and Lisa Turpin from Ravenclaw and a Slytherin girl he couldn't remember name. Anna, Aaron and Neville were there as well but Harry, Neville and Aaron were way outnumbered by the girls. In fact there were only 5 boys in the 35 student exam.

Harry did fine on the written and very well on the practical thanks to his natural healing ability. The examiner told him he should take extra classes with Madame Pomfrey at Hogwarts to focus his ability and he should be able to test for his medi-witch license at the end the year

and would be automatically accepted into Healer School at St. Mungo's after graduation. Harry just thanked her and told her he hadn't decided on a career yet but he would talk with Pomfrey about it when school resumed.

Instead of going home for dinner he joined Neville at his house. Harry was glad to get some extra time to spend with his friend. He told Neville about Hermione's letter and how he hoped that meant he could trust her. They decided that Harry would have to stop by her house over the summer to find out for sure. "Maybe I'll go over the morning OWL results arrive. I'm sure she'll be freaking out and it should be easier to get her to tell me the truth. It would also be a good excuse for visiting." Harry suggested. They talked for a while longer before he headed home to bed so he was rested for another full day of exams.

Transfiguration was his 1st exam that day and it was a lot easier now that his block had been lifted. His wand was definitely not suited to the subject though as it took twice the power necessary to get the spell to work. He had figured that out with the Goblins though so he had no problem with his practical exam. Charms was after Transfiguration and it was fairly simple for him as he had memorized most of the charms they would be learning at Hogwarts already when trying to increase his dueling spell arsenal.

Aaron looked tired when they broke for lunch and pulled a magic replenishing potion from his bag to take with his meal. He admitted that he wasn't strong enough magically to perform so many complex spells so close together and without the potion he would have no chance of raising any wards in their practical exam. Warding was a tough subject as it required lots of magical power, good mental focus and the ability to weave magic together. Only about 50 of the population was even capable of setting wards and then even 1/2 of them could only cast the very basic types. Harry was in a very small minority of wizards who were capable of casting strong wards. He had even impressed the goblin warders with his natural talent of weaving magic. He assumed it was because he had never been told that it should be impossible and therefore he thought he should be able to so he did.

The written portion of the exam was tiresome as he had to list all the components of different wards, the strengths and weaknesses and how to detect them. He took the entire 90 minutes on the exam along with everyone else in the room. Aaron told him during the break that he only finished $\frac{3}{4}$ the exam before time was up. The practical felt too simple for Harry. He was asked to place the standard household wards over a dollhouse. He quickly placed the bug repellent charm, the fireproof charm, the water damage protection charm and the anti-theft charm. He must have surprised his examiner with the ease and quickness of his casting.

“If this were your home would you add any additional wards? Which would they be and can you please attempt to cast them.” The examiner then told him, surprised at the young man’s stamina.

“I would place anti-apparition wards around the property, a dark creature detection and capture ward, a climate control ward, and a protection ward to keep out anyone who had ill intent against a member of the household.” Harry told him and then to the surprise of the examiner began to cast the wards that most NEWT level students could not even cast. In fact most warding specialists could not cast a climate control ward and most wealthy families had to hire goblins to cast it and the rest used renewable cooling and heating charms instead.

“Very well done,” the examiner said when Harry finished the warding. He was shocked the boy was still standing after casting so many complicated wards. Harry just smiled at the man and hurried off to prepare his materials for his Magical Craftsmanship exam and see if Neville had arrived yet.

The Craftsmanship exam was unique to the other exams he had taken as each student had their own work table and display area. They were allowed to bring in previously constructed material to be graded and then they had 3 hours to showcase their skills in their two crafts. Harry had chosen to craft his new wand during the exam as well as make a mock-up of a new broom he had designed while healing with the Goblins. He had brought his new trunk with him and

the examiner was impressed with all his tools and materials and praised him for coming well prepared and organized.

He drew the attention of one of the examiners who noticed he had two phoenix feathers laid out as core components. Harry had felt the magic of both Beauty and Fawkes feathers and decided they were perfect compliments to each other and very powerful. He was able to get them both to cry on their feather that morning so their tears were a component as well. He wouldn't tell anyone about that fact as since the phoenix cried on the feather rather than him coating the feather in the tears it would not show up on a magical scan but it would still add strength and balance to his wand. He had chosen a magical variety of Cypress wood for his wand and knew it would work wonderfully. He was able to fully construct his wand in just over 35 minutes leaving him plenty of time to construct his broom.

A different examiner came over to observe his broom making and seemed intrigued with Harry's new design. He even asked Harry to clarify some of his specifications and the reasons for certain aspects. Harry had decided that redwood was his favorite wood and was using it as the base wood for what he named his Crimson Flood broom. The most time consuming part of the process was making sure all the twigs for the tail were the same length and relatively the same width. He was placing individual charms on each twig to guarantee speed and aerodynamics as well as longevity. He weaved the charms on the broom almost the same way he placed wards and was very pleased with the results. He had carved the shaft with runes for stability and ease of maneuverability as well as carving it to look aesthetically pleasing.

He was just finishing applying the final coat of polyurethane sealer when time was up. He used a quick spell to dry and set the muggle wood sealer and handed the broom over to the examiner who had been eyeing the can of sealer curiously. Harry had decided that the sealer would help keep the spell work in tack and would not require the broom to be polished as often. After inspecting the broom carefully and even having Harry test it by hovering the examiner told him it was well constructed.

“I would patent your broom design with the Goblins and try to sell it to one of the broom manufacturing companies.” He suggested to Harry.

“Thank you but I already have the patent and am waiting until I visit The Farm and really put it through its paces before seeing if I want to sell it.” Harry told him with a grin at the jealous look the man gave him when he mentioned The Farm.

Harry was so glad that today was his last day of exams. He decided he was glad that he would be able to take a lot of his NEWTs at Hogwarts so he would be able to break the tests into two different time periods. He had his two language exams first starting with Human Languages. He had had to submit his language choices when he requested the testing so they could arrange for appropriate examiners. He was one of 4 students being tested in Latin and the only one for Gaelic. The Gaelic exam was first and he was surprised with how easy it was to converse with the instructor in the language as he had not thought he was that close to fluent. The Latin exam went well also with him being the last to be tested and the examiner appearing frustrated. Harry assumed the previous students had not done too well on the exam as she seemed immensely relieved when he began his introduction in Latin. She told him that it was refreshing to find someone who had actually studied for their exam.

Non-human Languages was an interesting exam. He spoke briefly with the Goblin Liaison to the Ministry who had difficulty following Harry's speech as he was barely fluent. They had to call in a Gringotts goblin to assist in the testing and Harry smiled and greeted Golin one of the cart drivers he had met briefly. They both were amused at the subjects the examiner asked them to speak of to make sure Harry had full knowledge of the language. When she asked Golin if Harry spoke goblin well enough to be considered fluent he laughed at her.

“Mr. Potter is the only wizard to have ever spoken our language so well. He is considered a friend of the goblin nation. I would hesitate to say any other Human was fluent in our language. Mr. Potter even understands and speaks 2 different dialects of our language. I am

sure that most Humans do not even realize there are different dialects of our language.” Golin said with a sneer at the stupid witch who requested his services. He bowed to Harry in farewell and left the Ministry.

His exam in Mermish was even stranger as they actually took a portkey to a small wizarding village on the Mediterranean Sea and were met at the dock by three warrior mermen surrounding a younger mermaid. The mermaid was able to speak rudimentary Italian and was able to communicate with his examiner who spoke fluent Italian.

“Hello gracious merfolk,” Harry began in Mermish. “Thank you for taking time to speak with me today. I am in the process of learning your musical language and hope to visit your colony in Hogwart’s Black Lake once again.” He was asked to speak on different topics with the 4 merfolk and the mermaid would tell the examiner when he did. The exam only took 20 minutes to determine that yes he did speak enough Mermish.

“Goodbye kind wizard,” the mermaid told him after kissing his cheek. “You speak well for a land dweller. You have leave to visit us anytime.”

Harry had about an hour before his Fine Arts exam began and was able to eat a leisurely lunch with Anna and a few of the other students milling about. He had brought his trunk again so he could display some of his drawings and painting for grading. He had been practicing his drawing of Gringotts he was planning on making for the exam. He was also going to play a song he had written on the guitar. He had his other instruments with him just in case as well as a folder of the music he had written for grading. He decided that this had to be the most subjective exam as it was all based upon if the examiner thought the person had talent or not.

Harry was displaying an oil painting of Hogwarts he had done in the ROR as well as a watercolor of the view from Gryffindor tower. There were sketches of Hogsmeade, The Leaky Caldron, Privet Drive, Dobby, Padfoot and his sensei. He also had color drawings of Fawkes, Hedwig and his mum. He was instructed to show his art

talent first and quickly began on his drawing of Gringotts using pastels. An hour later he was done and starting at the edifice of Gringotts. The examiner nodded his approval before moving off to observe the other students.

A music examiner came over and Harry handed him the folder of his original compositions as well as a copy of the one he was going to play for his practical. The examiner suggested he pack all his artwork back in his trunk and then bring it with him into the private exam room so he could hear some of his music and grade him on his instrument. Harry played the song he had written for his guitar perfectly and was glad to see a smile on the examiner's face. He also played the melody of three of his other songs for the man so he could get a better understanding of the tempo and feel of the songs.

He knew his last two exams were in the bag as they were Flying and then Physical Education. He had gotten his Firebolt from the school Governors' the week before and he, Dobby and a curse breaker from Gringotts had declared it clean of any tampering. It had been slightly worse for wear having been chained in the dungeons but he had easily trimmed the damaged twigs, realigned the footrests and polished the handle. He could see the jealousy of the other student's as he removed his International Standard broom from his trunk. He knew it was extremely expensive and was grateful that Sirius had the urge to spoil him. They had a short written exam covering flying rules and etiquette as well as Quidditch rules and history.

The exam consisted of doing drills and then an obstacle course. They were all timed and evaluated by examiners on the ground. Harry felt like it was just another Quidditch practice and wondered why Hogwarts didn't offer it's House Team players the chance of taking the exam. He thought that even Ron who didn't care about anything but studying could pass this exam with high marks. They were doing racing drills when one of the students complained that it was not fair that Harry use a Firebolt for the exam. He offered to use another broom but told the instructor he only had the one he had created yesterday and had not been tested. The other students thought he should have to use that and thought they could beat him then.

Harry kicked off on his Crimson Flood and soared around the pitch twice to get the feel for his new broom. It was very easy to maneuver and suited him well. It was not as fast or flashy as the Firebolt but he felt it was better than his Nimbus 2000 had been. After beating all the students in the rest of the drills and getting the fastest time on the obstacle course in 30 years he felt smug. He asked to retry the obstacle course with his Firebolt just to see what his time would be. When he finished he grinned to see he had shaved off almost 20 seconds from his other time. If it had counted, his time with the Firebolt would have been the fastest ever recorded.

For the Physical Education exam he changed into his Karate uniform with his now green belt. He was hoping to earn his way to blue belt before the summer was over. He and the rest of the students were tested individually and then they took a written exam. It went fairly well for Harry and he left the final exam feeling good about himself. He waved to Madame Marchbanks and apparated home, glad to finally have his OWLs completed. He checked that item off his list, showered and fell into bed hoping for a relaxing weekend to recover from 5 days straight of tests.

Chapter 7: Fraud at The Farm

Author's note: The section about Quidditch camp was inspired by Lorelee and her story Time to Live. I loved her idea and have been given her permission to use it. Make sure to check out her stories!

Harry received a letter from Ragnok the Saturday after his exams. It said he received a communication from the director of The Farm training camp. They were requesting extra funding and they also were once again asking for exclusive use of the Family House. Ragnok had explained that since no Potter had been there since his father was just out of Hogwarts the staff wanted to convert all the family space into additional staff quarters. They had already been allowed to convert the ground floor into a VIP lounge for star players who volunteered at the kids and amateur camps. They had converted the next two floors of the house into staff quarters and only the top floor remained sealed off as the private family suite. It seemed the staff had no way of accessing the space and had over the years forgotten that the house and the farm were not theirs.

Harry decided to visit the next week and sent Ragnok a request to sign him up for that week's general Quidditch camp. He had planned on attending the specialized Seeker camp the beginning of August but decided he would go early and meet the staff and find out if they really needed more funding.

He told Dudley he would be gone again until the next weekend. After making sure his trunk was fully packed he took his personal portkey to the Potter Family Farm. He smirked at the shocked look on the receptionists face when he arrived in what had once been the entrance hall to the farmhouse and was now a lobby.

"Let me see your invitation kid," she said with an annoyed sneer. "We do not have any children's programs beginning until Monday and there are no arrivals scheduled for the rest of the day."

"May I see your supervisor so I can explain how condescending you were to the owner of this house?" Harry asked with a glare. He didn't like being call a kid or a child and most definitely did not like her

attitude. Of course instead of calling her supervisor she called security.

“How’d you get here kid this place is unplotable and only accessible by invitation portkey.” The guard asked him suspiciously.

“Yes well if the rude receptionist had listened to me I told her I was the owner. Therefore I have unlimited access to the facility and a permanent portkey.” Harry explained to the man whose eyes widened and he told the receptionist to get the director immediately. “Yes please,” Harry said “I see I need to have several words with him about the hospitality of his staff.”

The director arrived moments later and sneered at Harry before turning to the security guard. “What is the meaning of calling me down here? Can you not deal with a mere child by yourself?” The man reminded Harry way too much of Percy Weasley and he wondered who would ever have named him as the director.

“And here I was thinking I would be gladly welcomed as I came in person to hear your request for additional funding,” Harry said already wishing he didn’t have to deal with the man.

“Only Gringotts and the Regent have the power to grant that sonny,” the man sneered. “Now I don’t know who you are or how you got here but I better not hear about you trying to break in again.”

“Yes well it is difficult to break into one’s own home. And you are mistaken Gringotts no longer has the authority to grant you funds and there no longer is a Regent. Now tell me who appointed you director so I may speak with them before I have you fired.” Harry said having lost all patience with the man who had not shown an iota of gratitude and was all attitude and arrogance.

“I was appointed by Albus Dumbledore who is the regent for the family who owns this land. I cannot be fired as I signed a lifetime contract of employment. Now tell me your name so I may have you arrested for trespassing.” The jerk said pompously.

Deciding to just ignore the irritating human staff Harry decided to try a different technique. "House elves of the The Farm to me," he commanded and seconds later the foyer was full of elves. "Thank you for your prompt response. If any of you were in the middle of a critical task please return and I will speak with you later." He waited as 5 elves popped back out and the rest filed into organized rows in front of him. "Who is the Head Elf?" He asked and a very old looking house elf stepped forward.

"Theys call me Pappy Master Potter sir." The old elf said. "We is glad to have a Master again."

"Well then Pappy, please have an elf take my trunk and prepare the family suite. I have not had lunch yet either so if you could have something light and healthy prepared and sent up as well. I will need to speak with all the elves individually soon but let us first have a discussion of what has been going on here since my father's last visit." Harry said and could see out of the corner of his eye that both the receptionist and the Director were pale as they realized they had just insulted the owner.

Pappy led him up the stairs and told him that only a family member or house elf could pass the ward on the staircase, although the workers had been trying to disable the ward for years. "Yes I imagine they were incapable of disabling a house elf constructed ward and were too arrogant to ask for your assistance. Not that you would have helped them of course," Harry said with a chuckle.

Once they were seated in Harry's living room of the suite he began his questions. "Is the Director typical of the staff here?"

"Oh no sir," Pappy said shaking his head. "Alls the Quidditch players is verys polite and nice to the elves and the guests. The Director tries to tell us elves he is our master but we is knowing better. He tries to give me clothes along with the long beard man but theys was never Pappy's master."

"Are you happy here Pappy?" Harry asked knowing he would have to have the goblins investigate the Director.

“Yes Master Potter sir, Pappy loves The Farm and has been here all his life.” The old house elf said proudly.

“Are there any elves that need to be freed?” Harry asked uncomfortably.

“There are two elves that have not been bound to the Potter family but only to the farm and they do not listen to Pappy only to the director.” Pappy told him sadly.

“Call them here and I will speak with them and see if they are willing to swear to the family or else I will free them.” Harry offered and Pappy nodded and soon two elves appeared and glared at Pappy. “You are house elves of the Potter Family Farm as such you must be bound to the Potter family. Do you agree to bond to me and my family or do you prefer clothes?” He asked the elves.

“The Director is forced us to bond with him,” the smaller of the two said. “He’s made us be mean to the Pappy.”

“Did you willingly bond to him using your elf magic?” He asked and both shook their heads no. Harry scanned them and found a bonding charm similar to the one cast on Fawkes and was able to disable it, much to the crying elves’ delight.

“We are to bond to you now Master Potter sir?” the other elf asked hopefully, not wanting to be freed. When Harry nodded they both snapped their fingers and he was surrounded by another glow. He did not have as close a connection to The Farm elves as to Dobby because they were all bound to the property not to him specifically.

Harry had noticed that all the elves were wearing worn tea towels or pillowcases and decided he needed to institute some changes. “Pappy we are going to design a house elf uniform for all The Farm elves. It will not be clothes, it is a uniform but it will look much better than what you are all wearing. This will also allow for easy identification of the different elf jobs and rank.”

Dobby had been explaining house elves to him and how in a large structure like Hogwarts each elf had certain jobs and there was a reporting structure. As a free elf he had been at the bottom of the pecking order and was assigned any left over jobs. A new elf would start out in training with another elf. The Head Elf was in charge of all the elves on the property and ensured everything ran smoothly. They would then have elves under them in charge of the major job tasks such as cooking, cleaning, groundskeeper, laundry, babysitting, and maintenance and so on. In a place such as The Farm there would be divisions within each of those and more specialized tasks.

Harry also knew that all formal promotions had to be Okayed by the master of the house so there had been no promotions since his father had died as well as no new elves born as they had to have the master's permission to have children. They finalized the white shorts and shirt of the uniform with the logo for The Farm on the breast. The belt of the uniform would signify the area the elf was assigned to: red for cooking, yellow for cleaning, green for groundskeeper, white for laundry, blue for maintenance, orange for messengers/various tasks, pink for child care and then black for the Head. Each uniform also had the elves name embroidered in the appropriate color thread opposite the logo.

Harry talked briefly with each of the 200 elves and handed them their uniform, gave some permission to have babies, moved some to other areas and promoted some others. Pappy was a very happy elf when he left the new master's rooms. He knew the new master would be even better to them than their old masters had been and would fix all the problems with the wizards and witches working for The Farm.

Miko, his assigned personal elf during his stay, showed him to the staff mess hall for dinner. Harry was surprised when they headed out of the main house and toward where the camp was located. Miko explained that most of the staff avoided the main house and the Director and his staff. The Director never went to the mess hall for meals. The mess hall was a large building located in the middle of a semi circle of smaller buildings he assumed was the living quarters of the staff.

He had to hold in a grimace as he attracted the attention of everyone in the room when he entered. Miko told him he could sit anywhere and that he would go tell Mattie, the staff cook, that he was there for dinner. Once the elf popped away Harry felt conspicuous and looked around for where to sit. He was relieved when a young man walked over.

“You must be new,” the guy said with a grin. “Come sit over here with us and we’ll introduce you around. I’m Mitch by the way. I’m the Quidditch rules expert and I work as a counselor for the kids camps.”

They arrived at the table before Harry had a chance to introduce himself. He was shocked at the person who was sitting opposite the seat he was offered. “I’m Oliver Wood and I work with the keepers, you must be new.”

“Oh Ollie I’m offended you don’t recognize me,” Harry said with a smirk. “I mean you taught me everything I know about the game and all.”

“Harry?” Oliver asked in shock. “What the heck are you doing here? You look fantastic by the way. I barely recognized you without those hideous glasses!”

“You know the newbie Wood?” One of the other guys asked. “What’re you here to do?” The guy asked as if he was sizing up his competition.

“Don’t worry Harris he’s not a chaser,” Oliver said with a roll of his eyes. “Are you working here this summer then Harry? I didn’t think they let anyone under 17 help.”

Harry realized he had the attention of the entire room now and decided it would be easiest to just introduce himself to everyone at once. He stood up on the bench and gave a wave to everyone. “Hello, my name is Harry Potter and I am the owner of this place.” He said with a grin. “I will not be working here this year as I am still only 15. I plan on attending next week’s camp and finding out what changes are needed around here. If you have any problems or suggestions

with the way things are done around here please let me know. I love Quidditch, am a Seeker for the Gryffindor House team at Hogwarts and want this place to continue to be the best Quidditch facility in the world.” He blushed at the applause his impromptu speech raised and plopped back down into his seat.

“So you’re the boss man then huh?” Mitch said with a laugh next to him. “I bet old Quiggly is pissed beyond belief.”

“If that’s the pompous arse of a Director then yep especially since he knows I plan on sacking him.” Harry said and the whole table cheered and he knew it was definitely a good decision. He spent dinner learning different things about the farm and meeting the rest of the staff.

“There will be a bunch of Pro players and other counselors arriving tomorrow to get ready for the camp. Most of the pro’s stay here with us but some stay at the main house. Those of us who act as councilors and the ones arriving tomorrow stay with the campers in the bunk houses to keep order.” Mitch told him as he and Oliver walked him back to the main house. Miko had gone ahead and prepared Harry a small office near the stairs to his quarters he could use for private interviews with the staff. He had told everyone that he would be there the rest of the night if anyone wanted to speak with him. He assumed there would be quite a few who had ideas about improvements or wanted to make him aware of problems.

Mitch left the old friends to catch up. “What are you doing here Ollie?” Harry asked him. “I thought you were playing for Puddlemore.”

“I was but it was only a reserve spot and the Squad Manager for this place offered me this job when my team was here last summer. He recognized my talent and desire for coaching and it paid more so it was an easy choice. Besides almost every league team comes here at least twice a year and one is bound to see me and offer me a starting spot.” His old captain told him with a grin. “Now explain how you’re the new owner!”

“I’ve always been the owner, at least my family always has. The actual name of this place is The Potter Family Farm.” Harry told him with a shrug. “Dumbledore has kept everything from me until this summer when the goblins informed me of my holdings. I also found out I am the Head of the Ancient and Noble houses of Potter and Black, even though Dumbledore never informed me even though he was acting as my regent.”

“That’s horrible and totally illegal!” Wood exclaimed. “I never would have pegged the headmaster as manipulative but then I only ever saw him in the great hall and never met the man in person really.” They talked for a few more minutes until an elf Harry didn’t remember’s name popped in. “Hey Potter, is it time already? Sorry Harry but I have to get to class.”

“You teach on Saturday night?” Harry asked stunned.

“Nope, me and two of the other guys are being tutored in magic. I’m hoping to get my masters in Charms. My master is here in the States and Porter takes me there and back three times a week.” Oliver told him with a grin. “I figure I won’t be able to play Quidditch forever and it doesn’t hurt to have a backup in something you also enjoy.”

“Talk to me later about this. I think it’s a great idea and something I should offer to all employees.” Harry said and watched as Porter popped out with Oliver in tow.

It wasn’t too long before the first staff member showed up to talk to Harry. “I’m Michael Butler the Squad Manager. I guess you could say I am responsible for actually making sure things run around here.” The man introduced himself and Harry offered him a chair. “I figured I could give you a fairly accurate idea of how things work around here. The Director is the top man and controls all the finances. He also controls things like the schedule, number of camps offered, the rotation of professional team workshops and had final say on any staff appointments. He has 3 toadies that work for him that pretend they are important but I have no idea what they actually do. I guess I’m next in charge. I make sure the staff is trained, take care of discipline, make sure the fields are working properly, make up work

schedules, interview and recruit staff, and act as a liaison between the Director and the rest of the staff who all hate him, myself included.”

“Thank you for being honest with me Mr. Butler.” Harry said with a sigh, realizing he would have to replace at least 5 of the staff so far. “Are there any other problem employees and do you have any idea who would be good to replace them?” Pappy had told him that “Mister Mike” was the boss that everyone liked including the elf so he had no problem asking the man for advice.

“Just so you know I don’t want to be director. I like my job just fine. I think you’ll want to look at replacing the receptionist, half the security team or at least the head of it, the head chef for the main house whose only job seems to be annoying the house elves and the PR manager. There are a few other staff members that are on the bubble that were personal selections of the Director but I’d like to see how they work out without him around and give them a shot.” Mike told him. “I can get you a list of their names and there are a few people I think could do the job and I’ll list them too. As for the Director position, I think you should talk with Garret Erb. He was the director before Quiggly. He was let go when your father died by Albus Dumbledore who accused him of embezzlement. I never believed the charges and I’m sure the goblins would know. I hear he’s been working the counter in a Quidditch supply store in Texas someplace.”

Harry thanked him and started writing a letter to Ragnok about Garret Erb while he waited for another visitor. He was wondering if his Gringotts box worked overseas and grinned when Fawkes flashed in followed by Beauty. “Hello Fawkes, Beauty. This is a nice surprise. Did you know I needed to get a letter to Ragnok?” He laughed at their nods and stroked both for a few minutes just enjoying the two birds company. “I’m glad the two of you have become friends. Have you been off visiting other phoenixes?” He asked them and smiled at their nods. “That’s nice, were you able to find your mother Fawkes?” He asked and grinned at the very happy trill he received in response. “I am sure she was relieved to find you were safe and free once again.” He gave the letter to his firebird friend before both birds flashed out one with fire the other ice, it was a spectacular sight.

“Amazing,” a voice said in awe from the doorway. A middle aged Native American man stood there in khaki pants and shirt. “I have never seen one phoenix in person before let alone two at once. You must be truly blessed to be friends with two such amazing creatures. I’m Ash by the way and I am the beast keeper here. I tend the horses, owls and other creatures we have here. You should stop by the barn sometime during your visit. As a Potter I can even take you into the restricted sanctuary where we are helping to repopulate some endangered and thought lost species.”

Harry grinned and nodded, wondering what types of creatures there would be. “What can I do for you Mr. Ash?”

“It’s just Ash, no Mister,” the man said with a grin. “I was hoping you could look over a few of the proposals for new creatures to save I have tried to submit over the years to Quiggly. He hates the whole program and keeps cutting back my funding.” He handed Harry 5 bound reports as well as a complete listing of all creatures they had with daily food intakes and costs as well as a list of different items he would like to see purchased for the animals. “As you can see, this year’s budget barely covered the cost of food. I have had to let my 3 assistants go and rely on the elves to help me care for all the animals just to be able to afford to care for all of them. We get a federal grant for housing them and that was all the money Quiggly allowed me this year.”

“Thank you for bringing this to my attention Ash, I will look over your proposals, talk over the numbers with the Goblins and see what we can do.” Harry told him, wondering where all the money was going if it wasn’t to the camp staff or the creatures. The next staff member was already waiting as Ash left.

“ Otto Mann,” he said with a handshake. “I am the Head Groundskeeper. I oversee all 10 of the different pitches and make sure they are in pristine condition. I have a staff of 10 as well as over 25 house elves. I am also responsible for the lawn and all trees, shrubbery and flowers. I have one staff member assigned to each pitch to make sure all the climate wards and charms are working

properly as well as the muggle sprinkler system. I maintain the overall climate ward on the property and maintain the water curtain overhead that keeps it nice and cool in here when we are actually located in the desert.”

“Nice to meet you, what can I do for you?” Harry asked, wondering if he should have just waited to address the staff until he had a new director.

“I was hoping you would approve funding for me to send 3 of my staff to muggle school. I need more people who understand how our muggle irrigation system works and would like them to take classes at the nearest community college. I need the funding to pay for the tuition, books and the muggle paperwork the goblins will need to generate for each one.” Otto told him and gave him a bound report just like Ash had. “I’ve been asking ever since your pop paid for me to go, unfortunately for all of us and especially for you, he died before I finished school.”

“I’m sure he would be glad that you did and I will read this over and get back with you. It may have to wait until next years budget and maybe not all 3 at once but I can see the benefit so we will try and squeeze it in.” Harry told him with a grin.

“Thank you as that’s more than old Quiggly even offered. He just threw that back in my face saying there was nothing muggles could ever teach a wizard.” Otto said with a huff. “Biggest pain in the arse I’ve ever had the privilege to work for. If it wasn’t for Butler’s insistence each year he’d have pulled the funding for the water! Now what kind of Quidditch facility would we be without grass on the pitch?” Harry just shook his head and thanked him.

Fawkes flashed back in with a response from Ragnok after Otto left. Harry laughed to see it written in Gobbledygook and smiled that no one but he would be able to understand the letter.

Mr. Potter,

I have had a team investigating the transactions at The Farm for the past month. We have determined that Mr. John Quiggly has, with the help of Albus Dumbledore, embezzled over \$600,000 galleons in the past almost 15 years. We have sent the supporting documentation to the American Auror forces along with a portkey to the main foyer to activate at 8 am tomorrow, make sure you don't miss the show!

I have reviewed the employment records of Mr. Garret Erb as suggested and they are clear that he was a model employee in high regard. All of his banking records are clean of any suspicion of fraud. His records show he was appointed by your grandfather and helped him grow the farm into what you see today. Attendance since Quiggly was appointed Director has dropped 22. I also took the liberty of sending Mr. Erb an invitation for an interview for 9 am tomorrow. I believe him to be the best choice if he is still willing to take the job.

We were able to recover \$535,000 galleons from Quiggly's vault that can be used as employment incentives or additional funding. This amount will be transferred into the main Farm account tomorrow at noon. I am enclosing the annual financial review and spending reports for the past 3 years as well as the 3 years prior to your father's death for your review and a current salary list.

Additionally we are suspicious of the three employees whose job titles are Assistant Director, Assistant to the Director and 2nd Assistant Director. There are no job responsibilities on file and they receive an absorbent salary of more than twice what the Squad Manager receives.

Good luck with your house cleaning and have an enjoyable time at the camp.

Ragnok

Harry was shocked with the sheer amount of money Quiggly had been able to squirrel away. He had not been surprised that Dumbledore helped him to embezzle from the farm as he was sure the old headmaster got a cut for looking the other way. He opened the financial documents to find that since attendance was down so far that the Farm was only making \$400,000 galleons per year compared

to the almost \$1,000,000 galleons it was making when his father died. It seemed that only 25 of the 30 pro teams used their training facility anymore and that they only trained once a year compared to two or three times a year before. Camps offered to amateurs and young adults were down 50 in attendance.

He decided that he would make this his first real investment project. He would return the Farm to its former glory. It was the favorite endeavor of his father, grandfather and great-grandfather so he felt it was his legacy to maintain it. He could see that none of the staff had been given more than bare minimum wage increases since Quiggly took over and that the man had cut out at least 15 positions around the camp and decreased every area's funding except for the main house. Harry could understand some of the cutbacks due to decreased attendance but the rest didn't make any sense.

"What is all that nonsense you have there?" asked the sneering voice of Quiggly from the doorway. Harry was immediately glad that Ragnok had sent him everything in Gobbledygook.

"None of your business," Harry told him curtly. "Now was there something you wanted or can I get back to work?"

"I was just here to inform you that you will not be allowed to attend the Quidditch camp as you have a lifetime ban from the sport. You will not be allowed on or near any of the pitches or classrooms." The man said with a smug smirk on his face.

"You obviously have faulty information. The ban you refer to was imposed illegally and was revoked earlier this summer by the Hogwarts Board of Governors as well as the Department of Magical Games and Sports at the British Ministry of Magic. As such it will not keep me from participating in the camp. Besides, even if it was still imposed, I own this property I can do whatever I wish here, including playing Quidditch and not you or anyone else would have any say in the matter. Have I made myself clear?" Harry said with a glare through gritted teeth. He couldn't wait for the morning when the Aurors would arrest his pompous arse. As the man glared back and

nodded Harry breathed a sigh of relief that he wouldn't have to hex the irritating git. "Good, now leave me alone."

"I'm assuming you just put our illustrious Director in his place," A new voice said from the doorway. "I don't think I've ever seen him quite that color red before." The woman standing in the doorway looked like a younger version of Madame Hooch and was clearly amused at his treatment of Quiggly. "I'm Ilma Hooch; I believe you would know my older sister from Hogwarts. My official title is Lead Counselor which basically means I run the kids and amateur camps."

"Nice to meet you, you look remarkably like your sister and if you share her talent on a broom then I'm sure you are doing a wonderful job." Harry said with a smile. "What can I do for you?"

"I'm not here to beg for more money or to complain. I'm here in an official capacity as you were a late signup for Monday's camp. I need to know what activities you want to participate in, what workshops you want to attend and that sort of thing." She said with a grin. "I'm assuming you don't have any idea what I'm talking about so I brought our brochure as well as the listing of all the activities and workshops for the week."

After scanning the list Harry smiled at Madame Hooch. "I want the seeker's special session, advanced broom design, game tactics and strategies, team building and trick flying workshops and want to participate in the dueling competition, archery class and the mix-up game to try my hand at other positions. I'll probably try to make time for the broom obstacle course, nature hike, horseback riding and soccer. Oh and I promised Ash I would visit the barn and his repopulation projects." Harry told her, "Is that going to leave me any free time?"

She laughed, "A little bit maybe. I have you in green section and signed up as a seeker. There are 4 teams per section and then we choose an all star team from all of you to compete against the other 3 sections. The basic idea is that you want your section to win the Cup. Here is a map of the grounds; your cabin, the camp dining hall, green section pitch, workshop locations, infirmary, gift shop/store and

activity areas are clearly marked. Here is a timetable with green group activities on it. The highlighted ones are the required activities and practices but we suggest you attend them all if possible for the best camp experience. As for rules we do ask that you do not use magic in the common areas or on your fellow campers. Offensive spells are highly frowned on and violent behavior will get normal campers who don't own the place expelled from the camp. Counselors will be wearing visible nametags in the color of their sections but you may ask any counselor for help or any staff member for that matter considering you're the boss. We also ask that the campers do not bother the professional players for autographs, as they donate their time and there are meet and greet sessions where autographs can be obtained. I'm sure many of them will want to meet you as the owner though. It may be a slightly different experience for you than our normal camper. Do you have a familiar, pet or animal with you because we don't allow them in the bunks, perhaps you could leave yours here?"

"My owl stayed in England. I have two phoenix friends that appear from time to time but you know they are not the type to be controlled. I am sure they wouldn't want to stay in the bunks anyway when they could stay in my suite and be waited on by house elves with grapes and spring water!" Harry laughed imagining Fawkes reaction to hanging out with a bunch of teenagers in a bunkhouse.

"Good well I look forward to having you at camp. If nothing else it should be an interesting week." She told him with a chuckle as she headed back down the hall.

Harry looked at the clock and found that it was after 9 pm and decided to call it a night so he could read the reports he had been given before bed. He made sure to tell Miko to wake him at 7 am so he could shower and eat before the excitement began.

The reports from Gringotts were helpful in determining where the funding had been scaled back. He decided to set the annual budget at \$500,000 and cover the added costs with the recovered money especially as he didn't need to make any profit until they increased attendance once again. The current budget was set at \$395,000

which included the absorbent salaries of Quiggly and his staff. Harry determined the appropriate staff level to be 60 employees during peak seasons and would cost about \$250,000 to fund. He was able to hire back the creature keepers to help Ash and fund 3 of his 5 proposals and begin research into his other 2. He would also fund sending both assistant groundskeepers to Muggle College. As the farm has acres of unused land he decided to hire on 20 extra elves and begin having them grow their own food stocks. They already had the irrigation system that Otto could expand. It would also allow for extra funding in the future from not having to pay for food supplies. The rest of the budget would be used to fund the day to day costs of running such a large facility.

Harry awoke in a good mood the next morning. He had decided the night before on the salaries and available positions at The Farm and was feeling good with how much he had determined. He was looking forward to seeing Quiggly put in his place and to firing the 3 assistant directors as well as most of the security staff and the receptionist. Their personnel files were atrocious and the receptionist even had a complaint filed by 2 different professional players about unfriendly advances. There had never been more than 2 human security guards at the farm until Quiggly added 8 more and Harry was glad to return the number to two and remove Quiggly's hand picked bunch of thugs who seemed to exist only to torment the other employees.

After a shower and a quick breakfast of fresh fruit Harry made sure he was under his invisibility cloak and waited in the entrance hall for the fun to begin. He had even had Miko send for Mike so he could witness the show. The Squad Manager arrived at the main house just as 5 American Aurors portkeyed in. The look on Mike's face when they asked the very pale receptionist where they could find Quiggly was priceless. He looked as if Christmas and his birthday had come early and on the same day. He even offered to escort the aurors to the correct office.

Quiggly tried to ignore the knock at his door, telling the aurors he was busy and to go away. They smiled at each other before opening the door and surrounding the now sputtering Director. "John Quiggly you are hereby placed under arrest for embezzlement," the lead auror said

with a smirk at the man who was saying they had the wrong man and that there must be some sort of mistake.

Harry took off his cloak and joined the group in the office. "Oh there is no mistake Quiggly. The goblins hate those who steal. They discovered the over \$600,000 galleons you have skimmed off the books since you took over as Director and the false claim of embezzlement that was filed against former Director Erb. They were even able to recover \$535,000 gallons of my money from your hidden account. It seems you will not be able to afford a lawyer, pity really." Harry said with a smirk as the aurors nodded to him and escorted Quiggly back to the lobby for transport to headquarters.

"We are still not at full capacity for our school age Quidditch camp starting tomorrow." Harry told the aurors. "If any of you have family that would like to attend please let us know and we'd be happy to sponsor their enrollment."

"Thank you Mr. Potter," the lead auror said with a smile. "I am sure my son and a few of the others would be ecstatic, we have not been able to afford to send them before now."

"Yes, well things will be changing for the better around here. Please let us know how many to expect, ages and which positions they play." Harry told them before they portkeyed out with a still whimpering Quiggly.

"That was brilliant!" Mike said cheerfully. "The offer for the kids to come to camp was inspired, they'll be treating Quiggly like the scum he is now."

"Would you like to join me? I have appointments with several of Quiggly's appointed staff before I have a potential candidate to interview for Director at 9 am." Harry said with a grin and the two made their way to the offices of Quiggly's assistants, two of which were smart enough to realize they were goners and were already packing their offices. The 3rd one put up a fuss saying he was a valuable employee and shouldn't be lumped in with the others. When Harry asked him just what his job responsibilities were the man

couldn't answer and so he was escorted out as well. Most of the staff had come to watch the spectacle of 13 people being fired in one go plus the director being arrested.

"Nothing is ever boring around you is it Harry?" Wood asked with amusement as the bawling receptionist was portkeyed out with 4 of the security officers. The other 4 security officers, the chef and the three assistant directors had already been evacuated. The staff had all applauded each group that left making Harry feel much more confident in his decisions.

"I wouldn't be me if I didn't attract trouble and adventure." Harry said with a laugh. "Now tell me about these classes you and some of the others are taking."

"Well I was only second in my year to Percy Weasley so I had high scores. I received 3 Outstanding NEWTs in Charms, Transfiguration, DADA as well as E's in my other subjects at Hogwarts of Potions, Herbology, History, and Ancient Runes. I also received O's in Flying, Dueling and Physical Education and an E in Warding that I took at the ministry. I love Quidditch and wanted to continue to play it as it's my passion but I also realize that I will not be able to play it for long. My body is going to be too old someday to play and I want to have a career to fall back on. I chose charms since it was my favorite subject in school. Mike got me in touch with Charms Master Franklin in California and he agreed to take me on as a part time apprentice." Oliver told him with a proud smile.

"That's great Oliver, who are the others and what are they studying?" Harry asked wondering if he could encourage and fund more of his employees in this way. He knew a lot of pro athletes got hurt and then had to work very low paying jobs for the rest of their lives just to get by. Quidditch paid well while you were in top form but the public quickly forgot about most of them once their careers were over.

"Ree Woo is one of the Chaser trainers and he is apprenticing a Transfiguration master in New York City. I know Otto has been studying for years for his Herbology masters but he doesn't have a lot

of extra time. Ken Phillips is a Counselor and he is trying to find a Dueling master to apprentice. Ken loves to duel and runs the camp competition. No one wants to apprentice him since he can't always get away for all the competitions, though he does get to quite a few. I think Sarah Miller is also looking for a master; she is a History buff almost a walking encyclopedia of knowledge of thing you and I have never heard of. There may be others that I don't know about. Most of us love our work here and love to play but are still worried about our futures." Oliver said with a shrug. "Besides, it's not like we could have a family and still work here. The no fraternization rule really sucks sometimes."

"Thanks for the info Ollie," Harry said with wheels turning in his head. "From the commotion in the other room I am going to assume my interview candidate arrived." He said and they walked back into the foyer to see a man surrounded by many of the longer time employees shaking hands and being heartily greeted.

"That's Garret Erb!" Oliver said with a grin. "He's legend around here. What's he doing here?"

"I thought he might be interested in having his old job back," Harry said with a smirk and there were cheers from those who heard him. "Hey, he has to want it first!" He laughed and made his way over to new arrival. "Hello, I'm Harry Potter and I am thrilled that you accepted my invitation for a visit."

"Well son I couldn't turn it down. There are quite a few people around here that I dearly wanted to see." Garret told him. "Well you definitely look like a Potter but I see some of your mother in you. She was a firecracker that one and kept your father in line too!" Harry just smiled at the man who was the first person to ever mention that he looked like his mum too, it was great!

"Why don't we go have a quick chat and then you can get caught up with everyone afterwards." Harry offered and led him towards his tiny office. "First thing first I want to apologize for how you were mistreated after my father died. Please know that had I been old enough I never would have condoned those actions. As it is, I have

been lied to as well these past years and until a month ago I did not even know I was a Lord or had any property holdings.”

Garret Erb was shocked, he had just assumed that the boy in front of him was letting the old man run the show until he graduated. To never have been told what his responsibilities were was outrageous. He had been inclined to decline whatever offer the young Potter was going to give him but now he realized they might just be able to work together to bring The Farm back to its original greatness. “Ok son, let me hear your offer. I will tell you now there will have to be some major changes to get me back here though.”

“I would like you to take over as Director again. The job needs to be what it was when you held it. Attendance is down over 22 since you left and income is less than ½ of what it once was. Quiggly did a wonderful job of steeling money at the cost of the proud heritage of this facility. I want to return this place to its former glory as well as add on with new programs. I plan on adding a scouting camp for young players to show off their skills to pro recruiters. I want more children’s and family programs offered. I plan on funding further education for my employees so they are prepared once their Quidditch careers are ended. I plan on extending Ash’s preservation reserve and hopefully bringing in scholarly research team retreats. This place can be about more than Quidditch and I think it will be great.” Harry said with conviction glad to see a smile on Garret’s face.

“Ok kid, I see you are on the right track. But I can’t come back here without my family. I’ve gotten married and have two small boys since I was last here. I refuse to leave them behind and only see them on weekends.” Garret said seriously.

“Mr. Erb, there is plenty of space here to hold the families of the employees. Oliver Wood was mentioning something to me about a no fraternization policy and while I agree that it should not be flaunted, especially not around the kids, I believe the employees can be trusted to be discreet. I want this place to have a more family friendly atmosphere and by allowing the employees to have their families here it will help.” Harry said. “We can even use some of the recovered money from Quiggly to build family housing for the staff.”

“There will be some issues with that as this is an unplotable location accessible only by portkey.” Garret said trying to think through the logistics of things.

“We can issue permanent portkeys to specific locations throughout the US,” Harry said, having already thought about it. “Each family member that needs to leave regularly for a job or school can have a personalized portkey that will deposit them there and back through use of a specified password. The wards would make sure that only that person be allowed through so the security issue would not be compromised. I have a similar portkey that always allows me access here.”

“What about salaries Mr. Potter? Quiggly has not given anyone more than a miniscule raise since I left.” Garret asked and the two spent the next hour going over Harry’s lists and notes and making alterations. By the time they finished they had a workable salary list as well as the proper staff figures and research grants. Garret was able to talk Harry into a staff of 70 for an annual salary cost of around \$325,000 galleons. It would allow for much greater freedom with their programs and Harry thought the cost acceptable if they could increase attendance.

“I welcome you back to The Potter Family Farm Director Erb.” Harry said shaking the man’s hand with a grin. “Now I believe most of the staff will be quite anxious to see if you have accepted the position.”

Staff and Salary Listing: (\$ in Galleons)

Director (1): \$900 per month Garret Erb

Squad Manager (1): \$850 per month Mike Butler

Head Groundskeeper (1): \$500 per month (\$700 w/ Mastery) Otto Mann

Asst. Groundskeeper (2): \$200 per month

Groundskeeper (8): \$100 per month

Lead Counselor (1): \$700 per month Ilma Hooch

Full Time Counselor (8): \$500 per month Ken Phillips, Sarah Miller, Sam Waters

Part Time Counselor (8): \$200 per month Maggie Smith

Beastmaster (1): \$700 per month w/ Mastery in Care of Magical Creatures Ash

Creature Keeper (4): \$200 per month

Quidditch Rules Expert (1): \$500 per month Mitch Jerkins

Keeper Trainer (2): \$650 per month Oliver Wood

Seeker Trainer (2): \$650 per month David Church

Chaser Trainer (3): \$650 per month Ree Woo, Ethan Harris, John Delancy

Beater Trainer (2): \$650 per month Max Ames, Leo Berglund

Quidditch Strategy Expert (1): \$500 per month Avery Graham

Healer (1): \$700 per month (requires Mastery in Healing) Emily Swanson

Medi-Witch (3): \$450 per month (requires Medi-witch certification) Peg Meier,

Jean Tanner

Security (2): \$100 per month

Nutritionist (1): \$450 per month (requires Medi-witch certification)

Personal trainer (3): \$500 per month

Flying instructor (2): \$600 per month Ashley Price

Coaching trainer (1): \$500 per month

Professional trainer (1): 650 per month plus travel expenses

Receptionist (2): \$75 per month

Gift Shop Manager (1): \$175 per month

Gift Shop Clerk (1): \$65 per month

Bookkeeper (1): \$150 per month

Public Relations (1): \$300 per month plus travel expenses

Recruitment (2): \$500 per month plus travel expenses

Equipment keeper (2): \$125 per month

Chapter 8: Quidditch Camp

Author's note: The section about Quidditch camp was inspired by Lorelee and her story Time to Live. I loved her idea and have been given her permission to use it. Make sure to check out her stories!

Harry was glad to see the staff so happy to have Garret back. Even the newer employees had heard such great things about him that they welcomed him with open arms. Harry was amused that everyone was in such a great mood when they had not even announced the new salaries yet. Most of the staff had arrived by dinner time and Garret gave a small speech and introduced everyone to his wife Christine and his two small boys Taylor and Clayton. Harry just sat back and let Garret and Mike explain all the changes that were going to take place.

When he went to sleep that night he felt like he had really accomplished something great. He had made the lives of these people better and happier and was giving them security for the future. Oliver had been moved almost to tears when it was announced that the Farm would pay for any employees' further education expenses and provide a permanent portkey to allow for safe and quick travel. The news that employees could bring their families to live with them was the best of the night. Ash and Otto were the most grateful and the others, though still single, were still glad of the change.

Mike and Garret would handle all the interviews for the open positions, although they hoped to be able to rehire a few who had been let go by Quiggly and then see where they had openings. They had also received word that 5 students who were related to the aurors who arrested Quiggly would be attending the camp tomorrow.

"Do I want to know how expensive this camp is for kids if even the children of Aurors can't afford to come?" Harry asked Mitch and Oliver as they ate dinner.

"Well let's put it in perspective shall we?" Oliver asked with a sour look on his face. "The average tuition for a Hogwarts student is approximately \$500 galleons per year or roughly \$12 galleons per

week. The cost of this camp per camper for one week is \$150 galleons.”

“That’s a tad bit pricey don’t you think?” Harry asked with a raised eyebrow. “I mean really the majority of the income comes from the pro teams using the facility throughout the year. The camps are not supposed to be a major money maker but more of a way to give back. Sure we want to make some money on them so as to be able to pay all of you but to gouge parents so their kids can go to summer camp for a week is ridiculous.”

“Well said Mr. Potter,” Mike said from behind them and Harry realized many of the staff had been listening to their conversation. “I was going to bring that point up before you left. Any idea on what you would like to set the cost at?”

“Well, how much does it cost the Farm for each camper? How much in food, equipment, laundry, etc. and then add on the cost of the counselors and the pro’s who volunteer their time for reduced training rates. Let’s figure what it costs us and then we can go from there. I say if it costs us \$50 per camper then we charge them between \$55 and \$75 galleons. \$75 for 1st time campers, and say \$60 for returning campers and then the rest could be used to sponsor campers who can’t afford to come.” Harry said and didn’t realize how much more respect he earned in the eyes of his employees that night.

“I believe it costs us around \$40 per camper Mr. Potter,” Ilma Hooch told him with a smile. “I say we keep the rates you mentioned and include a free t-shirt in their squad color to each camper as well as allow them to keep their practice uniform at the end of the week.”

“Sounds good,” Harry said with a grin. “Let’s see if we can’t get those T-shirts printed for this week’s camp. We’ll have to talk with our uniform supplier about making larger and more frequent purchases. I was also thinking we could offer points to the gift shop for different things throughout the week. For example, 10 points for winning a game, 1 point if your counselor sees you helping another camper, that sort of thing. Each point would be worth say 1 sickle in value or we can just assign point values to the merchandise in the gift shop.”

From there dinner pretty much turned into a huge brainstorming session on how they could make the camps more fun for the kids, get them more involved and be a positive experience. Harry was feeling very good about attending the next day. He couldn't wait to see the changes in action. Besides how could Quidditch camp not be fun?

Harry had a bit of a lie in the next morning, knowing his cot in the bunkhouse would not be nearly as comfortable as his king size bed here in the family suite. He had thanked Miko for packing all of things back into his trunk for him and told him he could return to his normal duties. Harry would call for him only if needed.

He leisurely made his way to the front lawn where the campers were arriving by portkey and being directed to the registration tent. He walked over to registration desk and smiled at one of the counselors he had not met yet. "Harry Potter," he said with a grin after she asked for his name.

"Here you go Mr. Potter it looks like you are all set and have selected all your workshops already. You can change your schedule at anytime just speak with your counselor. Here is your complete list of camp rules and I see you already have your map and schedules. You will be in green section, just follow the green flags out of the building and you are in Emerald Bunkhouse, the 2nd on your right once you reach green section. Enjoy your camp experience." She told him, sounding nervous to be talking to him.

"Thank you Maggie," He told her reading her nametag before heading out the door to follow the green flags. He thought the idea of the flags was neat so that it was easier for the campers to know their way around without getting lost. It also made visiting friends in other sections easier as well. It didn't take him long to get to green section and he laughed at the names of the other bunk houses: Forest, Lime, Sea Foam, Olive and Grass. He wondered if the other areas were named after crayons as well. He made his way into Emerald and saw that he was not the first one there. Two other boys looked up from unpacking at Harry's entrance.

"Welcome to Emerald Bunk, I'm Sam your counselor. You can take any one of the unmade beds. The door on that side is the bathroom and the one over here is my room. Don't hesitate to ask if you need anything. You'll be required clean up after yourself. The bag hanging on the wall beside your bunk is for your laundry. Every day your clean laundry will be returned to your bunk. If it's not in the bag it won't get washed. Don't mess with other people stuff as it is a bootable offense. Be courteous to the other campers and follow the rules in your packet." He paused as if trying to remember if there were more to his speech, and then grinned. "That's it, I think, any questions?"

Harry laughed shook his head, "Nope, not right now but if I think of anything, I'll let you know." Then he resized his trunk and placed it at the end of one of the unmade bunks.

"Oh yeah, I remember what I forgot!" Sam said with a grin. "I'm supposed to get your name and introduce you to the rest of the bunk. Seeing as how there are only 3 of you so far, why don't you all just introduce yourselves?"

"I'm Harry," he said with a wave to the other two boys. "This is my first time here at camp. I'm from England. I go to Hogwarts and play seeker on my house team."

"I'm Patrick," Said the taller of the other two. He was tall and dark haired but built. He looked like an American football player. "I'm from Arkansas here in the US and I go to Windwalker in New Mexico and am a beater."

"I'm Tony and I'm from Italy." The other boy said. He was shorter than Harry and Patrick and had brown hair and blue eyes. "I go to The Italian Institute of Magic in Rome and am a chaser."

Harry pulled out his schedule. "So what team are you on?" He asked them and they determined they were all on the same team with the very original name of Team 3. "So either of you been here before?"

"I came to the kid's camp about 5 years ago. It was a lot of fun as none of us were any good. It focused more on learning to fly and

catch as well as learning the rules. My parents refused to send me back until I made my team; which I finally did last year.” Patrick told them. “I had to wait for our teams two beaters to graduate before there was an open spot. I was a reserve since 2nd year and had to wait till 4th year to make the team.”

“I’m going to be a 7th year and hopefully captain of my team and was able to get my parents to spring for the money to come.” Tony said with a chuckle. “I’ve been on the team since 3rd year.”

“I’ll be a 6th year and have played since 1st year.” Harry said and the other two looked shocked he was so young when he made the team. “I had some problems last year with a professor who banned me from Quidditch as punishment so I only played one game last year is all. I can’t wait to get back in the action.”

They were interrupted by another camper joining them. After Sam gave his spiel and they all introduced themselves the new kid looked less nervous. “I’m Jesse and I’m from Arizona and go to a local day school. I don’t get to play much Quidditch since we don’t have a formal team; I’m a keeper though. My dad helped out with some business here yesterday and they let me come for free, so here I am.”

Harry grinned at the happy look on Jesse’s face and was glad that he had made the offer to the aurors. “So what year are you Jesse?” Harry asked to get the conversation started again.

“Oh, I’ll be a 5th year. It’s going to be a rough year with OWLs and everything so it’s nice to have a break before then. We go to school basically year round but my 5th year starts next month. We have the rest of this month off and then we start back up.” Jesse told them and the 4 boys began discussing the pros and cons of their different schools.

They were joined over the next hour by 6 other campers to fill out their bunk. There were twins from Spain who were chasers. He couldn’t tell them apart yet but they were Fernando and Gilberto and Harry laughed at their shirts with an F and G on them and had to explain about the Weasley twins to everyone. The other campers

were Lothar from Germany who was their team's other beater, Ben from New York City who was a keeper, Jacob from Ontario Canada who was a beater, and Bran from Ireland who was a chaser.

By 10 am all the campers were supposed to have arrived and Sam led them all to the dining hall to hear the start of camp notices and the kick off speech. Each section and bunk had their own table but after the first day they could sit wherever. Harry smiled as Garret stood up to address the anxious crowd in the room.

“Welcome to The Farm and our Youth Quidditch Camp. I'm Garret Erb the Director here. I have a few announcements before letting you go to your activities. You may have noticed on your way to your cabins that there are bulletin boards set up in each section. You should try and look at them at some point each day. Workshop schedules, additional activities, the day's program and the squad stats will all be found there. Additionally we have started a point system here. Points will be awarded for good deeds and extemporary performance throughout the week. Points can be redeemed for merchandise in the Gift Shop. The dining hall will be open all day until 9pm every evening and snacks and beverages will be available between meals. There are two different mailboxes on the back wall one for owl delivery within the US the other for Gringotts drop to your respective countries. Mail will be handed out each morning through your counselor. Curfew is 10 pm, lights out at 11 pm. PT starts at 6am for those who wish to participate; breakfast is at 8am, lunch at noon dinner at 6 pm. Please remember if you spot one of our professional players they are volunteering their time and are not here to give autographs or be hounded for pictures. There will be two meet and greets over the next week where these folk will be willing to sign and have their pictures taken. I expect them and our camp staff to be treated with kindness and respect. Thanks everyone and let's have a great week together!”

The noise volume in the building rose dramatically as the boys and girls all seemed to start talking at once, excited for the start of camp. Harry's schedule pointed him towards the green section pitch for his first team practice. He gathered Tony, Patrick and Lothar and they headed to the pitch to meet the rest of Team 3. He was shocked when he recognized one of his new team mates.

“Anna!” He shouted to get her attention and his new friend he had met just the week before turned around and squealed to see him.

“Harry!” She said and rushed to give him a hug. “This place is great! My mum had this all planned out as a surprise for finishing OWLs! Wow I can’t believe we get to play together!”

Harry smiled, glad to have at least one friend around who wouldn’t freak out once everyone found out he was The Harry Potter and even worse if they realized he was the owner. He knew Anna played keeper so he assumed the boy and girl she had been talking to were their other chasers. They turned out to be twins as well from the state of Iowa and were going into their 7th year. After they had all introduced themselves to each other they were joined by Ilma Hooch and Sam their bunk’s counselor. Sam would be their team’s coach but they would be joined by others from time to time as well as each position would get some time with one of the trainers for that position.

Hooch detailed how the game schedule would be over the next few days and how they determined the all star team. She told them that she was available if they ever needed anything and wished them all luck before leaving them with Sam for practice. They started out with laps around the pitch, after everyone got over the fact that Harry had a Firebolt that is. After laps they started with basic drills. Harry was impressed with his team as he had no idea what to expect to start with. Anna was doing well even though she was the only one of them that didn’t play on an actual team. They only practiced an hour before they each headed off to their different workshops until lunch. Harry had a session in game tactics and strategies and headed off to the building indicated on his map.

The class was taught by Avery Graham the Quidditch Strategy Expert on staff. Avery nodded to Harry in acknowledgement but thankfully didn’t show he knew him. Harry thought the class was great and kept thinking how Ron would have enjoyed it before remembering that Ron was a git. He made his way to the dinning hall with a few of the other campers he had met in his workshop. He sat with Anna, the rest of his team and the twins from Spain who were in his bunk. Lunch

was a quick and healthy affair that reenergized them without weighing them down where they couldn't play. Harry decided he liked the food at the farm better than at Hogwarts as it wasn't as thick. After lunch they had a scrimmage with Team 2 from Yellow section. It was a way to allow both teams to get familiar with playing with each other without a competitive game setting.

The scrimmage would last an hour and if the snitch was caught they would just release it and start again. Harry was playing against a younger looking boy who was luckily not following the standard Hogwarts tactic of watching Harry but was actively looking for the snitch himself. Harry had a lot of fun being in a semi-competitive setting again. He was able to trick the other boy with two different feints and caught the snitch 3 times in the hour scrimmage. Ree Woo who was the Yellow squad's coach was the referee and awarded Harry 2 points for each catch and 1 point for each feint earning him 8 points on the first day! Anna had earned 2 points for spectacular saves and Tony had earned one for a great goal. Overall the team was quite happy with their performance and felt confident they would win their 1st match tomorrow.

They would have 2 matches per day for the next 3 days to play the other 3 green squad teams twice each. The all star team would be announced after the last match Thursday and play 3 matches for the cup on Friday. Each game was timed and would only last 2 hours. If the snitch was not caught in that time then the team with the most points would win. The team with the most points at the end of the week for each section would receive a special trophy and points for the Gift Shop.

Harry skipped his shower and headed directly to his trick flying workshop. He thought it would be fun to try some new moves. He had seen some trick flyers at the World Cup and was excited to see and try some new moves. The instructor for the class was one of the Flying trainers named Ashley Price who wowed them with some of her stunts before beginning the class.

Harry was one of the few who were able to successfully accomplish any of the tricks she had demonstrated after their 2 hour workshop. He assumed it was because he was so at ease on his broom and

trusted it to be where he needed it to be. It might also have to do with the fact that he was fearless in the air or as other people would say crazy. The reason most of the moves were considered tricks rather than maneuvers was because they involved letting go of the broom with both hands and either completely leaving the broom for a moment or standing on it or dangling.

Harry had performed the 'Surfing' move flawlessly where he stood on the handle while flying and had to tell everyone that he had used it in a game before. When asked how high off the ground he had been he told them it was only about 2 feet and that was why he had needed to do it as he was chasing the snitch and it was too close to the ground. Ashley had performed the stunt 10 feet off the ground but Harry hadn't gone higher than 5 feet as instructed so they wouldn't get hurt too badly. By the end of the session the rest of the campers who were in it were calling him the 'Crazy Seeker' which he found amusing since Hermione had once called him something similar.

They had practice again after his session and somehow Sam had already heard about his success in trick flying as well as his new nickname. Anna had found it all very funny and decided to check and see if there was another trick flying session as it sounded fun. They practiced until dinner time with suggestions and comments from Sam. He was very knowledgeable and helped some of the others refine their techniques. As he headed towards the dining hall after his shower Harry couldn't remember ever having such a fun day before and it wasn't even over as the dueling tournament started after dinner.

During dinner they talked about their different hobbies and things and somehow the discussion got turned to pranks. When Harry commented that he knew the owners of Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes he was bombarded with questions and requests for products. He finally calmed everyone by promising to write a letter requesting catalogues for everyone. He would send it through Ragnok and ask him to send a goblin to deliver the letter along with purchasing a large supply of pranks and having them portkeyed to him here.

Dessert was an interesting affair because instead of the customary puddings and such a mound of different wizarding and muggle sweets appeared. Supposedly it was a camp tradition to have a late

night snack feast in the bunks the first night so they all filled their knapsacks with sweets. All of the sweets were American candy and Harry had never heard of some of them and decided to have the twins include a big selection from Honeydukes in the care package as well to share with his new friends.

The dueling tournament would be held every night after dinner. It was a double elimination tournament. Two duels would be held at a time, one on either side of the dining hall on raised dueling platforms that were shielded to contain stray spells. All the pairings were random and it didn't matter which year the camper was in as it was just one big tournament. The rules were simple: there could be no spells that caused lasting damage, nothing illegal, and the person who disarmed the other first won. They were following the international standard dueling rules and Harry felt good about his chances after his performance on his OWL.

Ken Philips was running the tournament as Oliver had said with the help of several other staff members. It seemed that most of the campers would participate in the competition and most stayed to watch. Anna was the first of those he knew to duel and he knew she hadn't taken the exam in it. She was quickly relieved of her wand by someone from blue section. "Well I knew I didn't have much of a chance but decided to give it a shot anyway," she told them with a laugh as she sat back down.

Harry realized that he would not be able to keep his identity hidden much longer as Ken was calling out the names of the participants to alert them it was time to duel. Sure enough when he called out "Harry Potter," everyone stopped talking and looked around trying to spot him. As he stood and made his way to the platform, leaving everyone at his table except for Anna staring at him in shock, one of the kids from his trick flying workshop yelled out, "Hey he's that crazy seeker from trick flying!"

Ken was chuckling at him by the time he reached the side of the room. His opponent was looking at him in fear, making Ken chuckle even more. "Do... Do... Do I really have to... to... duel the... the Boy-who-lived?" The kid asked Ken, stuttering in his nervousness. As the room

was still quiet from the declaration of his name everyone heard the kid and was wondering the same thing.

“Dude,” Harry said knowing his voice would carry to everyone in the room. “I’m just a kid too. I had never been in a fair duel until my Dueling OWL exam which was just last week. I don’t know why you’re scared of me, I’m just Harry.”

“But... But... you killed you-know-who when you were just a baby!” The kid exclaimed like that made all the difference in the world.

“Nope,” Harry said. “That was all my mum. She used some ancient magic and then sacrificed her life for mine. That’s why Old Moldie Short’s curse backfired. It didn’t kill him though; it just destroyed his body. He’s got a new body now. Trust me; I’m nobody special I just have this very bad habit of attracting trouble or adventure.”

“Ok we can duel I guess but I’m just going into 4th year so I don’t know too much.” The boy told him and then they bowed to Ken who was their judge and then to each other before Harry let him get off at least one spell. The boy cast a disarming spell and Harry was easily able to block it with Protego. He sent a disarming spell back at the kid and he was able to dodge it and send a very weak stunner towards Harry who just sidestepped the red beam. Harry decided he had given the kid enough of a chance and sent a tickling charm followed by a disarming spell. The boy was able to block the tickling charm but was hit with the other and his wand went sailing into Harry’s outstretched hand.

“Nice job,” Harry told him after he gave him his wand back. “You should try and work on the power of your stunner spell. Its one of those spells that needs intent to work better. If you really want to knock out your opponent it will be stronger than just saying the incantation with the correct wand movement.”

“Thanks,” the kid said with a smile and hurried over to his table to no doubt tell them everything Harry had said to him.

Harry made his way back to his table, knowing he would have to answer a lot of questions on why he never told them who he was. He grinned at Anna who was giggling at the other's apparent outrage. "Why didn't you tell us you were Harry Potter?" Patrick asked, obviously having been appointed spokesman by the rest.

"It never came up. It's not like I know any of your last names well other than Anna here since I knew her before." Harry said and they all calmed slightly. "Besides, would you have treated me like a normal person if you had known my last name or like that kid I had to duel did?" He asked them and they seemed to realize that they would have probably made a big deal out of it.

"Ok, fine," Patrick said, "but you have to sign an autograph so my parents and sister believe me."

"Oh lets take a team photo and then you can sign that!" Anna said with a giggle causing Harry to glare at her as they had discussed how much he hated being a celebrity.

They all headed off towards their own bunks around 9 pm after the 1st round of the dueling tournament was over. Curfew wasn't until 10 pm but they all wanted to get back and eat their candy and just relax. Harry placed the letter to Ragnok and the twins in his Gringotts box and then went into the bathroom to call for Miko. He wanted to let the elf know to expect a large box and to have it delivered to the bunk either when everyone was gone or asleep or when it was just him or Sam inside. He didn't want everyone knowing he could call on the Farm elves or that may arise the question of how.

Miko woke Harry up sometime after 4 am with a gigantic box from the twins. "Why didn't they shrink it?" He asked the elf, still mostly asleep.

"This is shrunked Master Harry," the elf told him and they shrunk his trunk and placed the box at the end of his bed where there was room for it. Harry thanked Miko and told him he would call for him tomorrow if he needed anything else.

Harry fell back asleep after setting his alarm charm for 5:30 am so he could look over the stuff before PT at 6.

Harry grumbled when the alarm woke him but as sleepy as he was he was very curious to see just what the twins sent him. There was a letter stuck to the top of the box that he opened first.

To our dearest investor,

Glad to hear you slipped the net. We have been trying to think of a good way to contact you all summer and came up empty as the Order knows our owl and is watching your house. We haven't heard any panic that you have left your Aunt's so congratulations on pulling the wool over their eyes! We are including our stock of pretty much everything we had on hand in the backroom. Price lists are included as well as a very large stack of catalogues and order forms. Your very high ranking friend Ragnok has set us up with a way to ship to different Gringotts locations and then owl from there so the shipping costs are included, but are much more reasonable and have a faster delivery time.

We are very envious that you're at The Farm. We applied to the amateur camp for the 1st week of August but were turned down. Something about being a disruptive influence or some other rot from the Director in charge. Charlie was going to come with us and got denied as well. I think the place has a thing against red-heads. If you could work your magic and get us accepted for the camp we would be eternally grateful. We finally have the money to be able to go and the prat that runs it won't let us in! We're enclosing a copy of all 3 of our applications as well as the nasty refusal letter from a Mr. John Quiggly who reminds us of our dear brother Percy. If he refuses again please feel free to set up a portable swamp in his office.

We would like to talk to you before you head back to school if at all possible, just the 3 of us. There are some things going on that concern our youngest siblings that make us uneasy. Definitely not stuff for a letter so better a face-to-face. If you can slip the Order stop by the shop, otherwise let us know some other way. Hope you have a great time at The Farm and that you make us richer by selling all our

stuff. Just send the money through your Gringotts box and your friend will make sure it gets to us.

Happy Pranking,

Gred and Forge

Harry smiled at the letter as it answered the question on if the twins could be trusted or not. He would make sure that they and Charlie were signed up for the amateur camp as it was the same time as his Advance Seeker camp and they could talk in private. He carefully opened the huge box and was shocked to see the contents. Most of the items were shrunk down except for a few that had bad reactions to shrinking charms like the portable swamps. There was a huge supply of their fireworks and at least a few of everything else they made for the general public. They had also included the large Honeydukes candy selection he requested.

“What is all that?” A sleepy Sam asked him as he walked into the room to start rousing the rest of the boys.

“Stuff from Weasley’s Wizard Wheezes,” Harry told him with a mischievous grin. “Guaranteed to make camp much more interesting.”

“You couldn’t possibly need all that to cause mayhem at camp,” Sam said through a yawn as he looked through one of the catalogues. “These extendable ears would be handy.” He commented, not really seeming to mind the massive box of pranks sitting next to him.

Harry pulled out a shrunken box and after resizing it handed Sam a pair. “On the house,” Harry said with a grin. “Besides it’ll be a lot busier in here this week once the other campers hear I’m selling WWW stuff and they don’t have to pay shipping.”

“How’d you talk the owners into giving you all this?” Sam asked curiously.

“I was their principal investor until recently. I gave them the start-up capital so they know I won’t screw them out of their money.” Harry told him with a shrug. “Besides, who would want to be on the bad side of the guys that created all of this? You’d constantly be looking over your shoulder!” Sam just laughed as he got the other guys up.

News spread fast that Harry Potter had a huge crate of WWW stuff he was selling for the owners. By the end of PT he was followed back to his bunk by at least 10 extra campers and in the hour before breakfast he had done quite a good business. The kids from outside of Europe were excited to see new pranks and most took a catalogue and order form for later. A few of the kids said they would write home for more money so they could stock up for the new school year.

Harry had pulled all the new items out of the rest of the stock and wanted to do test demonstrations in the dining hall over the next week to debut them. He was definitely looking forward to the “Ferret Fudge” which according to the box was inspired by “The Amazing Bouncing Ferret” who he knew to be Malfoy. There were also biting toilet seats, the twins’ version of the biting tea cup from Zonkos. The other new products were a potion to add to a person’s shampoo that would make their hair a crazy color with each wash. The bottles claimed that all colors were random and included hot pink, purple, orange, blue, fire engine red, neon yellow and bright white. They had labeled it “Tonks’ Hair Tonic” after their favorite metamorphmagus. There was also an invisible powder called “Funny Face Powder” that you could sprinkle on a towel or napkin that would, when pressed to the person’s face, turn their face into full make-up and if a scourfy charm was used to try and remove it then it turned into full clown make-up. It would wash off with regular soap and water but would stay on the towel you put it on until it was washed so the person could be caught in a vicious cycle if they didn’t know it was on their towel! The last product was called “Tap Dancing Trainers” and were insoles you could insert into a person’s shoes that would make them burst out dancing at a random interval of at least once every hour.

Harry grinned as Tony’s shoes were lying next to his bed while he was showering before breakfast. Harry carefully slid a pair of the “Tap Dancing Trainers” inside each shoe and grinned as they became practically invisible. The rest of the guys knew he was up to

something but were willing to wait for the punch line. All 10 of them walked to breakfast together. It was about half-way through their meal that Tony got the urge to dance. He stood from the table and began to do the Chicken Dance. It was hilarious watching him do the entire dance, without the music and with no idea of why he was doing it!

The others at the table were howling with laughter as they realized that Harry had just pranked Tony. They wondered what he had used and if it was for sale as well. Harry looked around to make sure that the majority of the dining hall had seen Tony's impromptu dance. After the confused boy stopped and was able to sit down again, Harry climbed onto the bench to address the campers.

"Thank you Tony for that lovely display. That ladies and gentlemen was one of the latest products from Weasley's Wizard Wheezes. This new item is called "Tap Dancing Trainers" and you have just witnessed one of its effects. I have these and other WWW products available for purchase in my bunk. Catalogues and order forms are also available for you to so you can order once you go home." He told everyone and was met with applause.

The team had a 30 minute planning session followed by a 30 minute warm-up before their 1st 2-hour match. They each received their t-shirt and robes in their team colors. The robes were light weight and neat as they were reversible. One way they were green with white lettering and the other way they were white with green lettering. That way they only needed one robe and could play against the other green teams without a problem. Harry was number 37 as the seeker for each team was #7 and they were team 3 so he became 37 while the rest of their team were 31- 36. Potter was written above his number much like his Hogwarts uniform. Harry laughed as Sam handed him his Green Section t-shirt. It had his #37 on the back along with his name and "Crazy Seeker" written under Potter.

Sam pulled him aside before they headed out for their warm-up to tell him that the house elves had insisted on personalizing every camper's uniform and T-shirt. It seems they were much happier with their personalized uniforms and wanted the campers to feel happy as well. Harry told Sam it was a great idea and he wanted to follow through and have it done for every camp. If the elves could do the

work it shouldn't cost them much more at all. Sam just grinned and promised to pass the word on to Mike.

"I need to talk to Mike or Garret sometime. Three of my friends' applications to the amateur camp were denied and I want them reconsidered. I think Quiggly was worried they would find out this was Potter property and inform me." Harry told him and Sam promised that Mike would be at dinner and he was sure Harry could sneak out quickly to talk to him.

"Now hurry out there and get warmed up, I expect this team to win the most matches!" Sam shouted and Harry saluted before rushing out to the pitch for a few warm-up exercises.

The game was against Team 1 of green section. Harry saw that the twins from his bunk were on the team but he didn't really know any of the others by name although he had seen them around. Harry saw that a few of the other staff were watching the game and assumed they were there to take stats or to scout for the all star team. One of the red section counselors was the referee.

The game was interesting to say the least. Harry and his team were in green and their opponent in white. Harry saw the snitch almost immediately but realized they would never win in the point total if he won the game in under 5 minutes. The other seeker had not seen the snitch and seemed to be bored. She was a girl Anna had pointed out as one of her bunk mates but he couldn't remember her name. Harry was flying his usual pattern above the pitch looking for the snitch while the girl seemed to be just sitting in one spot hoping the snitch would come to her.

Anna was having a good day and had already made 3 saves at the 30 min mark. The score was 40 – 10 in their favor. After having scanned the pitch again to make sure the snitch was not in sight he decided to try and mess with the other seeker. He was hovering near his own goal posts and had slowly been lowering himself to the other players' heights. He then took off across the field, weaving between the other players who were in his way. The other seeker saw his movement and took off after him assuming he had seen the snitch.

Once Harry had gotten across the pitch he stopped and grinned at the other team's keeper before returning to his usual hovering height. He had to hold in a laugh as he heard the keeper muttering about "crazy seekers."

It was an hour into the game and his team was ahead 110 to 50 when he saw the snitch again. It was dead center of the pitch and hovering. He was only slightly above it and closer to his own goals whereas the other seeker was slightly closer but on her side of the pitch. He raced toward the winged ball and unfortunately the other seeker saw it as well but not before Harry had closed the distance and had the advantage. He was almost there when the snitch lurched and dropped about 3 feet straight down. He knew that the girl had the better advantage now and there was only one option if he wanted the win. He let go of the broom with both hands and swung down, dangling by his crossed feet on the handle. It was just the extra he needed and was able to grab the snitch seconds before the other seeker got there.

The referee whistled for the end of the game and his team cheered at his daring catch. Harry was having a difficult time getting back on his broom. "Hey guys, help a guy up would ya!" He yelled to his celebrating team mates who finally noticed his predicament and helped him back safely onto his broom.

"Well you definitely lived up to your nickname with that catch!" Anna said with a grin. "I can't believe you didn't fall off."

They each received 10 points for their victory and then Harry got another 5 points for his daring save and 5 for his unique feint tactic of weaving down the field. Harry was glad that his team had done so well. The final score was 260 – 50 and would definitely look good up on the stats board.

Harry bid his team mates goodbye, telling them he would catch up to them at lunch. He headed over to the barn to see if Ash was available. He decided if there was time before lunch he would visit Ash's sanctuary otherwise he would just try his hand at horseback riding.

“Hey Ash!” Harry said with a wave as he saw the tall man grooming a horse. “I have an hour before lunch and thought I’d come see you.”

“We can visit the research center and the sanctuary then,” Ash told him and led him deeper into the barn to a hidden door panel. “Only the other staff knows any of this is here.” He explained. Behind the door was the research center. It was a stark contrast to the dark woods of the barn with its pristine white walls and stainless steel surfaces. It looked like a cross between a doctor’s office and a chemistry lab. “This is where we research the reasons our animals are not breeding properly. We also research different potions and food sources for them. Many of the reasons we have found that they are no longer breeding is that their natural habitat or food supply is gone.”

Ash led him out of the research center and to a large glass domed building. “This is the aviary, where we house all the birds and the smaller species that can live harmoniously with them. There are no carnivores in here, only herbivores.” He explained and proceeded to point out many different species of both muggle and magical creature and bird alike. To Harry it was like being at an exotic zoo where you’d only heard of a few of the animals before.

“Oh my,” Harry said as a tiny yellow bird whizzed by him. “Is that a Golden Snidget?” He asked in awe. The birds were supposedly extinct as original Quidditch players had killed them off when using them as the original snitches.

“Yes, we have over 100 with us now. They were the very first specimen we had. Your grandfather found three pair of them someplace and brought them here for treatment as they were sick and it began this entire research and recovery endeavor. They are an amazing species. There are actually 5 different colors of Snidget we have discovered so far. It seems that only the Golden ones were native to Europe but other color birds exist on other parts of the globe.” Ash told him and Harry listened as he explained all it had taken to get the snitches to breed.

Harry turned when he heard voices from the underbrush. "Hurry, hide the eggsssss!" A hissing type voice said in a panic. "The bad man is coming!"

Harry knelt down and moved some leaves aside to see what looked like a miniature dragon rolling an egg into a deeper patch of leaves. "Hello," Harry said to them. "My name is Harry; may I ask what kind of creature you are?"

"A speaker!" Another tiny dragon said flying into view. Each tiny dragon was only about a foot tall and the one that was flying was only a few inches off the ground. "We are Dragonettes master speaker," the dragon told him. "Please don't take our young again."

Harry turned to Ash who was looking in awe at him. "They are afraid you will take their eggs." He told Ash who shook his head sadly.

"One of the other lizard species got out of its closed in area and trampled their nest. I tried to save the remaining eggs but it was too late. Such a shame too as they would have been the first Dragonettes to hatch in decades." Ash told him sadly. "I envy your ability to speak with them so."

Harry relayed what Ash had said back to the two tiny dragons and they relaxed some. Ash also had him tell them that they had added sides to their pen so that no other creatures could get in other than the birds. Harry bid a fond farewell to the amazing little creatures and decided that he would continue to fund Ash's restoration and research himself in the future if The Farm could not afford it.

After lunch Harry had his seeker's special session that all the seekers at the camp attended. The workshop was run by the two seeker trainers and focused on special seeker moves and different game strategies. The two trainers demonstrated many of the most important moves such as feints. They spent over 20 minutes in an intense discussion on if a seeker should watch for the snitch or watch the other seeker. It was a lively debate that Harry was happy to participate in. There were many who used both tactics depending on who they were playing and others that used only one or the other.

“I’m not saying to ignore the other seeker entirely,” Harry tried to explain his reasoning. “I am saying that if you actively look for the snitch you have a much better chance of catching it. If you only watch the other seeker hoping they see it, then you have to hope you can outmaneuver them and get to it first. When you find it first you have a much higher chance of catching it and winning the game.”

“I still say that if you are up against a more experienced or talented seeker it is better to watch them than to search for the snitch,” one of the yellow squad seekers said.

“What advantage does that give you? If they are better and more experienced then your only hope for winning is to spot it before they do and get a head start!” Harry said exasperated. “How many times has your method been successful for you?” He asked the kid and just sighed in frustration as the kid blushed and said it hadn’t worked yet.

The rest of the workshop was spent doing different drills. Harry was convinced that the trainers were scouting for the all star team or for the upcoming Seeker Camp that would be held the same week of the Announcer Camp and the Amateur Camp the twins would now be attending. As he was leaving the area of the session to head toward his pre-game meeting and warm-up for their afternoon game he was pulled aside by David one of the seeker trainers.

“You planning on coming back for the Seeker Camp next month?” He asked.

“I did plan on it. I have 3 friends coming to the amateur camp and am hoping to convince another friend to attend the announcer camp.” Harry told him with a shrug. “You’ve still got room for me right?”

“Yeah I just wanted to make sure you would be there. You have great form and I think stand a good chance of being recruited by one of the league teams.” He told him with a smile. “I look forward to working with you there!”

Their afternoon game was against Team 2 which had the rest of his bunk mates on it that he had not played yet. The game was closer than their morning one had been since Jesse, his bunkmate and the keeper for Team 2 was very skilled. He reminded Harry of a young Oliver Wood. He remembered that Jesse was one of the Aurors' kids and was glad he was given the opportunity to play. Harry thought he might get invited to attend the Keeper Camp as well.

The seeker for Team 2 was one of the kids Harry had been arguing with in the seeker workshop. The kid kept tailing him instead of looking for the snitch himself. Harry was intensely reminded of Malfoy when speaking to and playing against the kid even though they looked nothing alike and the kid was obviously American. Harry put the brat through his paces with feints, loops, frantic races across the pitch and anything else he could do to both shake the kid off and prove that his theory was crap.

It was almost to the 2 hour time limit when Harry saw the snitch. It was fluttering above the heads of the spectators. He grinned and shot off towards the winged ball, knowing he was far enough ahead of the other boy that unless the kid could apparate on a broom then he would catch it. Two of the female staff who was watching shrieked as Harry barreled towards them at top speed. The seeker trainer grinned and was the first to start clapping when he saw Harry close his hand around the still struggling ball.

The final score was 240 – 120 and Harry and his team each received their 10 points for their victory. Jesse received 20 points for his spectacular saves throughout the game and even Anna went over to congratulate him on his wonderful performance. Harry and his team had free time for the rest of the day until dinner as teams 1 and 4 still had to play their afternoon game.

Harry headed over to the archery range to see if he could join the archery class that was scheduled for that afternoon. He thought that it would be something neat to learn in addition to the combat techniques the goblins had shown him and the martial arts he was learning. He turned out to be very accurate with his shots once he got the hang of it.

Once he was done shooting targets he headed over to the broom obstacle course to try his hand at it. Each day they would announce the camper with the fastest time at dinner. Harry thought he did quite well. He also thought it was much harder and more enjoyable than the one they had set up for his Flying exam. He hurried back to his bunk to change before dinner and see if he could sell any more WWW products.

There were 5 campers milling about outside his bunk when he arrived and all were anxious to make their WWW purchases. Harry quickly took care of them and took a shower so he wouldn't be smelly to sit next to. He would have to duel again that night to continue on in the tournament but it wouldn't be until after dinner. There was a scavenger hunt after dinner that he was going to skip as it was to find/earn more points to use in the gift shop. He thought everyone at dinner sounded more excited about the scavenger hunt than about the next round of duels.

Harry won his next duel easily again. He was trying to figure out why so many of them were so timid and frightened before he remembered that over half the students who took the Dueling OWL were too afraid to cast a spell. He wondered if the reason stemmed from the stigma of light and dark magic. He also figured that these were Quidditch enthusiasts and were here for a summer sports camp, not a dueling tournament.

After most of the campers left the dining hall for the scavenger hunt Harry was able to speak with Mike about Charlie and the twins applications. He explained how he figured Quiggly was afraid they would find out he owned it and would break the news to him. Mike assured him they still had space remaining and would be able to accommodate all three Weasley boys. Harry made sure to mention that at least Fred and George needed to be on the same team as they worked as a pair both on and off the field. He also said if there were any other concerns that Oliver knew them and played with them at Hogwarts so he should be able to vouch for them as well.

"You're the owner Harry," Mike said with a smile. "If you want you friends to attend the camp then they get to, even if they are the

infamous prankster Weasley twins. I'll send out a confirmation of their acceptance along with a 10 discount off the newly lowered admission fee. Any other friends you plan on bringing with you?"

"I was actually thinking of trying to talk my friend Neville into attending the Announcer Camp. Hogwarts will need a new announcer this coming year and I think he could do it, he just lacks the confidence at the moment." Harry told him with a shrug. "I'll be paying for his fee anyway so you might as well put him down too. It's Neville Longbottom and I'll make sure to take a whole information packet back with me for him to fill out what activities and such he wants."

"Ok, I'll make sure the two of you are set up in the same tent then. We group all the youngsters into one section and then the amateurs into the other three. As there are only about 30 kids per special session all 60 fit into a single area. Or at least they do at the moment, with all your changes hopefully that will change for next year." Mike told him with a smile before wishing him luck in the rest of his games and heading back toward the staff area for the night.

Harry had the advanced broom design workshop first thing that morning as his first game wasn't until before lunch. He hadn't expected the turnout to be so small. "Why so few campers?" He asked Ken Phillips when he walked in.

"This is the advanced class Harry," Ken explained with a grin. "You have to show promise in broom design before taking this workshop, otherwise you're placed in the general broom design workshop."

A minute or so later a tall balding man walked into the room followed by three of the Farm elves with trunks. "Good morning everyone," the man said with a smile. "My name is Garvin Ott and I am the lead broom designer for Nimbus." He told them and Harry immediately realized why this class was only for advanced campers. They wouldn't want to waste the money to bring in an expert for those who never planned on using their skills after camp. "I am very glad to see you all. It was here at the Farm that I discovered my love and skill for broom design and construction. Now how many of you brought your broom design sketches with you?" He asked and seemed delighted

when everyone raised their hand. Ken was impressed that Harry had raised his hand as well since they had no idea if he was qualified for the class or not, but he was the owner so it didn't really matter.

"Have any of you successfully crafted a broom from your own design?" Garvin asked and all the hands went down except for Harry's. Ken smirked to himself thinking that once again Harry would stand out from the crowd. "Wonderful, did you bring the broom with you?" Garvin asked with excitement.

"It's in my trunk," Harry said and gave Ken a significant look before snapping his fingers behind his back to summon Miko. It only took the elf a moment to arrive and Harry was glad he remained silent and did not give away that it was actually Harry that summoned him.

"This is Harry Potter from Emerald bunk," Ken said having understood the look from Harry once the elf arrived. "He needs the broom he designed from his trunk. Please retrieve it quickly." Miko nodded and popped out before momentarily returning with Harry's newly designed broom.

"I call it the Crimson Flood," Harry told Garvin before handing him his creation.

The broom expert took his time examining the broom with a critical eye for detail. "This is magnificent craftsmanship," He complimented Harry pointing out to the rest of them the things that distinguished the broom as superiorly constructed. "May I ask what type of polish you used on the handle? It is smooth and seems to be naturally water resistant."

"That is muggle polyurethane deck sealer," Harry told him with a grin. "I thought it would provide superior protection for the spellwork along with keeping a better sheen to the wood so it did not need polishing as often." The idea that he used a muggle product on his highly magical broom had the room buzzing with questions on its reliability and long term affects on the magic.

“The spellwork is very unique,” Garvin said after taking another detailed look at the broom. “The main spells resemble wards more than the typical charms.”

“They are still charms except I weaved them together like you do when creating wards to provide a more stable spell base.” Harry told him and then explained how he placed individual spells on each twig in the tail for greater stability and decreased drag.

The rest of the session was spent discussing the finer points of broom mechanics and design as well as the legal spells allowed on a Quidditch broom versus a family broom. Harry had a great time and learned even more about design than he had known. Garvin gave him his business card to contact him if he ever felt like selling his designs in the future. Harry had even earned himself 15 points for his design and craftsmanship of his broom.

Harry’s team played team 4 before lunch. It was a short game only lasting about 45 min as Harry had to catch the snitch since the other seeker had already seen it. The final score was 190-30 in favor of Harry’s team. His team was concerned with the potential point loss by not having played the entire 2 hours and headed back to check the bulletin board for the team stats. It turned out they didn’t have anything to worry about as it was averaging that 50 of the games ended at the 2 hour mark without the snitch being caught. The extra 150 points for catching the snitch each time had them in 1st place for total camp points not to mention put them over 125 points ahead of all the other green squads as they had beaten all of them now.

The team had to play again directly after lunch. It was a rematch against team 2 and they knew that the other team would be looking for payback for their previous loss. Harry knew that it would be up to the rest of his team to put in a good performance. Jesse was the keeper for team 2 and was very talented and although Anna was good, she just didn’t have the same skill level. The chasers were going to have to work a lot harder to score against Jesse than they did in the morning’s game. The seeker for team 2 was not going to be

a problem for Harry as the kid was still stuck on his theory of marking Harry rather than looking for the snitch himself.

Harry amused himself during the game seeing how many different feints he could do and have the other seeker follow. He decided the game was more like follow the leader than Quidditch. The kid had finally stopped falling for his feints when Harry actually saw the snitch. He was over half way across the pitch before the other seeker realized. The game ended with 25 min to go with a score of 220 – 120 and was the closest Harry's team had come to another yet. As expected the scoring was down and without his snitch catch they may have lost.

After showering Harry headed off to his team building workshop. The manager trainer was teaching the course as it focused on building a strong team both physically and mentally. They talked and discussed the ways to work through different weaknesses of team mates as well as how to pick successful teams. They discussed coaching methods and how to engender respect from those you captain or coach.

Harry thought a lot of what was presented was interesting and he would be able to use some of it if he continued the DA and if he was somehow named his team's captain. He was glad that he had signed up for some of the more fun workshops though as if they had all been as intense as that one he would not have found them that fun. He did realize that all the people in the class either were or planned on being their team captains for their school team.

He joined a few of the others from the workshop in a game of soccer. He was a fairly fast runner and after a few practice shots was able to aim his kicks quite well. Harry decided that he liked soccer or football for those back home the most out of any of the muggle sports he had played. He also enjoyed playing with people who didn't hate or fear him like all the other kids had done in primary school thanks to Dudley. He thought he may even try and talk Dean Thomas into starting a football league when they got back to Hogwarts. He thought having another sport other than Quidditch might help relieve some of the tension in the school. Besides the soccer teams are larger and you not only need more subs but you actually use them.

Another shower later he was off to the dining hall for dinner and another round of dueling. His opponent this time was an Asian girl with lightning fast reflexes. He recognized her from the seeker session and wondered how well her team was doing. She was able to dodge many of Harry's spells as well as send back her own. Harry was much more powerful than she was though and none of her spells were able to penetrate his shields. It took him almost 15 minutes to bring her down by finally landing a stunner spell.

There were two rounds of duels held that night and since he won his round he had to duel again. This time he duels a huge kid that seemed like he was part giant. Harry figured he might have up to 25 giant blood. Now giants are not known for their dodging abilities but when upset or angered their skin was able to deflect most curses. Harry knew that Hagrid had some of that ability and could subconsciously block minor curses when angry but he didn't know if his opponent would possess this ability. The duel took longer than his previous ones because the guy was well versed in defensive magic and could block and deflect most of Harry's spells. Harry wasn't getting hit but he wasn't connecting on the other guy either.

Finally after a half hour duel Harry was beginning to tire and realized he needed to try something different against this kid. He decided to try the same tactic he had used against the Dueling examiner and cast his patronus at the other boy. He quickly cast a stunning spell to follow his stag and it worked as the boy was unable to see the incoming spell as it was hidden behind Prongs. Ken came up and awarded both of them 10 points for such a well fought duel. He then introduced the boy to Harry.

"Harry this is Copi Tower the reigning American Junior Dueling Champion," he told him with a mischievous grin. "He had not lost a duel in 2 years until tonight!"

"I am sorry to break your record," Harry offered to the other boy who was just starting at him as if measuring him up. "You duel very well and there were many times there where you almost had me. I was beginning to tire so I am sure if my last tactic there had not worked you would have been the victor."

“It was an honor to duel with you. I have heard the story of the Boy-Who-Lived before and I believe that as long as you permit me to refer to you by that title my fellow duelers in the competitive circuit will not begrudge me my loss.” Copi told him with a shrug. “I would love to spar against you again if you have time before we leave.”

“That sounds fun,” Harry said with a smile. He was glad the other teen was taking his defeat so well. “I should be free after PT in the morning the next two days.”

“Great, hopefully you can teach me how to form a corporeal patronus as well. That is a great surprise tactic and I hope you allow me to use it in future competitions.” Copi said before heading back towards his table of friends.

Harry realized his table had left already and remembered that they were planning on going horseback riding if the tournament didn't last too long. He hurried to the stables hoping to catch them and smiled when he saw Ash had already saddled up a horse for him and the others were just mounting their steeds. They rode slowly at first to give those new to riding a chance to get comfortable before trotting down the different trails. The sun was just beginning to set as they turned back from the mountain trail they had been following. It was almost curfew by the time they got back to the stables and the others all raced off to the bunk house afraid of getting into trouble. Harry offered to assist Ash putting the gear away and told them not to worry about him that he would sneak in before lights out.

After helping Ash get everything cleaned up he headed back towards his bunkhouse. One of the security guards waved at him as he passed and Harry had to hold in a smile at the thought of what his team mates would say if they knew he wouldn't get in any trouble for being out after curfew. Of course he had to remind himself that he would have to tell them he was the owner if any of them caught on.

He was able to sneak into the bunk fairly easily and he realized that Sam must have deliberately stayed in his room until he heard Harry return. As soon as he was sitting down on his bunk Sam came out to

do bed check. His bunk mates all told him how lucky he was and he just nodded and made a mental note to thank Sam later. He was excited about the next day of games. They would announce the all star teams for each section at dinner and the playoffs for camp champion would be Friday. He was hoping to make the all star team but would be content to watch the matches as well.

Harry woke early for PT and then spared with Copi for a half hour until breakfast. Copi was a beater on team 2 of red section. Harry was confident that his team would do well in their final two games that day. He had figured that with their point lead as long as they didn't let the other teams catch the snitch they would win overall for Green section even if they lost both of that day's games.

They played team 1 first that day and Harry was glad that they were so far ahead in points as the snitch did not show up in the entire 2 hour period. He didn't even glimpse it at all for the game. He asked the other seeker if she had seen it and she hadn't either which made him feel better. The final score at the 2 hour time limit was 120-100 in their favor and although it was a victory it only helped to bring team 1 into 2nd place in the standings.

After lunch Harry wandered over to the arts and crafts building to see what classes they were offering during his off period before his afternoon match. He was interested in a few of the things they had going on. He learned how to make candles, and made quite a few to take home with him in different color combinations. There were a few girls braiding thread into friendship bracelets and they taught him a few of the different knots they used. He liked the thick thread they used and they informed him that it was embroidery floss and not normal thread and that was why it was thicker and better for the bracelets. He made a few bracelets and even bought some additional floss from one of the girls to make more later for his other friends. He was going to see if he could add any charms to them to make them functional as well as creative.

The most interesting thing he found in the arts and crafts area was a Native American loom that one of the counselors was teaching campers to weave on. Harry had not had any luck with sewing in the ROR but he was able to weave simple patterns into the loom. By the

end of the class he had a rather interesting looking pot holder that he knew Dobby would love since it was hand made by him. He thanked both the councilor and the girls for their instruction and made his way back to his bunk to dump his creations before his next match.

The game against team 4 was startlingly quick. Harry saw the snitch 12 minutes into the game. He decided that it would be more beneficial to his team's point score to get the 150 points for catching the snitch. He took off across the pitch and the other seeker took a moment too long to realize what was happening as Harry had the winged ball in his hand seconds later. His team celebrated madly as this win cemented their undefeated record for Green section and ensured they would be the section winners.

They laughed as they changed out of their uniforms that they got a lot of extra free time before dinner. Harry offered to buy them all Butterbeers if they wanted to accompany him to the gift shop. They all agreed as they wanted to check out what they could buy with their points. Each of them had a minimum of 85 points as they got 10 for each win and 25 for being section champs. Harry had 43 extra points he had earned so far, making his current point total at 128 points.

After buying his team mates their Butterbeers they all looked around the very large gift shop. They had pretty much any Quidditch thing you could imagine as well other camp items and keepsakes. They also operated as a small general store it seemed with a little bit of everything else and food and sweets for the campers. He and Anna walked around trying to decide what they wanted to buy, what they could afford (in Anna's case) as well as what they wanted to get for their friends.

"I like this," Anna commented as she picked up a very soft sweatshirt with the Camp logo on it. It was a pale green which was nice as they were in green section. "Oh, it's only 2 Galleons and 9 sickles!" She told him happily as she had 6 galleons to spend with her current points at 102. She also bought her dad a Winnipeg Wolves T-shirt. As Harry knew her dad was a werewolf he thought it was quite fitting and they laughed about it. She just told the others that for some reason her dad liked the team. The T-shirt was 1 Galleon 8 sickles leaving her with 2 more Galleons to spend.

“You can keep your points,” Harry told her. “You may earn more before camp lets out and maybe you’ll be invited to attend the Keeper session.”

“That would be amazing but my parents could barely afford to send me to this camp so I won’t be able to afford another one.” She told him with a sad shrug.

“Don’t tell anyone but I heard they are lowering the camp costs for next year to like \$50 galleons is all. I also heard that they were going to let anyone invited to the special camps come for free since they had already paid full price for this session.” Harry told her, pretending he had overheard some of the staff talking.

“Great! Maybe I will keep my points,” Anna said and they continued browsing through the more expensive things. There were full Quidditch sets, racing brooms, and lots of autographed things from pro players. Harry was pleasantly surprised with the selection and decided he would take a better look either after the camp was over and before he headed home or when he came back with the twins.

The two of them were stopped on their way back to their section by Oliver. “How’s it going Olie?” Harry asked with a grin, watching Anna’s eye get wide that Harry seemed to know one of the keeper trainers personally.

“Good Harry and congrats to both of you on your win. I should have expected it though Harry. I mean now that you don’t get injured every game how can your team not win with how fast you can catch a snitch. So is this better than the house cup?” Oliver asked him.

“Nah, I like playing with these guys but we are just a thrown together team. There’s nothing better than winning the cup for Gryffindor! Besides, nothing I did here made McGonagall cry so it can’t beat winning the cup!” Harry said with a laugh and the two explained how they had played together to Anna.

“I actually waved you two over to talk to Anna here,” Oliver said with a grin. “You show a lot of promise as a keeper.” He told her and Harry grinned at how shy she became while a pro player was praising her. “We want to invite you back for the Keeper Camp in August. Do you think you will be able to make it?”

“I would love to and I could get away,” Anna told him with a frown. “But I’m sorry to say that I can’t afford the camp fees.”

“Opps,” Oliver said smacking himself on the forehead. “I was supposed to tell you that since you have already paid for this camp that you will be extended a full scholarship to the Keeper camp. So if money is your only concern I hope to see you there!”

“Sure!” Anna squealed, happy that Harry had been right with what he overheard.

“Excellent! Well I will see you two later and good luck on making the all star team.” Oliver said and waved to them before heading off toward the staff area.

“I guess we both get to go to camp again,” Harry told her with a smirk and waited until she realized he made the seeker camp. She hugged him happily and the two headed back towards Green section to see what everyone was up to. They still had a few hours until dinner and debating if they wanted to play a mix-up game or just all hang out.

The last rounds of the dueling tournament would be held after dinner but most of the excitement in the room came from the fact that the all star teams would be announced. Everyone was on the edge of their seat when Mike stood up to address them after the meal was ended.

“Thank you all for your hard work and dedication to your squad teams this week,” he told them all with a fond smile. “We were very pleased by how well you all played. Before I announce the all star teams I want to congratulate our winning teams for each section. For Blue section we have team 4, for Red section we have team 2, for Yellow section we have team 1 and for Green section we have team

3. Let's have a round of applause for each of these four teams." He said and the teams had to stand up so the other campers could clap for them.

"Now on to the reason you are all so well behaved tonight," He said with a laugh. "I will start with the Green Section All-Star team. For Keeper we have Jesse, Beaters are Patrick and Lothar, Chasers are Tony, Fernando and Gilberto and finally for Seeker we have Harry!" Mike announced and everyone cheered for those that made the team. Harry was glad that he had made the squad and felt bad that Anna had not but Jesse was probably the best keeper at the camp. He did find it interesting that all 7 of them were in the same bunk. It would be Harry's first time playing on a team of all guys. Mike went on to announce the other three section's all-star teams as well before the dueling tournament started again.

The last rounds of the tournament would take place that night. Harry's first opponent was a very tall thin blonde girl that had almost elfin features. She was very nimble and light on her feet. The two dueled for over 20 minutes before Harry was able to startle her by conjuring a flock of doves and then he disarmed her while she was waving off the birds. His next round was for the semi-finals and he was shocked that he had made it that far. He kept reminding himself that he was at Quidditch camp and not a real dueling tournament. He was paired up with Ben from his bunk who was a keeper. Ben had good defense but was weak in offense. It took a lot of more powerful spells to finally break down his shields but after 15 minutes Harry was able to get a few spells through. His shields had been holding against Ben's and he assumed the other boy had won the other rounds just because his shield lasted longer. Harry stunned him shortly after his shield collapsed and won the round, moving him into the finals.

The whole Green section was cheering him on against the other finalist from Red squad. The boy was named Max and was medium build and had shaggy brown hair. He had the look of a "skater boy" and seemed almost bored. Harry realized it was all an act to throw him off his game and wasn't going to let his guard down. It took only two thrown curses from Max for Harry to realize the other boy had much more dueling experience than he did and was most likely from Durmstrang with his accent. Harry had seen how well Victor Krum did

in the tri-wizard tournament and knew that Durmstrang taught a lot of the more offensive magic. He was actually enjoying the duel as they were well matched. Max was of average power but he had a larger spell arsenal where Harry had more power and was faster on his feet but still needed to work on increasing his number of castable spells.

After 40 minutes of dueling both of them were starting to tire and Harry decided that he would try a spell that he didn't usually cast and threw the Bat-Bogey hex. He grinned as the spell connected and he followed it up with a quick stunner and a disarming hex. Max was able to block the stunner but not the disarming hex and Harry emerged victorious.

"That was a very well fought championship!" Ken exclaimed to everyone after the applause died down. "That will be 20 points for Max for such a great duel and 30 points for Harry for a great duel and for winning the tournament!" Ken then handed Max a second place trophy and Harry a small gold 1st place trophy. Harry just grinned at the applause of Green squad. He was very happy and it was his first ever trophy that he could keep. Sure he had held trophies before but this one was his and wouldn't be holed up in a trophy room in Hogwarts.

The boys in Harry's bunk all decided to stay in the dining hall for that night's movie. They didn't want to go to bed just yet and decided to just hang out with anyone else who wanted to watch a movie. Harry just did as the rest wanted; he was in too good of a mood to sleep and couldn't wait for the next day's games to see if they could win the camp championship.

Harry and his newly formed Green Squad team made their way towards their pitch for their planning session at 7 am on Friday. Since they played 3 games that day their only opportunity to meet was before breakfast. Each game would be timed like the others had been except they had 3 hours to find the snitch. The team with the highest score after the round robin tournament would be the camp champs. They had their first match against Red Squad at 9 am and then they played Yellow Squad at 1:30 pm. There was a special Barbeque dinner starting at 4:30 pm until their last game against Blue Squad at

6 pm. They then had an all camp dance after the last match as the final camp activity.

Harry decided he liked his newly formed team and after the planning session with Sam and the girls Green squad counselor Lani they were all set for their three matches. They figured they had lunch and dinner to change their strategies after the each game if needed. They were all wearing their camp Quidditch robes with the green side showing and even posed for a team photo. Harry knew he would be spending some of his earned points on buying copies of both his team photos and other photos that had been taken throughout the week.

45 minutes into the game Harry was thankful they had Jesse as their keeper. He had blocked 6 goals already and only let 2 in that were impossible to block. Their chasers were doing well, the twins from his bunk worked as well together as Fred and George and he wondered if it was a sort of identical twin magic. They were already ahead 70 to 20 and they hadn't even been playing an hour! Harry was using all his best moves knowing that the other two teams were competing on another pitch and couldn't be spying. He was in his element and having a blast. He decided that he loved the feeling of a Quidditch game more than any other feeling he had experienced.

Right at the 2 hour mark Harry saw the snitch. He was glad they had extended the all star games as he had not seen it until then. He raced across the pitch followed closely by the other team's seeker. The snitch didn't seem to want to be caught because it was avoiding them spectacularly. It finally dove down to almost skimming the grass. Harry was in hot pursuit but his opposing seeker was more cautious and stayed around 4 feet from the ground. Harry decided to try his move from his 1st ever match and assumed a surfing position on his broom which was still at full speed following the snitch. There was thunderous applause as he grabbed hold of the snitch and was able to just lightly step off his broom without falling. He looked over to the stands to notice they were almost full of the remaining Red and Green squad campers and probably over half the staff.

The final score of the game was 290 to 60 with a victory for the Green Squad team. They all celebrated as they headed for the showers and

then lunch. They wanted to eat early to give themselves time to digest before their game at 1:30 pm. The other match between Yellow and Blue lasted the entire 3 hours and was fairly low scoring at 100 to 80 with a victory for Blue squad.

They played Yellow squad after lunch and he was surprised to see even more fans in the stands. It seemed that the staff had turned out in force to watch their employer play. The game was much faster pace than the last one had been. It seemed that Yellow did not take too favorably to loosing to Blue and were determined to win the match. They were so determined to win though that they were making stupid mistakes and committing obvious fouls. An hour into the game Harry's team had scored 30 points just on penalty shots and were leading 70 to 40.

Harry saw the snitch during another penalty shot and knew he had to wait until play resumed before flying after it. He kept a close eye on the Yellow seeker but was happy to see he was busy yelling at his keeper and not watching for the snitch. As soon as the referee signaled for play to begin again Harry zoomed off down the pitch after the snitch. The little winged ball didn't put up near the fight as it had the previous game and he was able to catch it fairly quickly. He had just held up his fist victoriously when he heard the bludgers zooming towards him. He instinctively performed a sloth-grip roll and was flying upside down to see both bludgers collide inches from where his head had been seconds before.

The applause for his quick reflexes of avoiding the bludgers was fierce and his team mates were all just relieved that he was not injured and would be able to continue playing for the next match. The final score was 240 to 60 with a victory for Green. They had finished the game in just under 2 hours and had plenty of time to relax and change before the big barbeque and their last match. Blue squad had beaten Red squad 100 to 80 with neither team catching the snitch. Harry was told that the snitch had been spotted twice durring the game but the beaters did a great job of distracting the seekers into loosing the ball.

The barbeque dinner was great. There were picnic tables and blankets set out around a big fire pit as well as tables just laden down

with food. Harry had a barbeque pork sandwich, coleslaw, fruit salad and a huge glass of pink lemonade. He was having a great time lounging around with the friends he had made that week. They were all just laying on different blankets and talking trying to rest up before their last game. It was nice to have so many people to talk to that didn't seem to care too much that he was a celebrity. He had promised most of them he would sign team photos the next day between breakfast and the pro player meet and greet that was scheduled before check-out. He hadn't recognized any pro players but a few had been pointed out to him. He realized that he knew names of players and their position much better than what they looked like.

Since both Green and Blue squad were undefeated going into the final match it was assumed that whichever team won, would win the camp championship. Blue Squad's seeker was the Asian girl he had dueled two nights ago. He knew she had quick reflexes and was looking forward to some good competition for the snitch. The game was much slower paced than the other two and Harry couldn't tell if that was from everyone having eaten too much and already played 2 other games that day or if it was because the beaters seemed to be having a vicious competition.

Harry glimpsed the snitch 30 minutes into the game but had to duck a bludger the next second and lost it before he had even begun to chase it. He had adopted a much higher cruising altitude at that point and had to keep half his attention focused on the bludgers rather than all of it on finding the snitch. Finally with only about 20 minutes left in the match he saw the snitch. It was hovering around the center goal post on the Blue side.

He grinned evilly and made a direct dive toward the blue keeper. He smiled at the screams of outrage from the stands and the scared look on the keepers face as he flew closer and closer to him. The keeper dodged out of the way of Harry and he had a clear shot to the snitch. He tucked closer to the handle of his broom and shot through the goal post and grabbed the snitch. He realized that the other seeker had not followed him and guessed she assumed he was just trying to mess with the keeper.

It took a few seconds for the crowd of spectators, the largest yet, to realize that he had caught the snitch and soon the applause was almost deafening. He grinned at his team mates as he held up the snitch for the third time that day. He had gone undefeated for camp by never losing a snitch to another seeker! The final score was 250 to 60 with the victory for Green squad. They hadn't heard the score of the other game but knew that with three wins and catching the snitch all three times there was almost no chance that they didn't win the camp championship.

The stands cleared out quickly as all the campers hurried back to their bunks to get ready for that night's dance. Harry was glad it was just an informal dance and he never wanted to go through anything like the Yule Ball ever again. He had promised Anna and a few other friends that they could teach him to dance tonight and was determined to enjoy himself. He figured he could just stand there and move his head to the beat of the music if all else failed. Here at the Farm he didn't have to worry about embarrassing himself and he decided he wouldn't care what others thought about him when he returned to school either!

Harry showered and opened his trunk trying to decide what exactly to wear to the dance. He had been using his "school" compartment of the trunk making it seem like an ordinary trunk to the other guys and realized he hadn't placed any of his nicer clothes in that compartment. While the other guys were arguing over who got the shower next he shrunk the trunk and knocked on Sam's door.

"Can I borrow some space in your room for a second?" He asked him and motioned to his trunk in his hand.

"Sure," Sam offered and closed the door behind them. "I take it that is not an ordinary trunk then?"

"Nope," Harry said with a grin before resizing it. "This is a very versatile one of a kind trunk that I had made specially this summer." He explained to Sam about the different compartments as he expanded the wardrobe and tried to decide what to wear. He must have looked lost because Sam just chuckled and then moved him

aside before picking out an outfit for Harry to wear. It was a pair of Dockers with a brown belt, his Doc Martins and the emerald green button down shirt that matched his eyes perfectly.

“This will work for the dance. I’d put a t-shirt under the button down just in case you get hot. This will make the girls realize you took the time to look nice but still be casual enough the guys won’t give you a hard time.” Sam told him with a smirk. “Now get back out there!”

Harry thanked him and shrunk his trunk back down before heading back into the mess that was quickly becoming his bunk house. It seemed the other boys were just as confused as him what to wear. Once Harry was dressed he noticed Tony looking at him with a smile. “Hey boys!” He called out to the other guys in the room. “Harry here is all spiffed up; I think we should follow his lead!” The rest of them turned to see what Harry was wearing and he had to hold in a howl of laughter that anyone would ever turn to him for fashion advice.

Soon enough all of them were ready and making their way toward the dining hall for the dance. They were all in about the same type of outfit with either slacks or nice jeans with a button down shirt over a t-shirt and dressier shoes or boots. They were also all received well from the girls when they arrived. The girls had gone all out for the dance. Some were in sundresses and others in nice outfits, there were very few who you would have guessed were at a sports camp with how nice and feminine they looked.

Anna grabbed Harry right away and dragged him to the dance floor. She was wearing a light blue gingham sundress with her hair in a braid. She didn’t seem to care that he didn’t know what he was doing and soon enough he realized that this type of dancing didn’t require any kind of practice or steps you just moved however you felt to the music. After he realized there were no set moves he was able to loosen up and enjoy himself. It seemed that every girl at the camp wanted to dance with him and he indulged most of them, sometimes dancing with a group of girls at a time.

By the end of the night Harry was sure that he would never get the memory of dancing with so many girls out of his mind. He decided that dances were not so bad and that if Dumbles was stupid enough

to hold another one he would happily go and show off his newfound skills. He wondered how many of the girls at Hogwarts would want to dance with him. He headed back to the bunk with his friends when the dance ended; they had stayed the entire time. They were all exhausted after a day full of games and then the dance and fell asleep easily.

The next morning when they woke up they all said their good-byes in case they didn't get a chance later. There were awards to be handed out after breakfast and then they had an hour free before the Professional players meet and greet. They all had to be packed and checked out by 2 pm. Harry was planning on staying and talking with the staff but just told them all that he had a 2 pm portkey so they didn't wonder why he was the last to leave.

Breakfast was an interesting affair as everyone was running around the hall getting addresses of their new friends so they could floo or owl them. Harry had already written out his owl address on a bunch of bits of paper and was handing them out to his friends that were not in his bunk as they asked.

Mike stood up after breakfast was over to announce the different awards. There were a bunch of silly awards like Cleanest, Messiest, Funniest and the like where the camper got 10 points and a printed certificate. Everyone laughed as Harry won the award for Craziest! They then went into the individual position awards. Each position had 2 awards for example the seekers had Best New Seeker and Best Veteran Seeker. The veteran players were those who had played for 3 or more years on an organized team and the new players were those who had played 2 or fewer years or were not on an actual team. Harry won the Best Veteran Seeker award while the Asian girl he had played on Blue squad won the Best New Seeker. Jesse won Best New Keeper and Tony won Best Veteran Chaser, the rest were from the other sections.

The last award was the announcement of the winning team for Camp Champions. As they had suspected Harry and his Green Squad All Star Team were the Camp Champs. He had never felt so happy before and figured he could cast a spectacular patronus with that memory. He got 30 points for being Camp Champ, plus the 10 he got

for each victory the day before. He also received 3 points for his diving catch at the Blue team keeper, 10 points for his "Craziest" award and 20 points for being Best Veteran Seeker. All told he now had 221 points to spend in the Gift Shop which is the equivalent of \$13 galleons.

A bunch of them headed over to the gift shop after breakfast to spend their points. Harry wanted to get a poster with pictures of both his teams so they could all sign it and he could hang it up at school. He had sent a request for it the day before to the Gift Shop Manager hoping she could have one created for him. When they got there they noticed the new section of photos and posters of the campers and he grinned to himself. Not only had she made his request but she also had examples of the other sections as well.

He bought the poster that had a large photo of his Team 1 and the Green All-Star team. It was a large poster 2 foot by 3 foot and there was plenty of room for his team mates to sign their names using the color change photo markers he had bought. The poster was \$2 Galleons and the markers were \$1 Galleon. He also got photos of both teams and one of him and all his bunk mates with Sam, each photo was \$12 Sickles. He then bought almost every individual photo they had of him. There was one of his Keeper Dive catch, his surfing move, his dangling catch, a Wronski feint, him dueling Copi, his being named dueling champ and one of him and Anna. Each of the individual photos was \$5 sickles each. He then bought a new photo album for all his Quidditch photos. It was dark green leather and had the Farm logo embossed on the cover and was \$3 Galleons 8 Sickles. He also purchased a green sweatshirt with the camp logo for \$2 Galleons 9 sickles and an Oliver Wood action figure that he thought Professor McGonagall would like for \$1 Galleon 6 sickles. Overall he spent \$14 Galleons 9 Sickles but only had to pay \$1 Galleon 9 sickles out of his own pocket after using his \$13 Galleons worth of points.

Anna laughed at his large purchase. She had \$2 Galleons of points left to spend and only bought a team photo and 2 photos of her keeping so she still had \$12 Sickles left for Keeper camp. The rest of his bunk mates used all their points and then some on different gifts and they all had to head back to pack their things before the Pro meet and greet. Harry didn't want to show off that he had enough money to

buy out the entire gift shop and decided he would just use his points and a few extra galleons and keep his fortune a secret for now.

The pro player meet and greet was quite boring for Harry. He had never appreciated his own celebrity and thought how some of the pro players strutted around was ludicrous. He also thought it was amusing how the campers all acted like star struck little kids and almost bounced from one pro to another getting autographs.

“Not into the whole thing huh?” Oliver asked him with a grimace as he watched the pro’s try to out do each other with their fake smiles.

“Definitely not,” Harry told him. “I hate it when people fawn over me because of the whole Boy-who-Lived thing but these people are all acting like Lockhart. It’s quite disturbing but at least I understand now why my farmhouse was turned into a luxury hotel. I assume it’s for posers like these.”

Oliver just laughed and headed over to break up an argument between two girl campers. They seemed to be arguing over which one of them some American chaser thought was prettier. Harry just shook his head and was about to head back to his bunk to make sure he was packed when he was surrounded by some of the campers from other sections.

“We heard you were signing autographs for your bunkmates. Can you sign some for us?” A boy from yellow section asked him and held up an individual photo of Harry doing one of his crazy moves.

“Sure, I guess.” Harry said realizing they wouldn’t let him have any peace until he signed them. “I left my markers in my bunk let me ask one of the counselors to have a house elf get them.” He wandered over to Oliver and told him what was going on. Once he was done laughing at Harry he summoned Miko to get Harry’s new markers and even conjured a table and chair for him to sit at. As much as he hated the celebrity he wasn’t going to let the other campers down, especially if they all bought photos of him at the gift shop.

The camp staff could be seen trying to hold in their laughter as the rumor of Harry Potter signing autographs spread through the campers. Soon Harry's table was surrounded with his fellow campers and the pro players were looking shocked. The staff at the farm thought it was hilarious that the pro players were being ignored in favor of a 15 year old boy. The gift shop was barely keeping up with demand for Harry Potter pictures and had to bring in extra house elves to help make copies of the photos.

Finally, what seemed like an eternity later, Harry was done signing autographs for the campers. When the last one hurried back to their bunk to finish packing he breathed a sigh of relief and rubbed his sore wrist. That was worse than taking notes! He looked up and realized the pro players were staring at him and had realized who he was. He even had to sign a few autographs for some of the pro players. He did notice Oliver howling with laughter in the background as he signed an autograph for one of the pros.

Harry was able to say goodbye to all of his new friends before heading over to the staff area. He wanted to see what the staff had thought of the changes and if there was anything else they wanted to change before next week's chaser and beater camps. Miko had already sent his trunk to the main house for whenever he planned on returning so he could either leave later that day or even the next.

"So how'd you like camp Harry?" Garret was the first to ask him when he walked into the mess hall and realized they must have been having a post-camp meeting.

"It was great!" Harry told them with a grin. "I think everyone else enjoyed themselves as well. The points were a big hit."

"I thought they really helped keep everything more relaxed," Ilma Hooch stated. "In previous camps those that thought they were better than others or the current point leaders were very cocky and not very nice to the other campers."

"I think they gave the kids something to work towards even if they were not in the running for one of the all star spots," Sam told them all.

“It made everyone seem included for the whole week regardless of their actual Quidditch talent.”

“The poster idea with the team photos was great,” Mike told Harry. “I believe it will become our biggest seller. Well that along with all our exclusive Harry Potter camp photos.” He said with a smirk. “Did you know that we averaged 2 photos of you sold per camper? I think there were only 2 campers who didn’t buy at least one.” Harry just groaned and rubbed his still sore wrist.

“So other than the beaters and chasers who else is here next week?” Harry asked curiously.

“Coaches and referees,” Mike told him. The chasers and beaters take up two sections and then we split the coaches and referees into their own sections to avoid any personality clashes.”

“ Sounds like fun,” Harry said with a smirk just imagining the arguments that could break out between coaches and referees.

He spent the rest of the afternoon talking with the staff and went to visit the sanctuary with Ash again before heading back to England. He wanted to see how Dudley was holding up. He was worried that his aunt and uncle would get too mouthy and Dud would punch one of them.

Chapter 9: Learning Your Heritage

Harry appeared in his room at Privet Drive, startling Dudley who was eating a MRE dinner. "Sorry Dud I didn't mean to scare you."

"It's alright Harry. I'm just not used to people or creatures popping out of thin air." Dudley told him with a shrug. "Your little friend Dobby had been popping in to clean and make sure Hedwig has food while you were gone. Did you have a fun time at camp?"

"It was awesome," Harry said and sat down and told his cousin all about his week at camp and about all the staff changes he had to make. "You're looking great Dud. I see the diet, exercise and potion are really working."

"Thanks for helping me with it Harry," he said. "I don't know how I would be holding up through all this without your help. My parents are still being completely unreasonable. I don't know what to do about them so I spend all my time either hiding in here or at the gym. I've been reading some of your books, I hope that's ok?"

"Sure," Harry told him. "There are some that can only be read by a Potter and a lot in goblin language so you won't be able to read those. There are few that I placed charms on so that only I could open as they have very nasty spells in them but since you can't open them there shouldn't be any problems. What did you read about?"

"I was reading about Wizard laws and history. I also read about squibs and how you can tell the difference between a squib and a muggle. I was curious if my mum was a squib since your mum was a witch. I haven't been able to figure out how to tell for sure. The only useable thing I read about is that squibs can see some magical creatures that muggles cannot and the only real proof is a blood heritage potion to see if there are magical ancestors." Dudley told him and Harry was intrigued. He had never really thought about the possibility that his aunt was a squib.

"We can go to Gringotts the wizarding bank and you can take a heritage test and see," Harry offered. "I have a portkey that will

bypass the entire alley if you want otherwise I can show you around Diagon Alley as well first.”

“Oh! I remember now, you got a letter from Gringotts this morning.” Dudley said and went over to Harry’s desk and brought back a small stack of letters. “Dobby screened your mail and said these could wait till you got back but I was supposed to give you the bank letter as soon as you got home.”

“Thanks,” Harry said laughing at the mental picture of Dobby ordering his cousin around. The letter was from Ragnok reminding Harry to check his Gringotts box as they had left letters that past few days with no response. He had written that he assumed Harry was either having too much fun playing or had been injured. He also stated that if it was the latter then he better let Nani look at him or they would both be in trouble. Harry pulled out his trunk and resized it before removing his Gringotts box to find the actual letter from the head goblin.

Lord Potter,

We were finally able to determine who made the withdrawals from your accounts from the time of your parents’ deaths and your godfather’s imprisonment. I have enclosed the list of dates, amounts and the person who authorized the withdrawal. I have also cross referenced those individuals’ accounts and have included the immediate transfers of funds to other individuals. We have a strong case against everyone involved if you wish to press charges. Please inform us of your decision.

Ragnok

Harry looked over the list and was actually surprised at the amount taken from him. It was enough to fully support a large family for life yet it barely scratched the surface of his fortune. There was of course the annual stipend to the Dursley account that was given bi-annually and amounted to a total of \$14,000 galleons over 14 years. There were also the annual withdrawals of Wizengamot dues, ministry taxes and once he was 11 his annual Hogwarts fees. Then there were the

fraudulent withdrawals that were made before he was 11 as well as extra withdrawals made other than the ones he authorized.

Harry had known that Dumbledore had been steeling from him but he hadn't realized just how far it had gone. He paid himself a salary of \$5,000 per month as Regent which equates to almost \$850,000 galleons over the past 14 years. All of that went directly into the Dumbledore vault. The rest of the shady transactions were for things such as "research" and "legislation fees" and would be instantly transferred into Albus' toadies' vaults. There were also annual "Order Membership Dues" taken from not only his parents' but Sirius' vaults as well for \$1,000 galleons each for members who were either dead or in prison and for an Order that was disbanded.

The withdrawals that made Harry's heart hurt though were the ones Mrs. Weasley had made in his name for school supplies. They were the only unauthorized withdrawals from his trust vault and it made him want to cry. He had realized that his friendship with the Weasley family had been orchestrated by Dumbledore but he had never thought Molly Weasley would steel from him. She took three withdrawals from his account each year starting the Christmas of his 1st year. At Christmas time she withdrew the maximum monthly withdrawal of \$500 galleons under the pretense that Harry needed additional funds to buy his friends Christmas presents. She would then deposit \$450 galleons into her own personal vault, not the family vault, and then use the rest to purchase gifts for her own family.

She would then make a withdrawal near the end of the school year for another \$500 galleons 'to get him through the summer.' All of that would go into her personal vault. She then would withdraw another \$500 galleons for school supplies for him that he usually only saw half or less of, the rest he assumed was used to buy the Weasley kids' supplies. Right before school started again she would withdraw another \$500 galleons for spending money while at school. All of which would be placed into her personal vault.

A detailed spending sheet of Molly Weasley's personal vault was included so Harry could see just what exactly she was using his money for. He had helped fund their trip to Romania his 1st year to see Charlie, paid for ½ their family trip to Egypt, bought Ron's broom

and assorted other larger priced treats for the red-heads. Harry just wondered if all the family knew or if it was mum Weasley's dirty little secret. He also noted that Dumbledore paid her \$200 galleons for each week Harry stayed with them over the summers, even last year when they were all at Grimwald place.

With some sadness he realized that he was funding the entire Order of the Phoenix and didn't want to pull his money entirely but was upset that it had been going on so long. He decided that the first step would be to stop any future withdrawals from his accounts except for those with his authorization. He would then get info from the twins and Charlie about their mother before making any decisions there. He did authorize Gringotts to place a hold on her personal account if she tried to withdrawal a large amount or move any of it. That way, if they had all known he would not feel guilty by taking it all away again.

He also had Gringotts place a hold on the Dumbledore account so that the good Headmaster would have to explain to Ragnok why he took \$5,000 galleons a month when the maximum allowable salary to a Regent was \$5,000 galleons a year and the Potter regent was only supposed to be paid \$2,500 galleons per year and allowed to live on a Potter property. He told Ragnok to hold off pressing charges if Dumbledore returned all \$800,000 galleons of the stolen money. He just wished he could be present to see the old man taken down a peg or two.

The next morning Harry and Dudley took a bus into London so they could visit Gringotts about Dudley's magical inheritance if there was any. Harry was back in disguise and with Dudley having lost so much weight neither boy would be recognized. "Are you sure you want to do this Dud?" Harry asked him one last time as they approached Gringotts. Harry had been watching Dudley's varied reactions to the wizarding alley and could see the amazement in his cousin's eyes.

"Yes," Dudley said knowing he needed to know or he would always wonder.

The boys made their way into Gringotts and over to an open teller. "My cousin and I wish to speak with Ragnok at his earliest

convenience.” He said in English and followed up with, “May your gold grow always,” in Gobbledygook.

They were quickly led into the head goblin’s office where Ragnok was waiting for them as Harry had sent him a request through his Gringotts box. Harry explained that Dudley was curious if either he or his mother were squibs since Harry’s mum was magical. The old goblin was just as intrigued as the boys were and he showed them to a ritual room where they could do a blood heritage ritual. The only problem with the ritual is that it required magic to perform so Harry would have to have it done as well to power the room with his magic and it would perform Dudley’s as well.

“The reason this ritual has never been performed on non-magical humans before to my knowledge is that it forms a bond between the wizard and the muggle. Since you two already have a family bond as cousins it will just strengthen that bond and will not cause any more personal type of bond.” Ragnok explained and Harry realized it would almost cause a bond like his to Dobby if they hadn’t already had a family bond.

The ritual was fairly easy. Each boy stood in a golden circle in front of a golden bowl and after Harry chanted the ritual words they would each use a golden dagger to cut their hand and let their blood flow into the bowl. The goblin would then finish the ritual magic and heal their wounded hands. Their blood would flow from the golden bowl to enchanted parchment that would list their genealogy as well as the list of vaults they owned, had access to or were heir to.

After the ritual was complete they were led into an adjoining room and were met by Nani who was holding vials of potions for each of them. Harry weakly introduced Dudley to Nani before he gratefully accepted the potions she handed him. Within a few minutes both boys were refreshed and ready to read the results of the ritual.

“Well Mr. Dursley, it seems your hunch was correct.” Ragnok said as he joined the two boys with their results. “Your mother is a squib. It seems your grandfather Evans was a squib and last of his line and your grandmother Evans was a very weak witch who was expelled

from her family when she did not receive a Hogwarts letter. You are also technically a squib, not a muggle Mr. Dursley and therefore are entitled to your inheritances, as long as no more than 30 of your net worth is withdrawn to the muggle world."

At Dudley's confused look Harry explained, "Dud, he's saying there is a vault or two in your name but that you have to leave most of it here in the wizarding world. You can use up to 30 of the total amount in the muggle world but the majority must stay here to help support the wizarding economy."

"Will I be able to take enough to pay for my school tuition?" Dudley asked Ragnok hopefully as he had not told Harry that his uncle had told him he would not be paying anything for his freak son.

"Your school expenses are not included in the amount you can take into the wizarding world. All school expenses can be paid directly to your school. It is only for things like muggle properties or investments that you cannot take more than 30." Ragnok explained wondering how he came to be friends with such wealthy young humans.

Harry looked at his genealogy and was shocked. He looked at his mother's side first so he could help explain to Dudley what it meant. The first thing he saw was that his grandmother was in actuality Jasmine Hope Crouch, older sister of Barty Crouch Sr. She was expelled from the family and sent to the muggle world when she didn't receive her Hogwarts letter. She was not a squib yet she didn't have enough power to perform the magics on the OWL exams so never received a letter. Her parents changed her name and sent her to a muggle finishing school. Now he and Dudley were the last of the Crouch line. Dudley as the elder of them was the rightful Head of family but would not be able to use the Wizengamot seat as a squib so Harry would be the acting head unless Dudley produced a magical offspring.

The more shocking information was that his grandfather Marcus Heath Evans was the grandson of Morfin Guant who Harry had recently read was a direct descendant of Slytherin. He had been researching Voldemort to see if he really was the Heir of Slytherin.

The reason he had believed himself to be the heir was because he was the son of Merope Gaunt who was a direct descendent but not heir as she had an older brother Morfin who everyone believed died without having an heir. Harry's grandfather was the grandson of Morfin and one of the local tavern maids. She obviously didn't want Morfin to know he was the father but by blood her child Heath Patrick Evans was the heir of Slytherin, not Tom Marvolo Riddle. Heath was a squib and never knew of his magical heritage. He married a muggle woman and gave birth to Marcus who later married Jasmine and they had Petunia and Lily.

"So I really was the heir of Slytherin, or at least the current magical heir?" Harry asked Ragnok in shock and also realized that his gift of Parseltongue was not transferred from Voldie but from his mother's side of the family.

"So I'm an heir to one of the Hogwarts founders?" Dudley asked shocked. He had read about the founders and how powerful they were. It was hard to imagine that he was related to any of them.

"You Mr. Dursley are actually related to 2 of the Hogwarts founders as the Crouch family was the last remaining descendents of Rowena Ravenclaw." Ragnok said enjoying the stunned looks both boys gave him as they continued to trace up their genealogy. The old goblin couldn't wait for Harry to start examining his Potter side as there were more fun surprises in store.

Harry turned to his Potter line thinking there could be no more surprises than from his mother's side and decided he should never doubt his penchance for NOT being normal. He saw that his father was a true descendent of Godric Gryffindor and although he had already suspected as much it was still surreal to see his name connected to the founder of his house. "I guess I really am a true Gryffindor then," Harry said with a smile. "Dumbledore had told me when I pulled Godric's sword from the sorting hat that only a true Gryffindor could have done it. I imagine that is why the sorting hat listened to my pleas to be in any house other than Slytherin as well."

“It also explains the great wealth the Potter family has amassed,” Ragnok told him with something resembling a goblin smile on his face. “The founders were very wealthy and opened some of the very first vaults here at Gringotts. Did you know that Gryffindor is actually a descendent of Merlin himself?” The old goblin asked and pointed to the very top of Harry’s genealogy causing him to sit down in shock that he could actually be related to Merlin!

“Any other surprises?” Harry asked, not really sure if he wanted to know any more.

“Just the one,” Ragnok said gently and pointed to the top of the line from where Harry’s grandmother Marguerite Lynn Potter nee Wilson was descended from. There at the top was Helga Hufflepuff.

“So you’re telling me I am directly descended from all four of the Hogwarts founders and Merlin himself?” Harry asked waiting for someone to come in and say they were joking.

“Well 100 or so years ago many people could say they were related to one or more of the founders but with the wars most of the pure-blood families have died out and with them the genes of the great ones. They have all joined together again in you and that is why you are so powerful young Harry. It is why it was you who were destined for greatness. You will restore the great families and bring peace to all magical kind.” The wise old goblin told him solemnly with a deep bow and Harry knew what he was speaking was true. “You are the true heir of Hogwarts.”

Harry and Dudley went to visit their new vaults. Dudley tried to get Harry to take over control of the vaults from their mother’s side but Harry told him no. Dudley was the Head of the Crouch family as well as the only true heir of Slytherin. He would keep the money and turn it over to his first magical child when they were of age. Dudley still didn’t understand the importance necessarily of his heritage but knew that he needed to keep it quiet and definitely not tell his parents.

The Crouch vault was separate from the Ravenclaw vault as the family had never consolidated them. Harry was intrigued that the

Ravenclaw vault required two family members to grant entrance and realized that without that safety precaution all the contents would have made their way to Voldemort through Barty Jr. There were hundreds of new books for Harry to read and they packed all of them away into Harry's trunk which he had brought just in case. They would buy the supplies later to copy all the books and return them but for now they would remove them rather than spend hours in a vault.

They were also admitted to the Slytherin vault, which also needed two blood relatives to be able to remove any contents. Harry had wondered why there was so much need for secrecy on the vault that was empty save a portrait of the founder and thousands of books.

"Come my children, let me tell you the true tale of the Slytherin family," The founder spoke to them and they listened to him tell them how it was his young son Salazar Jr. that became a dark wizard and that he was the one who quarreled with the other founders after killing his own father. The young Slytherin had been married for less than a year when a mob of muggles burned her alive for being a witch. She was with child and young Salazar murdered every being in the village where the muggles lived in retribution and began a campaign of evil against muggles and anyone who was associated with them, forgetting that his beloved wife was a muggle born herself.

He told them how all money and items of worth were sold off over the years as his descendents tumbled father into poverty and the once powerful line descended into squibs. He told them of how his descents transferred anything they could to their own vaults to thwart the need for two descendents and how almost 70 years ago a descendent named Marvolo Gaunt had brought his young son and daughter to the vault and cleared it of everything that would fetch a price, including the remaining Slytherin heirlooms. Only the books remained as they were too heavy for the man to carry and as he could barely read himself thought them to be worthless.

Harry explained to the founder that they needed to borrow all the books to make copies and then they would return all the originals once they were done. He even swore an oath to return the books to their proper place in the vault and the founder allowed them to be taken without a fuss.

The Gryffindor vault had long since merged with the Potter family one but the Hufflepuff vault was still accessible. They found another treasure trove of books as well as thousands of preserved plant cuttings and seeds. Harry knew he would have to bring Neville here to determine which could be cultivated.

They returned to the surface and hired the help of two librarian goblins for the rest of the week to copy each of the priceless books from the founders' vaults. They told the goblins to apparate directly to Harry's room after dinner as they wanted to shop the alley first. Harry showed Dudley around and the two boys just had fun spending money for the afternoon. Dudley had even splurged and tried a bite of each of Florean's different ice cream flavors. They stopped into the Magical Menagerie to buy Hedwig some more treats and see if they had anything special for Fawkes or Beauty. Dudley was drawn to one of the back corners of the room and Harry followed incase it was something dangerous. They found instead a beautiful golden retriever puppy begging to be let out.

"It's like he's calling to me Harry," Dudley said in awe as he gazed at the small dog.

Harry could see a familiar bond begging to form between the two and realized they were supposed to be together. "Then lets take him home Dud," Harry said with a grin as the puppy yelped for joy as Dudley reached in and took him out.

"What about school?" Dudley asked worriedly. "They will let me bring a pet but it's a big extra fee."

"Dud, do you not remember what we were just told about your school expenses? Besides, every magical being needs their familiar and you have just found yours." Harry said with a grin. "Besides, even if your school says no Dobby can care for him while you're gone."

"Mum won't like it," Dudley said halfheartedly as if he was still trying to find a reason to say no.

“Tough,” Harry said with a laugh. “Remember that I own the house!” The two boys and the golden puppy finished up their shopping and made their way home. They took the Night Bus this time to get their faster and because of the dog. Dudley looked a little green when they were done and all three of them were glad to get off the bus.

The boys spent the rest of the day at the gym. Dudley had done well in the two weeks Harry had been gone. The boys were almost on even ground in their weight training and cardio classes. Harry was still exceptional in martial arts with his natural quick reflexes and his previous fighting experiences. Dudley was more advanced in their kick-boxing class just because of all his time in the boxing ring. He was looking forward to getting back to boxing at school as now he would be in a weight class with good opponents. His super heavy weight class was basically a bunch of out of shape and overweight boys and the winner was usually the one with the strongest punches since they all tired out so fast.

“I can’t believe how much weight I’ve lost!” Dudley told Harry happily as they walked back home after their workouts. “The potion is great because it keeps me from having sagging skin from losing so much so fast. That was one of my fears was that I would look like I had loose skin hanging off all over.”

“Well you only have a few weeks of potion left and then we will see just how far down you are. We’ll go shopping after that so that you have a good wardrobe that fits. Now that you have access to money you can afford to buy more if you lose a lot at school.” Harry told him with a grin. “By the way, under absolutely no circumstance are you to mention to either of your parents the fact that you have money in the wizarding world. I know they hate magic but I doubt it extends to the large stash of gold in your name at Gringotts. Let them believe that I gave you the money for the clothes and for school, that way there is no way your dad can somehow muscle your inheritance away.”

“I wasn’t planning on telling them anything anyway,” Dudley said with a sour look on his face. “I still can’t believe how they are acting. I never really knew what narrow minded ignorant people they were. I would move out but I’m not old enough yet.”

“Yeah, I thought that it would be nice to kick them out of the house but with you being underage it’s just easier to keep them there.” Harry said with a shrug. “They aren’t going to be in very good moods for the rest of the summer either. I heard that there are several bills they can’t pay and the bank has refused any additional equity loans on the house now that they realize they never owned it in the first place.”

“What are they going to do to get extra money?” Dudley wondered aloud.

“Well it is the 90’s, your mum could get a job. It’s not like she has any kids at home to take care of or anything. Your dad will have to sell his super expensive car, their time-share, and neither will be going on vacation or buying designer clothing any more.” Harry told him with a grin as he imagined someone actually hiring his aunt.

“Mum will probably try and sell off everything in the house before she breaks down and gets a job.” Dudley said also with a smirk. “Do you think Dobby can do some sort of sticking charm or something so that she can’t take any of my things from the house?”

“Good idea, I’ll talk with him and see what he can do. There should be a ward or something we can place that doesn’t let them take things that are ours or that should rightfully belong to us.” Harry said as the two entered the house.

Dudley was surprised to see the Headmaster of his school Smeltings sitting in the living room when they arrived. “Good evening Headmaster,” Dudley said politely wondering what the man was doing there. “To what do we owe the pleasure of your company?” He was glad to see that Harry was still standing with him as he had a feeling he would need his cousin’s support very soon.

“Your father informed us that you would be no longer returning to Smeltings and I have come to take care of the paperwork. It is almost finished now Mr. Dursley. I hope you will be happy at public school for your remaining year.” The man told him.

“I am afraid I don’t understand,” Dudley said, understanding too well that his father was trying to do everything possible to ruin his life. “I will certainly be attending Smeltings in the fall. I have just come from the bank where my cousin helped me set up a school fund. I will have more than enough money to pay the tuition even without my father’s help.”

“Your father informed me that you wanted to leave Smeltings not that it was a monetary issue,” the headmaster said sending a disapproving look at Vernon who was glaring at both boys and turning purple at being discovered.

“My father does not like my new attitude of being tolerant of others and no longer a bully. He is repulsed by the idea that I was in counseling this past year. He had threatened to not pay for my education anymore. My cousin has excess money in his trust from his parents and has offered to pay for my last year so I can continue at Smeltings and even to pay for college if I can get my grades turned around enough to be accepted. Since I have become friendly with my cousin, whom my parents hate, they have cut off all funds. I suppose it is for the best that Harry here has offered to pay since my father can no longer afford the tuition himself due to falling into great personal debt himself.” Dudley told the man who was aware of some of Dudley’s problems the year before and who had complimented him on getting his life back on track before the summer break.

“Well then I will just tear up this paperwork then,” the man said with a smile. “I will be very glad to have you back with us for your final year Mr. Dursley. If you encounter any more family problems over the summer, please feel free to contact me at the school. And I must say that your diet and exercise program is doing wonders.”

“Thank you Headmaster and I appreciate your support. I will have my bank and solicitor contact you soon with the details of my education trust. Thank you for coming in person.” Dudley said and showed him to the door before turning around to have a good row with his father. “So you thought you could try and ruin my education like you ruined the rest of my life?” He growled.

Harry watched the whole exchange in silence. He was glad that Dudley had worked it all out and was impressed with his polite and respectful way of dealing with his headmaster. He sat down on the loveseat to watch the fight between the Dursley family. He wondered how long it would last and if he would be able to threaten his uncle again. One thing he knew was that as soon as Dudley was of age he was kicking the walrus and the horse to the curb. He didn't mind so much their horrible treatment of him but there was no excuse for how they were currently treating Dudley. He wondered how his aunt and his mother could possibly be from the same family.

Chapter 10: OWL Results

The next week or so went by quickly as Harry settled back into his routine. He had written Hermione twice since her first letter and could tell that something was bothering her. He had talked with Dudley and Remus and they decided that he would visit her in person the morning the OWL results arrived. She had seemed more worried than normal about her grades, like something bad would happen to her if she didn't get perfect scores. Harry thought it was a shame there wasn't the wizarding equivalent of a psychologist so she could talk to someone about her over obsessive need to be perfect.

Ragnok had informed him that his results would be arriving a week before his birthday so he had Dudley move his motorcycle to the gym's parking lot the previous morning. He would sneak out under his cloak and then use the bike to drive to Hermione's house. He woke up at his usual early time and after a quick breakfast headed out. He wanted to be close to her house when the scores arrived as he wanted to see or at least hear her reaction. He was sure she would do excellent and knowing how important the scores were to her he wanted to be there.

He pulled onto her street right as he saw the two owls approaching. He parked the bike, waited for one of the birds to land on his arm so he could get his envelope and then donned his cloak so he could slip into the house and surprise her. He saw her sitting at the kitchen table looking terrified of the parchment in her hand. Before he had the chance to let her know he was there her father came into the room.

Dr. Granger walked over to where his daughter was sitting and upon seeing the parchment in her hand forcefully grabbed it from her. "I told you I didn't want to see you using any of this stupid parchment this summer. Use paper like a normal person." The man snapped at her and went to ball her results up.

In a trembling voice, one that Harry had never heard her use before, Hermione told her dad. "They are my exam results. They just arrived a minute ago." She then put her head down as if ashamed of the results as her father started to read through them.

“What is this crap?” He bellowed at her with narrowed eyes. “You didn’t even get all O’s! Not to mention that you were not the top score in two of your exams! Plus it says here that you didn’t receive top marks in ANY exam for all students taking it. I told you that I expected better of you! How do you explain this filth?”

Harry watched in stunned horror as his best friend was belittled and verbally assaulted by her own father for being a failure and a disappointment. The insane man had the gall to say that Hermione wasn’t smart enough and that her nearly perfect scores were not good enough. It quickly became clear to Harry why she had always obsessed about her grades. She was terrified of her father who expected perfection when it was not needed or even possible. He wanted her to be top in every class and had expected her scores to be top across all the students who took the exams. That means top scores out of every witch or wizard their age in the entire wizarding world.

“I knew you would be disappointed,” she told her father through her tears that were streaming down her face. “I knew that Harry would beat my score in Defense as it comes naturally to him, and I told you that my astronomy exam was interrupted which is why I only received an Exceeds Expectations.”

“And I explained that you needed to petition your government to be allowed to retake that exam.” He growled at her as if she was stupid.

“I did,” she said quietly. “But I would have had to retake every single exam offered, not just for the subjects that I take.”

“So you would have had to take two extra exams! How difficult could it be for you to take an exam about normal life or to make things up about seeing your future in the stars! I never thought you were so pathetic,” he sneered at her and Harry was too closely reminded of Snape.

“It’s not that simple,” she tried to explain. “There are 12 subjects that they test in that are not even offered at Hogwarts that I would have had to test in as well. Subjects such as languages, healing, flying and

even the dark arts! I know nothing about those subjects and would have certainly failed them!" She cried in desperation.

"I knew sending you to that foolish school would rot your brain. I have more than made up my mind that you will give up that silly magic and come back to the real world where you were at least a decent student. How your pathetic mother talked me into letting you go to that crack pot school is beyond me. You are much too like your mother, some days I wonder if you are even my child!" He raged at her and it took everything in Harry's power to keep from hexing the man. Thinking back he realized that she rarely spoke of her life at home and now he knew why.

Harry waited until the man left the room before cautiously approaching the huddled figure at the table who was sobbing her heart out. "Hermione," he said quietly as he laid his hand on her back. "It's Harry, shhh it's alright. Let's get you up to your room so you can be more comfortable." He told her as gently as he could. He was still under the cloak as he didn't want her father to see him. He couldn't tell if she even heard him as he led her out of the room and up the stairs, looking into each room until he found hers.

He picked her up and gently laid her on the bed before closing her door and placing silencing charms so her dad wouldn't hear him talking to her. He took off the cloak and went to sit next to the broken girl on the bed. It was hard to reconcile the strong, opinionated girl he knew from school to the sobbing, abused one on the bed. He kicked himself for never realizing there was an underlying problem with her obsessive study habits.

"Hermione," he said at normal volume this time once her sobs had quieted. "Do you want to talk about it?" He asked not really knowing how to handle the situation.

"What are you doing here?" She asked quietly, still not having come to terms with the fact that her friend had heard everything that had just gone on. She had taken such great pains to keep it all a secret.

“I wanted to see your happy face when you realized how well you did on your OWLs.” He told her with a sigh. “I knew how important they were to you and thought we could share the day together.”

Hermione gave him a weak smile and threw herself into his arms, hugging him as if her life depended on it. Any doubts he had of her sincerity in their friendship vanished as he realized it didn't matter. She needed him now and he would be the friend for her that she was for him during the Triwizard Tournament. “Thank you,” she said as she lay back down and tried to dry her tears on her pillowcase.

“Do you want to tell me now? You know I won't judge and that I would never repeat anything you don't want me to.” He asked her.

She decided that she had been holding this secret long enough and that it was time to let it go. He had seen her father and his reactions with his own eyes so maybe he would understand. “My dad is strict,” she began wondering how to even express how demanding and unreasonable her father was. “I can never do good enough to please him. Bringing home top marks is expected not praised. If I do any less than perfect then he is disappointed. He was livid when my Hogwarts letter came. He wanted me to become a great scientist or doctor, not a witch. Sometimes it's hard to believe we are related.”

“What about your mum?” Harry asked hoping she had at least one loving parent.

“My mum is great,” Hermione said with a true smile. “She tries to shield me from him most of the time but is not always successful. They have been together since they were little. It was almost like an arranged marriage but without the paperwork. They were pushed together by both of their families. My father was all for the match but I can see that look on my mum's face every now and then that tells me that she wanted something more. She was happy for me when I got my letter and she convinced my dad to let me go to Hogwarts.”

“You are a great witch and have a brilliant mind Hermione,” Harry told her sincerely. “Don't ever let what your father says make you doubt that. You are the smartest student at Hogwarts. Besides

nobody is perfect, it is not possible. I would use your father as a good example of that. If he was perfect he would find a way to encourage your grades without intimidation and fear.”

The two talked for another hour about her life and her father’s expectations and how it affected her. Harry just let her talk and would ask questions once in a while when he didn’t understand. He was glad she was able to talk it all out, sometimes just talking about it made someone feel better.

They were startled a bit later when Hermione’s mother came rushing into the room. She looked anxious to check on her daughter and startled to see Harry in the room. “Hermione dear I was just checking to see how you were doing? I heard your father was not impressed with your scores and was worried about you. I came home as soon as I could.” She told her daughter with a sad smile on her face. “Who is your friend?”

“This is Harry mum, my friend from school that I’ve told you about. He came over to surprise me this morning knowing that results were coming. He heard everything,” She told her mother sadly. “He’s been helping me talk about it.”

Emily Granger was a beautiful woman. She had curly blonde hair, brown eyes and seemed very intelligent. In fact Hermione looked a lot like her. She was busy trying to determine why her daughter’s friend looked so familiar when it finally dawned on her. “You look a lot like an old acquaintance of mine Harry.” She told him with a smile and sat down on the other side of Hermione’s bed. “I haven’t seen him since I married Hermione’s father.” She said wistfully.

“I thought I had seen pictures of all your childhood friends?” Hermione asked curiously. She had always thought there was something her mother kept quiet about and wondered if this was it.

“You’ve seen pictures of everyone your father and our family knew about,” her mother told her with a sly smile. “You see your father and I went to separate colleges for our pre dentistry degrees. I went to a girls college to try and escape the hold my parents had over me and

their desire to see me marry your father. I met a young man my sophomore year and we saw each other on and off for the rest of my undergraduate years. He was wonderful but mysterious and he was my way of rebelling against my parents. His name was Nigel and he introduced me to his friend Jimmy once or twice. You look like you could be Jimmy's son," Jane told Harry with a fond smile.

"I wonder what happened to them," she said with a far off look. "In the end I gave into my parents and I broke Nigel's heart. I think he would have married me in a second if I had ever been willing."

"When was the last time you saw him?" Hermione asked curiously as she had never heard about this part of her mother's life before. She couldn't help but think about what her life would have been like if her mum had been with Nigel rather than her father. Then she realized she wouldn't have been born and knew it couldn't be helped who her father was.

"The night before my wedding to your father," she told her sadly. "He tried one last time to talk me out of marrying him. He promised he could support me and that we could disappear into another world and never be found if I wanted. Some days I wish I had run away with him but then I wouldn't have you sweet pea and that makes it all worth while."

"That sounds very romantic mum," Hermione said with a smile. "I'm glad you told me finally. I like knowing this secret. You should look him up. Maybe he is still single," she said with a smile. "I'm almost 17 now so you don't have to worry too much about me and Grandma and Grandpa are dead, what keeps you here with him?"

"I promise I will leave him as soon as you graduate dear one," Her mother said while pulling her into a hug. "But until you are out of school he has too much control over you. Unless your grandparents left us a bunch of money I don't know about I can't afford to pay for your school and live on my own. I am sorry sweet but we will have to wait it out another year."

“Ok, we’ll wait, but I still say you should look him up. What was his full name anyway?” Hermione asked with a mischievous smile.

“It was a funny name; his name was Nigel P. Grim. He would never tell me what the P stood for though,” Her mother said with a laugh not noticing the startled look on Harry’s face.

“What is it Harry? Do you recognize the name?” Hermione asked noticing the reaction her friend had to the name.

Harry was in shock and just nodded before pulling out his wallet and handing his fake ID to Hermione and the only photo he kept in there to her mother. Both women gasped at the same time and turned to look questioningly at him. “My ID when I’m in disguise is Jim Grim. The Jim as it is a shorter version of my father James’ name and not as corny as Jimmy and Grim as that is the last name my godfather Sirius Black used when he went into the muggle world. He had a whole separate muggle identity as Nigel P Grim, with the P standing for Padfoot which was his animagi form.”

“This is him,” Jane said staring at the photo of Harry and Sirius that was taken the previous Christmas at Grimwald place. Remus had given it to him the first day they met as he knew how much it would mean to him. He had Dobby make a copy to frame and one for his album and then kept the original in his wallet at all times. “So he’s a wizard? And he’s your godfather?” She looked like something was tickling the edge of her conscious and then she placed her hand over her mouth and looked lovingly at her daughter as she began to cry. When Harry told her that yes he was a wizard she placed her head in her hands and cried harder.

“What is the matter mum?” Hermione asked her mother, worried about the strange reaction to seeing a picture of her old boyfriend.

Once she composed herself she turned to her daughter, sorrow written across her features. “Oh my baby I am so so so sorry,” she said taking Hermione’s hand in her own. “You have got to believe me when I say that I really thought you were his, that’s why I’ve kept us here so long. But if Nigel was magical... then maybe...” She trailed

off as if afraid to say the words but Harry had quickly understood and was realizing the potential impact.

“Then maybe what?” Hermione asked, not having put the pieces together as she was too worried about her mum.

“Then maybe there’s a better reason you are a witch that anyone has thought,” Harry filled in as he realized Mrs. Granger was too upset to voice the thought. “Maybe you are not a muggle born but actually a half-blood.”

“You mean that Sirius could be my father?” Hermione asked pain evident in her eyes as she realized that even if it were true it was too late.

“I don’t know anymore,” her mother said sadly. “Maybe we should speak with him; there could be an easy wizard way to decide.”

Harry just sadly shook his head, tears in his eyes. Hermione gathered him into a hug and held him as he fought down the pain. He was dealing with Sirius’ death but it still hurt to think he was gone forever. “He was killed at the end of the school year,” Hermione told her mum quietly as she held her friend.

“So there is no way to know for sure then,” her mother said trying to ignore the pain in her heart at knowing the only man she ever cared for was dead.

“There is a heritage ritual at Gringotts,” Harry said softly. “It will tell you your genealogy. It will be required to be able to claim your inheritance if it’s true.”

“But Harry that’s your money,” Hermione said shaking her head.

“No, he specifically stated in his will that any confirmed child of his was to receive \$250,000 Galleons. That means he wanted you to have it if you truly are his daughter.” Harry told her with a sad smile. “The ritual is tiring but it doesn’t hurt. Would you like me to have the goblins set it up?”

Hermione nodded yes and then tilted her head to the side and really looked at him for the first time since he arrived. She had been so wrapped up in her own emotions that she had failed to notice the amazing changes her friend had gone through. "Harry! You look great!" She exclaimed and looked sheepish as he laughed.

"Thanks for finally noticing that I'm not a scrawny kid anymore," he joked playfully. "There are a lot of things that have gone on since the end of the year. I promise to explain everything as long as you promise to keep an open mind and not to say anything to anyone unless I ok it."

"You know I don't like secrets Harry," she told him wondering what he was getting at. "Why don't you give me an idea of what it is about so I can determine if it is something I think needs to stay quiet?"

"I've been lied to my entire life Hermione. My parents' wills were never followed and I was never informed that I was the Head of a Noble and Ancient House. On top of that people that we know and trust have been stealing my money. I don't know who I can trust anymore Hermione and I really hope you will be one of the select few that I can." Harry told her and watched her reactions carefully to see if she had any knowledge of any of it.

"But Harry that's all highly illegal!" She screeched. "How do you expect me to keep quiet? You should be pressing charges!"

Harry just laughed with relief at her outrage on his behalf and could sense the sincerity behind her words. Hermione Granger had just joined the short list of trusted friends in his life. "Welcome aboard Hermione, now let me fill you in on everything that has gone on since you were in the hospital wing at the end of the year."

Hermione was in awe of her friend. She didn't think she could have done everything he had or coped with everything he had in the past few months. She was amazed with his ability to learn and adapt. She was jealous of his now almost photographic memory but glad that he was able to overcome everything so far. She was devastated to think

that not only Professor Dumbledore but also the Weasley family were in on the manipulations of Harry's life. She had always had an almost reverent respect for Dumbledore but was now able to see without the rose-colored glasses.

She had promised to help him in any way possible and was glad to know that at least he hadn't been entirely alone. She had always liked Neville and was glad that Harry had him to turn to. She also was happy that Harry had Professor Lupin to help him. He had been their best DADA teacher and had known Harry's parents as well as Sirius. He would be the best to help Harry cope with their loss.

She had decided that placing a block on a child's magic was horrible and should be closely monitored and regulated. It was almost criminal for the school not to scan the students for such blocks and remove them. It was criminal for them to add blocks to a student without their and their guardians' consent. She knew it was against the law and the Hogwarts charter and if they needed any ammunition against the headmaster they had it in spades when it came not only to the blocks but to the embezzlement.

"Harry!" She exclaimed as they were eating lunch. Her father had gone to their dental practice so they could talk openly. "You never opened your scores! With everything that has been going on you never looked at them!"

"Ok, I will open them after you let me look at yours first," Harry said with a grin. "And you have to promise not to get mad if I beat any of your scores. Remember that I am not the same kid I was at the end of the year, these are the scores of the brand new Harry Potter."

"Promise!" She said with a laugh and handed him her parchment of scores.

OWL Results: Hermione Granger

Ancient Runes – Outstanding: Top of Class, 4th total overall score.

Arithmacy – Outstanding: Top of Class, 7th total overall score.

Astronomy – Exceeds Expectations: This exam was not completed as the practical portion of the exam was interrupted. Written portion: Outstanding, Practical portion: Acceptable (74 completed).

Care of Magical Creatures – Outstanding: Top of Class, 9th total overall score.

Charms – Outstanding: Top of Class, 2nd total overall score.

Defense Against the Dark Arts – Outstanding: 2nd in Class, 3rd total overall score.

Herbology – Outstanding: 2nd in Class, 5th total overall score.

History of Magic – Outstanding: Top of Class, 2nd total overall score.

Potions – Outstanding: Top of Class, 6th total overall score.

Transfiguration – Outstanding: Top of Class, 3rd total overall score.

OWL Results: Harry Potter

Note: Original exam score in parentheses after actual grade.

Ancient Runes – Outstanding: Highest overall score, highest score ever recorded.

Arithmacy – Outstanding: Highest overall score.

Astronomy – Outstanding (Acceptable): 2nd highest overall score.

Care of Magical Creatures – Outstanding (Exceeds Expectations): Highest overall score, 2nd highest score ever recorded.

Charms – Outstanding (Acceptable): Highest overall score.

Dark Arts – Outstanding: Highest overall score, 2nd highest score ever recorded.

Defense Against the Dark Arts – Outstanding (Outstanding, Top of Class): Highest overall score, highest score ever recorded.

Divination – Outstanding (Poor): 2nd highest overall score.

Dueling – Outstanding: Highest overall score, 3rd highest score ever recorded.

Fine Arts – Outstanding: 4th highest overall score.

Flying – Outstanding: Highest overall score.

Healing & First Aid – Outstanding: Highest overall score.

Herbology – Outstanding (Acceptable): 2nd highest overall score.

History of Magic – Outstanding (Poor): Highest overall score, 7th highest score ever recorded.

Human Languages – Outstanding: 2nd highest overall score.

Magical Craftsmanship – Outstanding: 2nd highest overall score.

Muggle Studies – Outstanding: Highest overall score.

Non-Human Languages – Outstanding: Highest overall score, 2nd highest score ever recorded.

Physical Education – Outstanding: 2nd highest overall score.

Politics & Law – Outstanding: Highest overall score, 9th highest score ever recorded.

Potions – Outstanding (Acceptable): 2nd highest overall score.

Teaching – Outstanding: 3rd highest overall score.

Transfiguration – Outstanding (Exceeds Expectations): Highest overall score, 4th highest score ever recorded.

Warding – Outstanding: Highest overall score, highest score ever recorded.

Harry read through his scores for the third time trying to comprehend just how great he did. Sure he had thought the exams were easy but he had never expected to get straight O's as well as such high scores. He knew that the results were public record and that tomorrow there would be an article in the Daily Prophet for sure.

Seeing that Harry seemed to be in shock, Hermione gently took the parchment from him. She read it through 4 times to make sure she was reading it correctly. Her best friend was now officially the smartest wizard around! He had aced EVERY OWL offered by the ministry of magic and he had only been seriously studying for under 6 months counting his time delays. She was highly impressed and handed his results to her mum to read as he was still staring blankly trying to make sense of his newfound brilliance.

“So, do you think they'll rename you as the Brain-who-Lived now?” She asked him not able to hold in her giggle at the idea. It broke him out of his daze and the two laughed and tried to imagine what it would do to his public image.

“Can you imagine the look on Snape's face when he realizes that I have an O in Potions!” Harry said and they continued to laugh and enjoy each other's company for the rest of the afternoon. Harry promised to take her shopping with him and Dudley before school and that he would go with her once he set up the appointment for her heritage test at Gringotts. For now they pretend all was the same and not let on that they suspected she could be a Black. It would be a hard adjustment on both Hermione and her mum if it was true, but it would also be a blessing as they could escape her father. They would stay in touch the muggle way to keep the Order from interfering.

Chapter 11: Happy Birthday Harry

Author's Note: I have been to Disney World twice, once in 1991 and once only to Epcot in 2002, in the 11 year timeframe the park changed a whole lot... so if I mention something that has been added since the cannon time frame of 1996 please forgive me, I checked the web cites and they don't list when the rides were created...

Harry and Neville decided they wanted to go on a trip for their birthdays. Well Harry talked Neville into wanting to go as he was afraid it would cost too much money. Harry decided that he wanted to go to Disney once before he was grown-up. He had heard some of the other campers talking about the differences between Disneyland, Disney World and Euro Disney and decided he wanted to go to Disney World. He thought it would be fun to go to the United States and visit Florida and see the ocean. He was able to talk Neville into going and they were going to have Remus as a chaperone. Hermione's mum had agreed to let her go as long as she had a separate room.

Harry had taken care of setting up all their paperwork for passports and such through Gringotts. Dudley was coming along as well since he didn't want to leave him out and he had never been there either. Harry had even gone into a muggle bookstore and bought vacation guides and books on what to expect that he made sure Remus and Neville read them so they would not have a problem fitting into the muggle world. Hermione had scolded him on how much money he wasted on the plane tickets by not making plans sooner but he didn't really care. He would be going to the happiest place on earth with his two best friends, his cousin and his surrogate godfather, money was immaterial.

The Dursley's were the hardest to convince to let Dudley go with Harry. They were convinced that being around all the freaks would permanently harm him. Dudley just reminded them that they had been calling him a freak all summer so far and now he would just fit in. Vernon had raged on and on that he would not pay a dime for the trip. Harry finally placed a silencing charm on the man to explain that his new godfather was arranging the trip. He then told his aunt and uncle that if they didn't allow Dudley to go he would make sure that the

bank foreclosed on the house since they had not been able to make that months mortgage payment. They had taken out two different loans on the equity of the house and now owed more than twice the value of the house to the bank. Harry had no idea what they did with all the money or what all they spent it on but didn't feel bad for them at all. They finally allowed Dudley to go after three more arguments with Harry threatening to kick them out.

They were flying out very early Monday morning and would arrive in Florida in the early afternoon due to the time zone differences. They were all glad to get off the plane as 11 hours in the same seat was hard on the body. "Why didn't we just get an international portkey?" Neville asked as they headed to the exit. They had at least shrunk their luggage and had each only taken a carry-on style suitcase so they didn't need to check baggage.

"All international portkeys require a month's prior notice without getting approval directly from the minister himself. Additionally they require precise itineraries and detailed passenger lists. They also do not allow werewolves to use them. This way we avoid everyone knowing about our trip and can have Remus as our chaperone." Harry told his friend.

"Fine, but on the way back can you just charm me to sleep until we get home?" He asked hopefully and they all laughed.

They followed the driver with the 'Lupin' sign to the waiting limo and piled in. "You didn't need to rent a limo from the airport Harry!" Hermione scolded; still worried about how much Harry was spending on the trip regardless of him explaining that it wouldn't even make a tiny dent.

He just smiled at her and wondered what her reaction to the hotel and suite of rooms would be. He had to take a larger suite than they needed because it was such short notice but he had decided that was better than individual rooms that were half the hotel away from each other. They pulled into the driveway of the Grand Floridian Hotel and both Hermione and Dudley gasped at the grandeur of the place. Even Remus raised an eyebrow at Harry's choice of lodging not having

expected it to be quite so impressive.

“This place has a monorail that runs directly to the different parks. I got us all what are called park hopper passes so we can come and go from any of them as we please. I also set each of us up with Disney credit cards so that none of us have to figure out American muggle money. The cards are good at any restaurant or gift shop in any of the parks and at the hotel.” Harry explained as he handed each of them a leather case. The cases had their muggle IDs, passports, some dollars, the credit card, a Gringotts card, and their park tickets and had a spot for their hotel key cards. There were park maps and attraction listings as well as times for different shows, character greeting sessions and menus for the different restaurants.

“If I didn’t know better I’d say Hermione put all this together,” Neville joked as he appreciated his friend coming prepared. “This looks great Harry.”

“You can shrink it to wallet size and keep it in your pocket by placing your thumb on the Disney logo. When you open it that way you can only access the cards, cash and tickets.” Harry showed them how they worked and they were all once again impressed with his preparedness. “And it doesn’t require active magic so there will be no owls and Dud can use it too.”

“Wow! Thanks Harry,” Dudley said excited about his first magical item. He had been surprised that Harry wanted to bring him but over the flight he had been able to get to know both Hermione and Neville and almost wished he was at Hogwarts so he could stay friends with them.

Harry led them into the hotel and over to the Reception counter to check them in and get their room keys. The goblins had sent all the required documentation and payment for the week already so the clerk was very polite and helpful. She gave them each a key card to the main suite door as well as individual cards to their own rooms. Remus and Hermione would have their own room while the three boys shared a larger room. There was a living room area between

with a balcony and kitchenette. There were four bathrooms in the suite and Harry was still having difficulty determining how they would need four bathrooms in such a small space.

A bellhop took their luggage and led them up to their room. Harry was glad he had read up ahead of time and had the appropriate cash out to tip the man. Hermione giggled at him after the man left and said he must have given the guy too much money as he looked like his eyes were going to bug out. "I'm not sure," Harry said with a shrug. "It said \$50 on it so I assumed that was like 50 pounds."

"That's like 100 pounds," Dudley said with a laugh, "no wonder the guy looked like it was his lucky day!"

"So how much should I tip?" Harry asked looking around wondering if there was a guide for such a thing.

"I assume you would rather be a high tipper rather than a low tipper," Hermione said and then continued at his nod of approval. "I would say \$20 for bigger things, \$10 for normal things and \$5 for small things. When you eat it is customary to tip 20 to the waitress. If in doubt you can just over tip them like you did that guy!" They all had a good laugh wondering how much money Harry would blow through if he kept giving everyone \$50 dollar bills.

They made their way down to one of the less dressy restaurants in the hotel for lunch or dinner. They were off on their timing as it was after dinner their time but was still early afternoon in Florida. They were not planning on heading to the parks until the next day so they enjoyed a leisurely dinner and then explored all the hotel had to offer. Harry and Neville both had magical cameras with them and Dudley had brought his muggle one and they were all taking lots of pictures.

"I'll have to figure out how to have all these developed when I get back," Harry laughed as he took a picture of Hermione posing next to a statue of Sorcerer Mickey.

“Your house elf friend should be able to handle it,” Neville told him quietly. They didn’t really want to get into a fight with Hermione over house elf rights at the moment.

They relaxed by one of the pools until they were all so tired they could hardly stay awake. They went to bed early knowing they would be up early and ready for a day of Disney magic!

The next four days were full of fun as they went first to the magic kingdom, then to MGM, Animal Kingdom and Epcot. They even had some time to spend at both water parks in between. Harry loved Epcot Center as he had never visited any foreign countries before. He dragged the rest of them around taking pictures of him in every ‘country.’ He had fun shopping in all the gift shops buying souvenirs and other things he thought were neat. Hermione and Neville both liked Animal Kingdom the best since it was alive but fun. Dudley liked MGM the best for all its technology and references to popular TV and cinema, he forced them to go on the Tower of Terror ride 10 times. Remus liked the Magic Kingdom the best with all the different rides and characters.

Harry thought the cute purple dragon called Figment was great and had bought a figurine for himself and a big stuffed version for Charlie Weasley. Remus had liked the Pirates of the Caribbean ride the best and had talked with a pirate accent the rest of the day, mostly just to drive the rest of them nuts. They all decided that they loved all the rollercoasters; even Hermione who was scared of flying liked them. They all went on Space Mountain at least 6 times and any other “thrill” ride they could find.

“It’s too bad there’s not like a park just of rollercoasters,” Harry said with a sigh one night when they were all relaxing in one of the hotel’s hot tubs after a day of Disney fun.

“There is Harry,” Hermione said with a roll of her eyes. “That’s what they have at amusement parks.”

“Isn’t this an amusement park?” Harry asked confused.

“Nope, this is a theme park,” she said with a smug grin as everyone else groaned as there was relatively no difference between the two but they knew it would get Harry riled up.

“So are there any amusement parks around here then?” Harry asked with an excited gleam in his eyes.

“I have been doing a bit of browsing through the tourist brochures...” Hermione started and everyone started laughing as they all knew that meant she had read every single one of them cover to cover. “I think that Universal Studios Islands of Adventure is what you are looking for... it’s full of thrill rides and just so happens to be here in Orlando.”

“Sweet! Let’s go tomorrow. We’ve seen everything at Disney at least once already.” Harry said looking like a little kid begging his mum for some candy.

“Do you think we could go out somewhere for dinner afterwards?” Remus asked with a sparkle in his eyes.

“Sure Remus is there someplace special you want to go?” Neville asked, finally comfortable calling his old professor by his name.

“Yep we are going to the Pirates Adventure Dinner!” Remus said happily. He was still on his pirate kick ever since the Magic Kingdom. The others agreed to go to the interactive dinner theatre with him knowing he would be greatly disappointed if they refused.

“This place is great!” Harry said with enthusiasm as he looked around at the different rides. He was studying the park map in his hand and trying to decide which ride to try first. The others were looking forward to the day but they could all tell that Harry was the most excited. “Let’s go this way,” he said pointing to his left. “I want to ride the Hulk and then the Spiderman ride and then...” he kept listing off the different rides he wanted to go on and they all chuckled as they followed him to the first rollercoaster.

“That was the best rollercoaster I have ever been on,” Dudley said reverently as they got off the Hulk. The others all agreed and decided to come back a few times throughout the day and ride it again. They laughed as Harry walked out of a nearby gift shop sporting a brand new Incredible Hulk t-shirt. Hermione wondered just how much money Harry was spending on souvenirs this trip.

They went on almost 2/3 of the rides before lunch and were having a blast. They ate at a cool restaurant that looked like a cave and a medieval bar at the same time. Remus had ordered a giant turkey leg that looked like it could be used as a weapon. They all stuffed themselves on the good food before heading back out to enjoy some of the calmer activities while they digested.

Hermione started laughing as she was looking at a display for temporary tattoos and drug all of them over to get matching ones. She had chosen a small lightning bolt tattoo that they all had placed on their foreheads to match Harry's.

“Aren't you getting one too dear?” The lady that had applied the others asked him once she was finished. They all just laughed and Harry showed her his scar and she seemed to appreciate the humor in his friends getting the tattoos to match him.

“Can you do this one on my arm?” He asked her politely and pointed to a picture of a lily. The others just smiled as he had the temporary tattoo applied in honor of his mother. He thought they were a great idea as they could last over a week if properly taken care of but could also be removed quickly if needed. “Excuse me mam, but you do not happen to know who manufactures these for you do you?” He asked wondering if he could contact them about making some custom ones. She smiled and gave him a business card with contact information on it. They thanked her again and made their way over to one of the shows that was scheduled to start... it just happened to be a pirate show.

Remus was having the most fun he had had since leaving Hogwarts. He still missed his friends but was greatly enjoying the company of Harry and his friends. He had been worried that he was invited strictly

as a chaperone and was glad to realize that it just worked out nicely for them that he was an adult.

The group spent the rest of the day on the different rides and browsing the different gift-shops. Harry had quite the collection of souvenirs with him by the end of the day. He was thankful that he could shrink them so that he didn't have to carry them all like many of the other park-goers were. They left the park an hour before they needed to be at the pirate dinner so they could drop by the hotel and freshen up.

The five of them had a great time at dinner. The pirate show was great. Harry had paid extra for all of them to have a front row seat and Remus was picked to 'assist' in part of the show. Neville thought the whole thing was just as cool as Remus and the two talked in pirate speak the entire night. Hermione thought the museum area was neat as it had information on real pirate history and she read all the plaques and even purchased a book from the gift shop on pirates. Dudley was sure that the gift shop was sad to see Harry leave as he had 5 full bags of things when they finally headed back to the hotel.

They went back to the Magic Kingdom the next day as it was their last. Harry had arranged for them to attend a character meet and greet and they were all extremely excited and were having their picture taken with every character they could see. Hermione laughed when she saw Harry posing for a photo in the middle of all the Disney princesses.

"I can't believe we just spent a week in the happiest place on earth," Harry said with a content and happy smile as they all relaxed near the pool that night. They would be flying home early the next morning.

"So how was your first real vacation?" Hermione asked him already knowing he had loved every minute of it.

"Perfect," Harry told her with a grin. "I had a lot of fun and I got to bring the people I care about with me."

“Are you going to even be able to carry all your souvenirs back with you?” Dudley joked, still amused with how much fun Harry had in the gift shops.

“That’s what shrinking charms are for,” he replied with a smirk. “I just have to add a notice-me-not charm to the shrunken bags inside my carry-on and they won’t spot a thing.”

“We better head to bed, the flight is going to be long and then the jet lag is going to be worse.” Remus advised and they all agreed and went up to make sure they were fully packed and to get some sleep.

Harry and Dudley had said their good-byes to everyone at the airport. Harry had told Neville that he would floo over to his house at 7 am on Monday morning so they could take his port-key to The Farm. Hermione was going to wait until Harry got back to go to Gringotts about their suspicions about Sirius. They had even been able to hide their suspicions so far from Remus. Remus was heading off on Order business and it was also the time of the month for his little furry problem. Dudley was sad that Harry would be gone another week but decided he would get a lot of exercise in to make up for their week of vacation. He had less than 2 weeks of potion left to take and he wanted to get the maximum benefit from them before he had to head back to school.

“Thanks for taking me with you on vacation,” Dudley said as they were headed back to Privet Drive. “I had a great time, the most fun I can ever remember having actually.”

“No problem Dud as I believe most would say that is what family is for. I’m just starting to learn what real family is but I’m sure this is part of it.” Harry said with a grin. “I had a great time too and I’m glad you came along. I’ll miss you next year when we’re at separate schools. At least we can keep in touch through our Gringotts boxes.”

“Yeah that should make it a little easier. It is still sort of surreal that we are such good friends now and just a year ago we hated each other.” Dud said.

“Strange how fast things change,” Harry said with a sad smile. “I’m very glad of the changes in this case though. I know it’s been hard on you with how your parents are reacting but I can’t begin to say how happy I am that you are who you are now.”

“Come on,” Dudley said as they exited the cab and took their carry-on luggage from the boot. “Let’s go inside and see just how many souvenirs you bought!” The boys then spent the next two hours sorting through the things Harry had got. He had bought things for others as well as himself and they sorted those out first. Then they started on Harry’s stuff and what he wanted to do with it.

Chapter 12: Camp with the Twins

Harry arrived at Neville's house at 6:45 am on Monday morning. He wanted to be one of the first ones to arrive. Nev came down the stairs, dragging his trunk. He had been shocked when Harry told him that he had gotten him accepted to the announcer camp at The Farm. He had always thought Lee Jordan was a great announcer but had never imagined he could take the open spot until Harry said he thought he would do well. Harry had promised him that it wouldn't make any difference if he decided it wasn't for him, he just wanted him to have fun at camp and enjoy meeting new people.

"So are you nervous about seeing Fred and George?" Neville asked him as he let Harry shrink his trunk for easier travel.

"Not really," Harry said with a shrug. "I already know they are not using me like the others were. The worst that happens is that they knew about it but didn't join in. I tend to believe that they had no idea until recently and want to warn me."

"I don't think they would ever betray you," Nev added. "I'm not sure but I am guessing that you are their secret investor who gave them the money to get started."

"Good guess," Harry complimented. "I gave them my tri-wizard winnings as I didn't want anything to do with that money after what happened to Cedric."

"I can't blame you there mate," Neville said with a sad shake of his head. "I think it was a great idea to give it to them. I mean with all the bad things going on in the world we could all use more jokes and pranks to remind us that not everything is bleak."

"That's about what I told them when I gave them the money," Harry said realizing that Neville was definitely underestimated and a much better friend than Ron could ever be.

“So are you going to tell me just how you got my name on the list of accepted applicants at The Farm?” he asked as they prepared to activate the port-key.

“Nope,” Harry said with a grin. “But it wouldn’t surprise me if you figured it out on your own.”

“I accept your challenge,” Nev said before they disappeared for camp.

Harry led them over to the check-in area and saw that they were the only campers he could see. “Hey Sarah, Ashley,” Harry said with a grin to the two sitting behind the check-in tables.

“Hi Harry, glad to see you back for Seeker camp,” Ashley said with a grin. “You planning on dazzling us with more of your crazy seeker skills?”

“Of course!” He said with a chuckle. “This is my friend Neville Longbottom; he’s here for the announcer camp.”

“I’ve got him,” Sarah said and walked Neville through signing up for workshops and gave him the map, rules and activity schedule.

“This camp is a bit different from yours,” Ashley told Harry. “We open all the cabins for this one. So you can fit 8 bunks in each section. The seekers and the announcers are in the same section in Red section. The other three are for the amateur players. Your friends will be in Yellow section and Mike told me he made sure all three were in the same bunk. Your other friend over there,” she said pointing to Neville, “is in your bunk with you. You’re in Crimson bunk and I’m sure you know your way around. Kick off is at 10 in the dining hall. Do you now which activities you want yet?”

“I’ll be in the dueling tournament again, advanced trick flying, speed building, advanced seeker moves, dives and feints, advanced seeker tactics, becoming a pro seeker, charming equipment, coaching, referee training, broom design contest and the seeker face off.” He

told her with a grin as she chuckled as he overfilled his schedule like last time.

“Ok, here’s the list of the other activities, your schedule and map,” she told him with a smile. “Are you sticking around afterwards again? Oh, and Mike said he wants to talk to you sometime today and I think Garret was looking for you as well.”

“Thanks Ashley, I’ll see you in the workshop!” Harry said and went over to where Neville was still trying to decide his schedule.

“What do you suggest I take Harry?” Neville asked looking unsure at the list.

“Definitely participate in the dueling tournament,” Harry told him with a grin. “You should sign up for the flying class if you want to improve your confidence on a broom. I would take all the beginning courses and anything else that sounds interesting. I bet you’d like the broom design class.”

“Thanks,” Neville said as he realized Harry just wanted him to have a good time. He filled in his schedule with half announcer classes and half other ones like the flying class and the broom design classes. He signed up for the dueling tournament wondering how he would fare against the older campers.”

“Come on, let’s go check out the bunk and find out who our counselor is.” Harry said with a grin as he led Neville toward Red Section and Crimson bunk. Scarlet, Cherry, Fire Engine, Ruby, Burgundy, Garnet, and Claret were the name of the other 7 bunks in their section. Harry explained a bit about the place to Neville as they walked. He pointed out the dining hall and the directions towards the other sections.

“What section were you in before?” Neville asked wondering as Harry hadn’t shown them his pictures yet.

“Green,” Harry said with a grin. “I was in Emerald bunk and on team 3.”

“Are you going to show me your pictures yet?” Neville asked.

“Sure, how about I leave my album here for you.” Harry said. “I need to go talk with one of the staff. He asked for a meeting this morning so I thought I’d head over before everyone else got here.”

“I’ll just wander around and learn my way.” Neville said with a grin. “What bunk are the twins in? I thought maybe I would see if they’re here yet.”

“Ironically they are in the Canary bunk!” Harry laughed as one of the twins most popular gags were Canary Creams. The other bunks were named banana, golden, blonde, lemon, saffron, jaundice and snitch.

Mike waved Harry over to where he was sitting with Garret and Ilma Hooch. “Good to see you again Harry,” he said shaking hands. “I wanted to tell you that your new ideas for the camp are being very well received. Those team posters have out sold all the other items in the gift shop save chocolate frogs and Butterbeer.”

“Nice to see all of you as well.” Harry said with a grin as he joined the three senior staff at their table.

“I wanted to talk with you about constructing some new family housing for the staff.” Mike said while Garret pulled a stack of paper out from a case.

“I have had some construction estimates and preliminary plans done to get an idea of what it would cost,” Garret told him and showed him the designs for the family housing. There were 35 homes arranged in a U pattern around a courtyard area that housed an outline of a park as well as a swimming pool, gym and a large building that would serve as the dining and activity center as well as half would be used for a school. There were three types of house designs. Along the connecting portion of the U were two rows of houses. The back row of houses was comprised of 15 small row-houses that would have only one bedroom, a living room, kitchen and bathroom. These would be used for young couples or those without

children. In front of the row of small houses would be 10 medium size houses that would have 2 bedrooms instead of just the one. These would be for anyone with a small family. Along the sides of the U there would be 5 houses each, or 10 total larger houses that would have 3 bedrooms and 2 bathrooms for those with larger families. Overall it looked like a peaceful suburban neighborhood.

“Where are you thinking of locating this on the property?” Harry asked as he was curious how it would change the landscape of The Farm. “And where are the rest of the staff quarters?”

“Well I was thinking about having apartment type buildings constructed behind the large family homes with four 2-bedroom apartments per building and 3 buildings per row. That would completely eliminate the need for the current housing set-up and give us this area to use for it. We all like living over in this corner of the property away from everything else.” Garret said with a shrug, he was sure he was asking for WAY too much by building an entire neighborhood just for the staff.

“Do you think this will increase the retention of your staff?” Harry asked as he had been reading books on managing companies and making sound financial decisions in his spare time.

“Definitely,” Mike said. “The main reason we have any turn over is that they leave to go start a family or meet a girl. The rest leave when they get a better offer.”

“Ok, now explain about your concept of how the community areas here will work.” Harry said pointing at the school, gym and park.

“The park is fairly self explanatory. It will be a place we can have barbeques, soccer matches, picnics and still have a good sized playground for the kids. The swimming pool would be fenced off and warded so a child could not enter without an adult to watch them. The gym would have exercise and weight training equipment much like the one the campers use. Right now the staff uses the same gym and they have expressed multiple times that it would be nice to be able to work-out in peace. The dining hall would work much like the campers

one does and would be a place we could hold activities and meetings as well. The school is something I thought we could use. It would be used by the younger students for primary school and also have a large library available to the entire staff. It would also have labs or study areas for those who are pursuing higher education. It could also be used to hold small classes on different subjects such as languages, music, art and so on for anyone who would like to learn." Garret said with a smile as he envisioned the area.

"So how much do you plan on spending on this new community?" Harry asked with a smirk knowing that Garret expected him to reject the idea outright.

Mike just gulped as Garret slid a single sheet of paper across the table to Harry. "There are two bids there," Garret explained. "The first is from a squib contractor who would do things the muggle way and that is a cost in American Dollars and the second one is a magical contractor and that is in Galleons."

Harry looked at the muggle contractor first and thought it an interesting idea to have muggles build the structures but knew it would take much too long. The cost was \$3,175,000 dollars and doing some fast math Harry realized that was like \$317,500 galleons. The bid from the magical contractor was slightly more at \$325,000 galleons but would take less than 1/10 the time to construct. Harry figured it was worth the extra money to have it done in a month rather than over a year.

"Did you look at any less expensive ideas?" Harry asked and smiled when Garret handed him smaller designs without the community center and with more apartments and less houses. The costs were comparable to the larger numbers costs. "Well I told you we would build some family housing and I am not about to break my word." Harry started watching the three's faces as he had set the 'bare minimum' design option on top. They looked sad but resigned and he had to hold in another smirk.

"I personally find the first idea to be the best. I like the community center idea and think it is exactly what is needed here. Now I suggest

you tell the magical contractor that he will have the job as long as he completes the work for \$322,500 galleons. I'm sure he inflated the price some as he never expected to be awarded the entire bid. Now I am going to authorize \$350,000 galleons for this project at Gringotts. The extra money will allow you to furnish the school and homes. I am only authorizing \$350,000 so if the contractor comes in over bid it comes out of the extras you can buy." Harry told them loving the look of amazement on their faces. "Leave 4 of the large homes open and a few of each of the smaller ones so we can move people up as their families enlarge. I'm sure you can come up with a fair way of deciding who goes where. Those with families or plans on marrying soon get first dibs on the homes."

"You... you... you..." Ilma just stuttered at him looking like she was in shock.

"We can have the whole thing?" Mike asked in amazement and decided that he REALLY liked the newest Potter.

"Yes," Harry said with a grin. "Now other than expanding the Sanctuary and potentially adding a family camp area I don't expect any requests for expansion from you for many years to come."

"This won't cut into the Sanctuary funding?" Garret asked in shock. He was sure that Harry would pull that funding to afford this. "Are you sure the camp has enough capital flow to cover the costs?"

"Nope," Harry said with a grin. "In fact I would assume that it doesn't have enough to cover either of the projects. But I do have enough funding to float the projects. I have already set up a very low interest rate of return for the repayment of the loan. Being that I own 100 of the farm it is really just semantics as its one of my accounts putting money into a different one."

"Thank you," Garret said with a look of respect on his face that the young man was willing to risk not getting his money back on the project but wanted to make his employees happy and help preserve some amazing magical creatures.

“No problem,” Harry said with a laugh. “I better get back to the camp so I can unpack and find my troublemaker friends. Watch out this week, you have 3 Weasleys here and two are the joke shop owners!” Harry laughed at Ilma’s startled face and made his way happily back to his bunk to find Neville.

“Harry! Mate! This place rocks!” One of the twins said as he approached his bunk. He smiled at seeing the three red-heads. They were all outside talking with Neville so Harry hurried over.

“Sorry Nev, my appointment took longer than expected,” Harry said with a shrug.

“No problem,” Neville said with a smile. He had enjoyed talking with the older Weasleys. They didn’t ever get to know each other at Hogwarts and he had never met Charlie before.

“Hey Charlie! Long time no see,” Harry said and was pulled into a brotherly hug by the second eldest of the clan.

“Thanks for getting us in here. I’ve dreamt of coming here since I was 12.” Charlie told him with the biggest smile anyone could remember seeing on the dragon handler’s face.

“” So are you going to tell us how you pulled it off? And how you got us a discounted rate?” George asked giving him a calculating look.

“Well the place is under new management and I mentioned to the new guy that you guys had been rejected without any reason and he looked into it. The reduced rate is a permanent thing now as they found out the old guy was skimming from the books and they are trying to fix his mistakes.” Harry said with a shrug trying to downplay his involvement.

“So it has nothing to do with the fact that the owner personally vouched for us and demanded that we be admitted?” Fred asked with a devious smirk.

“Yeah good ol’ Ollie was telling us that all the changes are due to the owner taking back control and firing like half the staff and making wide sweeping changes.” George added.

“Makes you wonder who the owner is and why it took until now for them to get involved,” Charlie said with his own smirk.

“So Harry, do you want to tell us what your meeting with the director was really about?” Neville asked catching onto what the others were hinting at.

Harry realized that they were already suspicious enough that he might as well tell them. “He was asking for increased funding for a project to build family housing for the staff.” Harry told them with a sigh. “As the owner, I am the only one with authority to authorize such large amounts of capital.” The other four just cheered at being right that he was the owner.

“So if you’re the owner then why did we get black listed in the first place?” Charlie asked curiously.

“That is a story for a different time. Let’s just say that until a few months ago I had no idea that I was the owner.” Harry said. He wanted to find out how loyal they were before he revealed any more details to them.

“I take it this is part of that serious discussion we need to have?” Fred asked him.

“We could start that now if you want, it was one of the reasons we came so early,” George said, looking serious for once. “We’ve tried to fill Charlie in so if he can listen I think it will help.”

“Sure, Neville knows most of my side so let’s all go inside. We can use the counselor’s room so we’re not disturbed.” Harry said and they all filed in and conjured comfy chairs while Neville took the bed. “Why don’t you guys start as my story is going to be a bit longer I’m afraid.”

“Ok, the thing is we’re not sure that Ron and Ginny are really your friends,” George said quickly and flinching like he thought Harry would blow up at him. When he didn’t he realized that Harry must already suspect and continued. “We had popped home to get some stuff from the attic and overheard the two of them talking. Ginny was complaining that if you didn’t ask her out soon she would stop telling Dumbledore what you were doing. We thought it was an odd comment and listened closer.”

“Ron said that he didn’t know why she wanted to go out with Harry anyway as he wished he could stop having to hang out with you. He said that if he didn’t get an increase in what they were giving him to spy on you with that he would threaten to quit. He also told Ginny that she should demand being made prefect like he did and that he was going to demand the Quidditch captain spot this year.” Fred added with a frown.

“Mum yelled up that lunch was ready then and that was all that we were able to hear,” George said with a sigh. “When you were able to get us into camp with Charlie we made sure to include our suspicions in our letter to him.”

“I floored Bill and Fleur as they are Order members to see if they had heard anything strange.” Charlie said, seeming reluctant to tell his part of the story. “Bill started hanging out longer after Order meetings and overheard Dumbledore telling some of the guards that are supposedly watching you that their payments were in their accounts. As far as any of us knew, watching your house was volunteer duty in fact all of the Order work is supposed to be volunteer work.”

“You’re leaving out the worst part,” Fred said sadly. “Harry before we tell you what else Bill heard, please believe us when we tell you that we had no idea. Bill, Charlie and us had no idea and we didn’t know what to do about it so we waited until we could talk to you...”

“What he is stalling to tell you is that Bill overheard our mum telling Dumbledore that she wanted double the money to watch you this year. She said that it was no longer worth just 200 per week and that

she expected to be compensated prior to having you over.” Charlie said with a sad and bewildered look on his face.

“Bill had the Goblins look into it and it seems like every time you have ever stayed at our house Dumbledore transferred \$200 galleons into our account each week that you were there.” Fred said dejectedly.

“Please believe that we had no idea Harry or we would have told Dumbledore where he could shove his money.” George said fiercely.

“I believe you,” Harry said and watched the three brothers sag with relief. “But let me tell you my story now. Starting with the fact that I am the Head of the Noble and Ancient house of Potter and have been since my father died. Dumbledore was obligated by law, as the Regent for the Potter family, to tell me about my title and responsibilities when I turned 11. Until I visited Gringotts at the end of the year I had no idea and he had still not informed me. The short version is that he ignored my parents wills and placed me with my abusive relatives, ignored me for 10 years while stealing my money to fund anything and everything he felt like as well as paying himself a huge salary from my accounts. He orchestrated my meeting Ron on the train and having Hagrid pick me up so that I would not end up in Slytherin. He continued to keep me in the dark and didn’t even give me the basic information on the wizarding world that all muggle-born students receive. He has lied and manipulated me my whole life and has yet to give any good reason why he has broken more laws concerning me than is acceptable.”

“I’m actually glad that you found out about your mum being paid for having me over,” Harry said with a sigh. “It should make what I have to tell you a bit easier.”

“She’s been stealing your money hasn’t she?” Charlie asked him with a depressed look on his face. “I’ve been wondering in recent years where they’ve been getting the extra money for things that we could never have afforded when I was home.”

“Yeah, she has the key to my trust fund and has made 4 withdrawals each year of the \$500 galleon maximum. The only

money of that I ever see is whatever she spends on my school supplies and about \$40 galleons of spending money. So I figure she takes around \$1,750 galleons per year of which she deposits \$1,400 directly into her personal vault every time. Not the family vault, but one with only her name on it." Harry told them and watched as their eyes widened in shock with how much money their mother had stolen from their friend over the years. "I figure she has taken about \$8,000 galleons so far and if you add in the approximately \$3,000 galleons that Dumbledore has paid her from my vaults to take care of me..." he trailed off not really knowing what to say.

"Can you recover any of it? What has she spent it on?" the twins asked at the same time.

"She has only spent little bits of it. I helped fund their trip to Romania in 1st year to see you Charlie, I paid for ½ your family trip to Egypt, I bought both Ron's and Ginny's brooms, I have also paid for assorted pampering and other larger priced treats for your parents." Harry said unable to keep the hurt from his voice. "I had the goblins put a hold on her account for now until I could talk to you about what you think I should do."

"I say take everything back from her personal account," Charlie said. "I would make her get a job to pay restitution for everything else she owes you as well. We never would have condoned her stealing from you. We would rather be poor and honorable than like, than like, she has acted like a Malfoy, dirty and underhanded."

"My question is," Harry said with a very serious look on his face. "Does your father know about this and do Ron and Ginny? I want to know who knew and let it continue. I will keep the hold on the account for now she cannot access either it or my trust vault. I'm sure everything will come out in the open once she realizes the pot has dried up. When she goes to Dumbledore he will find that his has dried up, as well as he owes me \$800,000 in fraudulent salary withdrawals."

"Thanks for not automatically assuming we knew about this Harry," Charlie said with a grim look on his face. "We never would have

suspected our mum was capable of outright steeling from you. I must say that I am ashamed of her and both Ron and Ginny. We don't know if dad knows or not. He has always been awful with money and lets mum run the house so hopefully he is blissfully unaware."

"Bill said that you could press charges against both her and Dumbledore," George offered with the most depressed look on his face Harry had ever seen.

"I don't want to ruin your family," Harry told them with a genuine smile. "I have more money than I could ever spend due to the fact that my parents and my godfather were taken from me. You three have always treated me like family and never asked for anything in return. I want your mum and Ron and Ginny to realize they have been caught, admit they were wrong and then give me back what they can. I don't want to drag your family name through the mud or bankrupt your parents but I also don't want them to think that this is ok. I will never trust Ron or Ginny again or your mother but that doesn't mean I have to stop being friends with the rest of you."

"You're a better man than me Harry," Fred said with respect in his eyes.

"Nope, I've just had longer to digest all this information. Now let's get to the dining hall and meet some more people and have a great week at camp!" Harry suggested and they all agreed and headed out of the room.

"Ollie!" Fred yelled out happily as they saw their old captain. Hugs were exchanged between the three Weasley boys and Wood. Charlie had been the team captain and the one to recruit Oliver to play.

"Well look what the cat dragged in," a girl's voice from behind them said and they all turned around to see Angelina Johnson and Alicia Spinnet standing behind them with another older girl that Harry didn't know but had a fairly good idea of who she was.

"Angie, Alicia and Amanda, what are you three beautiful ladies doing here?" Charlie said with a rogue grin.

“Charlie Weasley, still the charmer I see,” Amanda said with a grin. “Good to see you again.”

“Amanda White,” Charlie said with a big grin. “Its been way too long.”

“So are you three going to tell us what you are doing here somehow at the same exact time as us?” Fred asked with a chuckle.

“Oh we were sent personal invitations by the owner,” Alicia said with a smile. “They said that we had been recommended and thought we would enjoy playing with some of our old team mates.”

“So who are your friends?” Amanda asked the twins.

“Hi, I’m Harry Potter and this is Neville Longbottom,” Harry said with a smile. “I am the new Gryffindor seeker since Charlie left.”

“Nice to meet you finally. I’m Amanda White and I was a Gryffindor chaser for 5 years. I graduated the year before you started.” She told him and they shook hands. “So Neville, what position do you play?” She asked with a smile.

“I’m going to be the new announcer.” He told her with a shy smile. He was always shy around pretty girls and there were three of them! “I’ll be working on my flying while I’m here but I doubt I’ll ever be comfortable enough in the air to actually try out for the team.”

“So do you guys know who the owner is?” Angelina asked. “I wanted to thank him for sponsoring us. I just hope they let us play with Ollie at least once so we can have the old team back together.”

“So,” Harry asked conversationally but everyone could see his smirk. “Which one of us is a better seeker?” He pointed between himself and Charlie.

“The infamous Charlie Weasley or the Legendary Harry Potter?” George just shrugged. “Don’t know mate, I guess you two will just have to go head to head to find out.”

“Oh we are so going to make that happen this week!” Oliver said with a grin. “I’ll make sure that it does.”

“Come now Ollie, you don’t want to embarrass old Charlie here. I mean we know I can fly circles round any seeker you have here,” Harry said puffing his chest out in mock seriousness and making the others laugh.

“Now Potter, I think that is saying too much.” Victor Krum said, appearing out of nowhere next to them.

“Hey Victor, I didn’t know you were helping out this week,” Harry said with a smile and a hand shake.

“Someone told me the Legendary Harry Potter was going to be here and I decided that I wanted see you fly again, without the dragon this time.” Victor said with a shrug.

“I see your English is a lot better now,” Harry commented noticing that it was quite easy to understand the Bulgarian seeker.

“That’s because his new girlfriend has been coaching him,” Oliver said with a laugh and pointed over to Ashley Price the flying instructor. Harry was glad that Ashley was dating someone as she was one of his favorite staff members.

“So first you’re gonna kick Charlie’s butt and then get creamed by Krum... cool can we watch?” Angelina asked with a smirk.

“Hey now who said he was gonna kick my butt? What if I beat him?” Charlie asked with a pout.

“I would say that beating Harry here would earn you lets say 20 camp points?” Oliver asked Harry with a shrug.

“Sure thing but if I beat Victor I get a better T-shirt than ‘Crazy Seeker’ ok?” Harry asked with a pleading look on his face.

“Ok, now you better all get a seat so we don’t hold up Garret’s speech.” Oliver said as he headed over with Victor to where the staff and professionals were seated.

“Welcome to The Farm. I’m Garret Erb the Director here. This week we have 3 different camps going on simultaneously. We have our Seeker Special Session, our Announcer Camp and our Amateur Camp. I have a few announcements before letting you go to your activities. You may have noticed on your way to your cabins that there are bulletin boards set up in each section. You should try and look at them at some point each day. Workshop schedules, additional activities, the day’s program and the squad stats will all be found there. Additionally we have started a point system here. Points will be awarded for good deeds and exemplary performance throughout the week. Points can be redeemed for merchandise in the Gift Shop. The dining hall will be open all day until 9pm every evening and snacks and beverages will be available between meals. There are two different mailboxes on the back wall one for owl delivery within the US the other for Gringotts drop to your respective countries. Mail will be handed out each morning through one of our counselors. Curfew is 10 pm and lights out at 11 pm for our younger campers and we recommend the adults follow it as well. PT starts at 6am for those who wish to participate; breakfast is at 8am, lunch at noon dinner at 6 pm. Please remember if you spot one of our professional players they are volunteering their time and are not here to give autographs or be hounded for pictures. There will be a meet and greet session at the end of the week where these folk will be willing to sign and have their pictures taken. I expect them and our camp staff to be treated with kindness and respect and we’ll treat you that way in return. Thanks everyone and let’s have a great week together!”

“Well, that was almost identical to the speech he gave last time so I am assuming he has it memorized and decided not to mess with a good thing!” Harry laughed he said bye to everyone and made his way to the seeker kick-off session.

After everyone arrived David Church, one of the seeker trainers, stood up to address all of them. "Welcome to this years Seeker Special Session. All of you have attended one of our camps earlier in the year or last year and have been invited back for this special session. This week we will be focusing on improving your seeker skills and hopefully getting you ready to try out for one of the pro teams once you graduate. I think all of you have been seekers on your school teams for at least 2 years so I am going to assume that you understand the game. We are going to break you apart based upon skill for different areas so we can focus on what you need to improve upon. There will be a few activities where you can show off and go head to head against the other seekers but for the most part this week is about improving your skills. We will have the help of a few of the professional seekers this week so please treat them with respect. Any questions so far?"

"When will our skills be tested and how do we move up into a higher skill grouping?" A snobby boy in the back asked.

"The skills test is next and you'll only change groups if myself and one of the other counselors agree that you are ready. This is not a competition like your previous camp experience the points handed out will be based upon hard work and improvement of your skills." David said.

"What if our skills don't need improvement?" Another person yelled out and Harry could see David roll his eyes.

"There are very few of you here that could successfully try out for a professional team right now. You may be the best of your school or even of your age group but that does not make you ready to be a pro. This camp is going to teach you the differences between pro level playing and the school yard level you've been at." David said with a smirk as the boy huffed at being referred to as school level.

The first test was a flying test and they all had to use the camp brooms so they could be judged on their flying and not their broom's capabilities. The brooms were Nimbus 2000 models and he picked

one up fondly remembering his first broom. It didn't take Harry long to realize that there were very few of the other seekers that were at the same level of flying as he was. He had to hold back a laugh as he saw the boy who thought he didn't need any improvement get placed in the second to lowest flying group. Harry had three others in his group and he introduced himself to each of them. There were two girls, one from Canada and one from Spain and another boy from France.

They did a snitch catching skill test next where different staff member tossed golf balls for the seekers to catch. Each person got 3 minutes to catch as many balls as they could and they would be watched and evaluated and placed in groups afterwards. Harry once again was placed in the best group, having caught the most number of golf balls. The 4 other seekers in his group had all caught over 10 like him but 3 had just caught 10, and the other only 11 where he had caught 16. The girl from Canada was in his group again but the other 3 were different with 2 Americans and 1 Belgian.

The last skill test was on game strategy and they each had a short test to fill out about what they would do in certain situations. The test was multiple-choice and the answers were automatically tabulated and they were broken apart again. This time Harry was the last to be placed in a group.

"Harry," David said walking over. "You answered everything the best way. You can either join the top group or do an independent study with myself or one of the pros during what would be your group time on strategy. What would you prefer?"

"I'll take independent study, that will give me a bit more free time as well," Harry said with a grin and headed over to talk to the girl from Canada who was once again in the top group.

"Hello, I'm Gina," she introduced herself and they talked for a few minutes while the staff was getting their schedules ironed out. They all headed off to lunch after that and Harry was anxious to hear how Neville was liking it and if the twins had a good team.

After lunch Harry headed over to one of the pro pitches for Referee training. He thought it would be neat to learn how to run a match and decided to take the 3 hour class and then be tested for his license. He had the first half of the training after lunch. The first thing the instructor had done was hand each of them their own, unabridged version of the rules of the game. The book was charmed so that it was lightweight and portable but if it hadn't been then it would have been as thick as some of Hermione's 'light reading.' Harry also found out that the referee course cost extra and was not part of the regular camp due to the need for the rule book, special charm knowledge given and the fee for the exam. Harry had wondered for a minute why they hadn't asked him for the extra fee when he remembered that he was the owner and the camp would pay his fee.

There was only one other student age camper in the training and the rest were the amateur players. He enjoyed the tips and instructions from the three different referee instructors. He also realized that he was at an advantage as he was used to multi-tasking during matches being the seeker. He asked a few of the others who looked more at ease what position they played and two were seekers and the other an announcer.

After his referee training he headed off to his first group session. This was his flying group and they learned about different ways to maneuver the broom for quicker movements. Harry thought it was the most beneficial class he had been to yet as after the class was over they did sprints on the Nimbus 2000's again and he had shaved a whole 2 seconds off his lap time.

He hung out after flying waiting for his group for the catching class. The class focused on the best ways to find the snitch and then how to catch it the most effectively. David was the instructor for that class and told them that Wednesday when they had class next they would work on how to block the other seeker from getting the snitch as well as more drills to increase their awareness of the pitch and finding the snitch amongst a full stadium.

Harry happily made his way to dinner after a quick shower to wash off the sweat. He earned a few looks as he was wearing one of the sets of dueling robes he had the goblin tailor make for him. He wanted to

be a contender in this dueling tournament and wasn't going to risk loosing from a spell his dueling robes could absorb.

"Ready for the first round of the dueling tournament?" Harry asked Neville as they ate dinner and chatted about their day. Neville had loved the activities he had signed up for and realized that Harry was right and that he was perfect for the announcer position.

"I'm as ready as I'm going to be," he said with a shrug. "I could have used some extra practice to get ready but I think I can make it at least through the first round, unless I have to go up against someone like you."

"Don't sell yourself short Nev," Harry reminded him with a gentile smile. "Remember that you were still standing at the Ministry after taking out a few Death Eaters. Just believe that you can do it, don't let your guard down and bingo... you're the camp dueling champ!"

"He won't be if I have any say in the matter," Charlie said plopping down in the seat next to Neville. "No offense there Neville but I hope to make it at least to the quarter finals and that would most likely mean knocking you out."

"I think Harry here can give you a run for your money," Alicia said as she sat down next to him. "I never would have passed my NEWTs without his help in DA. I'm signed up for the tournament too but I know that Harry could take me 9 times out of 10."

"Not 10 out of 10?" Harry said pretending to be insulted.

"Nope," she laughed. "After loosing 9 times I would just flash you and you'd be so busy staring at my bits that I'd be able to stun you."

"Probably," Neville laughed as Harry blushed scarlet just at the thought. "Poor Harry here doesn't have the best luck with girls." The others just laughed as Harry nodded in agreement.

“So,” Harry said desperate to change the subject. “Who’s on your team?”

“All of us are together!” Angelina said excitedly. “It’s so great to be able to play with people you know. We have a full Gryffindor team as our keeper is a man named Pete Hansen and was on the house team like 5 years before Charlie started.”

“I just wonder how they knew to put us all together since Oliver said he didn’t have anything to do with it.” Alicia said curiously.

“Must be the owner,” Fred said with a smirk.

“Yeah we heard he was envious of our old team and was hoping to knock us down a peg or two,” George added chuckling.

“Poor sod doesn’t realize we’re going win the camp championship.” Charlie added in and the three plus Neville all burst out laughing signaling to the girls that they knew something they didn’t.

“What’s their deal?” Amanda asked Harry wondering what they boys knew.

“No idea,” Harry said innocently. “I’d say it was the freckles but that wouldn’t explain Neville.”

“Oh! They’re starting the dueling!” Angelina interrupted and they all turned to listen to Ken explain the rules and announce the first three pairs that were dueling. Since there were more duelers this week they had 3 matches at once going on in the early rounds.

Charlie was actually the first of them to duel and they all cheered for him as he quickly won against one of the other amateurs. Harry was noticing that there were very few of the campers his age in the tournament and they were dropping quickly. Fred and George both won their duels, leaving their poor opponents looking like they just walked out of the joke shop. Angelina and Alicia won their duels as well and Amanda had not signed up for the tournament. Neville was placed against a cocky guy in his late twenties.

“You might as well give up now little boy,” the guy said in a tone that reminded most of them too much of Malfoy. “I am the dueling champion of my county and am training to be a hit-wizard.”

Neville just ignored him and bowed as expected before firing off a full body bind closely followed by a stunner. The idiot was only half way through some ridiculously long incantation and was hit by both spells. “I hope whoever hired him as a hit-wizard can get a refund.” Neville said loud enough for many to hear and laugh at. The idiot was revived and tried to claim that Neville cheated which earned him boos from the crowd and Neville was awarded extra camp points for keeping his cool.

When Harry was called up the dining hall fell silent, except for the twins who were making catcalls. Everyone turned to try and get a look at the famous ‘Boy-who-lived’. He noticed he was being eyed like a piece of meat by some of the older ladies and that his fellow seekers were staring at him wide eyed, especially Gina from Canada. He was paired against a very tall and thin fellow. Harry looked closely and thought the guy had pointed ears and may be related to the true Elves of old.

The two bowed to each other and dueled for over 20 minutes before Harry was finally able to connect with a disarming spell and gained the other man’s wand. The duel had been interesting as both of them had lightning fast reflexes and perfect aim. The applause for the two was enormous.

“That was very invigorating,” the man said shaking Harry’s hand once he had his wand back. “My name is Alexander Hightree; I believe you have met my younger brother Aaron.”

“Yes we met during OWL testing and became friends,” Harry said with a grin. “I enjoyed our duel as well. Would you be interested in sparing some morning after PT?”

“I look forward to a rematch,” Alexander said with a nod. “That is the first duel I have lost in over 70 years.”

“70 years?” Harry asked unbelievably. “You don’t even look 30!”

“I am part Elvin,” Alexander told him quietly. “We age normally until our 17th year and then the aging process is extremely slowed down. I am actually 82 years old. We elves age around one year for every five years you do. So if you do the math that puts me looking approximately 30 years old.”

“Elvin, very neat,” Harry said with a smile. “So is Aaron just 15 or 16 then?”

“Yes, he won’t come fully into his Elvin heritage until next year.” Alex said with a smile. “He will have to invite you to our home some day. We do not invite many as they are usually just glory seekers but I can see that you do not seek glory.

“Thank you, I would enjoy visiting.” Harry said and returned to his table of friends to watch the rest of the duels for then night.

Tuesday was another full day for Harry as he first had his group flying class followed by the second part of referee training before lunch. After lunch he had the Advanced Trick Flying workshop and he wowed the others with his balance and flying ability. Ashley told him that he should think of coming to the trick flying camp next year when they have teams of professional trick flyers in to teach the hopefuls. She thought if he ever tired of playing Quidditch that trick flying would be a good alternative for him.

He had a speed building workshop followed by a one-on-one Seeker Tactics session with David after trick flying before moving on to an hour long class on coaching. The speed building workshop was helpful as it explained aerodynamics and how to minimize wind resistance. The seeker tactics session with David consisted of them talking for an hour about different strategies. The coaching class was interesting as it talked about the roles and responsibilities of a coach and then focused on how to be a good coach.

Harry sank down tiredly in his seat at dinner next to Neville who looked excited rather than tired. The others joined them looking as tired as Harry and commenting on how full their days had been. "We won our first two games today," Fred said through a yawn.

"I only caught the snitch once though so we are not up that high in the point race," Charlie griped, still upset about not having seen the snitch.

"Congratulations," Neville told them with a smile. "I was able to watch most of your game and I was even announcing part of it."

"Cool, when are they going to let you announcers actually use the voice magnification charm?" George asked.

"Maybe tomorrow for the afternoon games depending on how well we do on the morning ones and in our workshops." Neville said happily and they were all glad to see him look so relaxed and enjoying himself as he had always been so shy before.

"So second round of dueling tonight," Charlie said with a grin. "Anyone want to make any wagers on which of us will be moving on?"

"Are you trying to loose money Weasley?" Amanda said with a chuckle. "I'd wager that Harry and Charlie move on for sure but I don't know enough about anyone else to risk my spending cash."

The twins opened a quick betting pool and other campers even joined in. The boys were smiling thinking of the profit opportunities they could exploit on wagering on games here. Soon the dueling started and Alicia was the first one of their group out of the tournament. She had gone up against a guy in dueling robes who toyed with her for a bit before finally ending things. Neville was next and managed to win his duel against one of the amateur campers. Fred lost his duel but not before his opponent was wearing a pink frilly dress with long blonde braided hair and speaking like a little girl. George surprised everyone by taking the straightforward approach and just stunning his opponent who was getting ready to dodge some prank hex not a stunner.

Angelina dueled against another girl from yellow section and they ended up in a draw as they both stunned the other at the same time. With so many duelers in the competition they were both out but content with at least not loosing. Harry was next and easily summoned one of the other seeker camper's wand without much hassle. Charlie was the last of them to duel and Harry watched his form carefully. He was a good dueler but predictable and Harry was fairly sure he could win against him. Charlie won the duel after 5 minutes and they all sat around watching the other duels and talking until it was time to head in for curfew.

Chapter 13: More Seeker Camp

Harry was looking forward to Wednesday the most out of the week as they would have the seeker face off before dinner and he could see how he compared to all the seekers there that week. He had his group catching class after breakfast before he headed over to the Charming Equipment class. He was excited about learning the charms that went on all Quidditch equipment. They learned the spells on all the balls as well as many spells that were placed on the pitch, uniforms and brooms. Harry had a great time and headed off to lunch in a great mood.

He was tired after his two hour class on Dives and Feints after lunch since it was lots of sprints and dodging. He enjoyed the class and learned some new maneuvers but was glad he had an hour of tactics before the seeker face-off so he could rest. He headed off to meet David and found him taking with Victor Krum.

“Hey Harry,” David said with a smile. “I have to go get the seeker face-off set up so Victor here offered to host your personal tactics lesson. Have fun and I’ll see you both in an hour.”

“I would offer you a friendly match but I don’t want to get too tired out before the face-off.” Victor said with a smirk.

“You’re competing in the face off too?” Harry asked thinking it was only for the campers.

“The second stage,” Victor told him and explained that after they had the first round and determined the best of the camp seekers they would then join the staff and pro seekers in a second round to see who was the overall best seeker.

“How long has it been since a camper won the second stage?” Harry asked curiously.

“Since I was the camp champion after my 5th year. That was how I was recruited to play professionally.” Victor told him and they started talking strategy and exchanging stories of how they tricked other

seekers. "Good luck in the first round, I hope to be able to go up against you."

Harry just chuckled and went over to the changing area to get ready for the face-off. He decided against full robes as they limited his movement and just wore his "Crazy Seeker" t-shirt with his Quidditch pants. He got a few chuckles from those who read his shirt and hadn't seen him play before. He also noticed the looks of envy on the players' faces as he carried his Firebolt with him. It was still the best broom on the market and continued to be used by the international Quidditch franchises.

The first part of the face off had all of the camper seekers in the air at once. There were 35 amateur seekers and 25 of the campers from the seeker special session for a total of 60 seekers in the air. They would release 20 snitches and only those who caught one would move on. The next round they would release 50 snitches and the 20 remaining seekers had to try to catch 5 snitches. The ones to catch 5 would move on or the 10 seekers with the most catches. After the top 10 were determined a random draw would be determined for one-on-one seeker challenges. The winner of the head to head would then move on to the Second Stage for a total of 5 seekers moving on to compete against the staff and professional seekers.

Harry was the one of the first ones to catch a snitch in the first round and sat down next to Gina from Canada who landed at the same time as he with a snitch followed by Charlie. Each of the 20 was given a charmed pouch that they tied around their waist to hold the snitches they caught. Harry whooped as they released the 50 snitches and gleefully took off at top speed, not noticing the looks he was getting from the spectators. He laughed as he pulled both hands off his broom to catch a snitch in each hand. After stuffing his two snitches in the pouch he went into a power dive and skimmed the pitch picking off two more snitches that were fluttering only inches off the grass. He pulled up and shot off towards the goal posts as he noticed the rest of the seekers seemed to be concentrating on the middle of the pitch. He could have grabbed two more snitches but resisted as he only needed one more to move on. Placing the 5th snitch in the pouch he headed down to the benches.

“Giving up already Potter?” The Malfoy sounding seeker was sitting on one of the benches for the seekers who didn’t make the first cut.

“Not likely,” Harry said while rolling his eyes. “I do know how to count to five.” He headed over to David and handed him his pouch full of snitches.

“Great job Harry, that’s the fastest I’ve ever seen a camper finish this round.” David said looking at his stopwatch. “You beat Victor’s time by over 30 seconds!” Harry just grinned and sat down to wait for the end of the round while deciding which of his moves he wanted to try out for the head to head.

Gina was the next seeker to catch the required 5 snitches but took almost 3 minutes longer than Harry and Charlie landed just seconds after her. The two Americans in his catching class and the Frenchman from his flying class were the only others to catch 5 snitches. The rest of the top 10 was determined by those that caught the most in the shortest amount of time. Harry was paired against the Frenchman and they would be going last so he would be able to determine the amount of skill the rest of the campers had by watching their matches.

Gina won her match easily as did the Charlie, one of the Americans and one of the other amateur seekers. Harry took to the air, eyes glued on the box containing the snitch that they would release. He locked his eyes on the fluttering ball as soon as David opened the box and took off after it. Those in the stands were watching as Harry was after the snitch immediately and the Frenchman could only chase him, not having been paying close enough attention to the snitch release. It only took Harry about 45 seconds to catch the snitch as he never lost sight of it. He thought seeker challenges were easier than a normal game or practice as he didn’t have to watch out for other player or the bludgers. He didn’t even need to use any special moves or tricks as he was so far ahead of the other seeker.

There was loud applause when he landed with the snitch in his hand. It was the fastest time on record for that part of the challenge as well and the scouts and staff were now even more impressed. Harry

congratulated Charlie on making it to the second stage and they waited while Garret came out and explained how the second stage would work. There would be the 5 winning campers, the two staff seeker trainers, Ashley the flying instructor, 2 of the counselors who were seekers in their day and then 5 professional seekers including Victor Krum, 2 American seekers, the seeker for the Hollyhead Harpies and the Italian national team's seeker.

The 15 competitors would compete together in the first round. They would release 50 snitches initially and then 25 more 10 minutes later and the seekers would have 20 minutes to catch as many snitches as they could. Each snitch would be worth a point. The second round would be played for another 20 minutes and they would release 2 snitches at the beginning and would only release another snitch each time one of the others was caught, those catches would be worth 2 points. The third round would be 3 randomly selected seekers facing off and the one that caught the snitch would get 3 points. At the end the points would be added up and the seeker with the most points was considered the winner. If two or more seeker has a tied score a head to head challenge and the winner would take all.

Harry thought the whole competition was exciting and couldn't wait to see how he did against professionals and other good flyers. The whistle blew and the snitches were released and Harry sped off after a small swarm of them. He focused on the snitches and tuned out the other seekers just concentrating on how many snitches he could find and catch. He didn't even count how many he caught he just kept flying, grabbing the winged golden balls and placing them in his pouch.

Harry felt exhilarated when the whistle blew and flew down to wait his turn for his snitches to be counted. Gina was the first one counted and she had only managed to catch 3 snitches, the American seeker and the amateur seeker each only caught 2 snitches, Charlie had 4 snitches and seemed proud that he was the best of the campers so far. Harry handed his pouch to Mike who was the official counter and watched as he pulled 11 snitches out of the pouch; the crowd was stunned speechless before recovering and roaring applause at him.

“You caught 11 snitches in 20 minutes!” Charlie exclaimed with some awe in his voice. “Even the pros look impressed,” he said and Harry saw the others looking at him with interested expressions on their faces.

The two counselors both caught 4 snitches, Ashley only caught 3, David caught 7 and the other seeker trainer caught 5. Three of the pro seekers caught 5 snitches each and the Italian national team seeker caught 7. Victor was the last to have his counted and judging from the scowl on his face he didn’t have as many as Harry. His final count came in at 8 snitches and the crowd went wild when they realized Harry was in the lead.

The next round was the one Harry was really looking forward to as it would be a real competition with 15 seekers trying to catch just 2 snitches. The whistle blew to signify the start of the 20 minute time table and Harry was off after one of the snitches with Victor and Charlie right on his heels. The snitch changed course and Harry did a sloth grip roll to turn over and grab the winged ball just before Victor could close his hand around it. The two nodded at each other in silent agreement and headed off in different directions, each chasing one of the other two snitches. Harry heard the crowd cheer and turned his attention to the soon to be released snitch and was the first on the pursuit.

He had just grabbed his second snitch when one of the American pro seekers decided he didn’t want to compete against Harry and elbowed him in the face. Harry glowered at the man but kept his broom steady. He pulled one hand off the handle and slowed down while placing his hand on his quickly forming black eye and channeled more of his innate healing ability to the area. The swelling stopped and the pain and blurry vision ended so he quickly took off in pursuit of another snitch. He was higher up than the group that was approaching chasing one of the snitches. Harry turned into a completely vertical dive and timed it perfectly that he reached where the snitch passed at just the right time and was able to get a third snitch, avoid being run over by a crowd of seekers and still pull out of the vertical dive before he hit the ground.

The whistle sounded before he had located another snitch and they all flew back down to the grass. Harry could see that quite a few of them hadn't managed to catch a snitch from the dirty looks on their faces. The first thing Mike did was to disqualify the American seeker for purposely injuring another player to the cheers of the crowd. Only 10 snitches had been caught in the 20 minute playing time. Harry and Victor tied that round with 3 catches each. Charlie had managed to catch one and so did the Italian seeker, David and the other American pro player.

The three seeker challenge round was interesting as they just put all the names in a hat so it could be all campers or all pros or a mixture. Charlie was in the first group along with the American camper and the remaining American pro. It was a close match but Charlie was able to sneak out a victory. Harry cheered for his friend and could hear the twins and the girls in the stands hollering their praise. Gina, Ashley and the Italian seeker were in the next group with Ashley somehow coming up with the snitch, much to the Italians' horror. Harry was in the next group with David and the Puddlemore seeker and quickly caught the winged ball as he followed it from the moment it was released. Victor was in the 4th group with the other seeker trainer and the amateur seeker and easily caught the snitch. The last group was just the two councilors as the American pro was disqualified.

"We have a tie for 3rd place, all three having scored 9 points," Mike announced using a megaphone rather than a spell. "The third place winners are Anthony Slone of the Italian National Team, David Church our lead Seeker trainer and Charlie Weasley former Gryffindor House seeker and captain and currently a Dragon Handler." There was nice loud applause, with the loudest being from the twins for their brother. Charlie received 45 points to use in the gift shop as each camper in the second stage received 5 camp points for each point they scored in the competition.

"Our second place winner with a score of 17 points, which would have tied the all time highest score, is Victor Krum of the Bulgarian National Team." The applause was very loud for Victor and Harry smiled remembering how he was the crowd favorite at the World Cup 2 years ago.

“Or first place winner now holds the all time highest score with 20 points. I give you the staff favorite Harry Potter of Gryffindor house at Hogwarts just about to enter his 6th year of school!” Mike announced to tremendous applause. Harry grinned at the staff favorite comment as only a select few knew he was the owner. It was nice to know he was liked by the staff though and not for being the Boy-who-lived but for being a good employer.

“That was wicked Harry!” Neville exclaimed with enthusiasm as they all headed to dinner. The others all congratulated him and they had just sat down when Oliver came over.

“Good show there Harry,” he said with a grin. “And to think I was the one that taught you everything you know.” He trailed off while wiping a fake tear from his eye. “Victor says congratulations as well and wants a head to head match tomorrow during your tactics class. He’d come over himself but he’s being razzed by the other pros about losing his edge.” Oliver said laughing and headed over to join in the torment.

“Harry Potter you’ve just been named seeker of the year, what will you do next?” Amanda asked pretending she was holding a microphone. The two other girls laughed and then laughed harder at the confused looks on the pure-blooded boys faces.

“The line is...’I’m going to Disney World’,” Amanda said with a laugh while shaking her head that pure-blood were missing out by not watching TV.

“But I was just there last week!” Harry protested way too loudly as others had overheard Amanda’s comments and they all burst out laughing.

“Dude, you’re supposed to go to Disney after you win, not before!” An American at the next table said with a laugh. Amanda had to then explain the phrase to the boys with the help of the other two girls.

“Neville announced his first official game today,” Charlie told Harry when he realized that Neville didn’t want to say anything thinking that Harry winning the seeker face off was more important.

“Sweet!” Harry said turning his attention to his friend. “So how’d it go? Did you like it?”

“It was great!” Neville said happily with a huge smile on his face. There were four of us and we each got 15 minutes of the game. I was worried I wouldn’t get my chance since I was last and I figured Charlie would get the snitch before then. But I got 13 minutes of announcing time in and got to announce that Charlie had caught the snitch and that team 4 was the winner!”

“He did brilliant,” Fred said with a smile. “I’d say he’s just as good as Lee.”

“ Plus he’s more politically correct so he won’t get hit by McGonagall!” George said with a laugh.

“You really did do a great job Neville,” Angelina said with a smile. “If McGonagall doesn’t give you the job make sure you have her write us and we’ll tell her how good you are.”

“Thanks,” Neville said touched that they would do that for him when he barely knew them before this week.

“Two rounds of Dueling tonight,” Harry reminded everyone as dinner came to a close. “I’m hoping to make it through both rounds or at least go out with a good duel rather than looking like a kid.”

Charlie, Harry and Neville won their first duels to advance to the next round but George was eliminated. Neville lost his next match but it was a close duel so everyone was happy for him. He was just happy he lasted longer than the twins as they were in DA with them last year too. Charlie was able to barely squeak out a victory but had taken a couple of spells that would need tending by a medi-witch. Harry was actually surprised by how simple his duel was. He smirked when he saw he was up against the camper that reminded him of Malfoy. The

idiot was still too cocky and left himself wide open to Harry's quick spell work.

"That kid needs to realize that he is not as talented as he thinks he is," Amanda commented as Harry sat back down.

"Reminds me of Malfoy," Harry commented and those that knew Draco laughed as they realized it was true.

Charlie sat back down 20 minutes later after being patched up. "That slicing hex hurt," he commented with a wry smile. "I'm used to burns but not cuts." They all laughed with him as he poked at his newly healed skin.

"So what can we buy in the gift shop Harry?" Angelina asked. "We get 10 points for every win and I have earned a few extra points. I think I have almost 50 points already."

"The points translate into a sickle per point. They have all kinds of things in there from candy, to camp logo souvenirs and Quidditch memorabilia. I spent most of my points last time on photos and a poster of my team." Harry told them with a shrug.

"Cool, with my seeker points I'm close to 100 points already!" Charlie said with a happy look on his face as he had the least spending money as the rest.

"I've got about 25 points so far," Neville offered and they all told their point totals before turning to Harry to hear his running total.

"Well I got 100 points for the seeker face off and I had 17 points before that is all," Harry offered with a shrug. "I'll get 20 points if I pass my referee training and the winner of the broom design contest gets 50 points."

"Well as long as I get to keep my team robes I'm cool with spending the rest of my points on stupid stuff that I like. I mean as long as I'm just spending points I earned and not actual galleons then it shouldn't matter if you get cool stuff but things you like." Charlie said and the

twins agreed. Supposedly Ron was hounding the twins to bring back something that you could only get at the Farm.

“They use some very unique fertilizers here; maybe you can just send him a bag of that.” Neville suggested and they all burst out laughing imagining Ron’s expression to receiving such a ‘unique’ gift.

Harry and Alexander Hightree attracted a small crowd who watched them spar against each other after PT that morning. Harry and the elf were evenly matched and both enjoyed the friendly dueling. After breakfast was the advanced seeker moves class and he and Charlie were both in it. The 5 pro seekers from yesterday’s challenge as well as David and the other seeker trainer showed off some of their moves and tried to teach the campers how to do them.

Harry and Charlie were having a great time flying together and it was amusing to watch some of the less talented seekers trying the professional moves. “Does it make you regret not playing professionally?” Harry asked Charlie, something he had wanted to ask since meeting him before 4th year.

“Some days,” Charlie said with a fond smile. “But I love my dragons. There are very few openings at the preserve and it was an opportunity I couldn’t pass up. I love Quidditch but I knew that I wanted a career as a Beastkeeper. Most of my family doesn’t realize that I am completing my mastery level training while at the preserve. I’m actually a certified beast keeper now and I am sitting my mastery testing at the end of the month. I will need to find another job for at least a year after that to branch out into different species other than Dragons to receive my actual master’s license.”

“Why doesn’t your family know?” Harry asked curiously.

“Mum thinks my fascination with creatures will end soon and I’ll be able to get a real job like dad. She insists that I’ll never be able to find someone willing to marry someone who loves creatures like I do.” Charlie said sadly. “She’s always thought I was wasting my time. She hates Bill’s job even more and for a while the only one she was proud of was Percy.”

“I think that being a Beast Master is an amazing accomplishment. Most masters don’t even sit for their exams until they are in their forties and then need at least 10 more years to get their license.” Harry said with a grin. “You should talk with Ash; he’s the staff Beast Master. Hopefully I can talk him into giving you a tour but it may require a wizard’s oath before he lets you.”

“He’s got something that rare here?” Charlie asked with sparkling eyes. Harry just grinned at the older Weasley’s love of creatures.

Harry didn’t get a chance to respond before the arrogant seeker that reminded him of Malfoy barreled into him and knocked him off his broom and down the 40 feet to the ground. Charlie was the first to reach the injured boy hero. “Harry, Harry can you hear me? Harry hold on they went to get the healer.” Charlie said the fear and panic evident in his voice.

“Fawkes...” Harry wheezed out, he couldn’t breathe and assumed he had punctured a lung in his fall and he was in pain everywhere.

Charlie wondered why Harry would call for the headmaster’s familiar when the beautiful and majestic bird flamed into existence, followed moments later by an ice phoenix. He was almost too shocked at the appearance of two of the legendary birds to realize they were singing and crying over his hurt friend. He was gently pulled away from Harry by David to give the healer and medi-witches more room to work without disturbing the beautiful birds.

“Two phoenixes...” Charlie commented in awe. “He was able to call two different phoenixes to him.”

“I’ve never seen one let alone two before,” Victor commented looking fondly at the two birds doing their best to help the healers. “It just proves that Harry is powerful and good as he is friends with two such light creatures. They must both love him to be able to produce so many tears. Being healed by a phoenix is amazingly rare.”

“He’s been healed by Fawkes before,” Charlie said pointing at the firebird. “In fact I think my brother told me he was healed twice by him; once in his 2nd year when he was poisoned by basilisk venom and then in his 4th year when he returned from the death eater’s clutches.” Charlie said impressed with the professional seekers creature knowledge. “I had thought Fawkes was the headmaster familiar but if Harry was able to call him all the way over here...”

“Then our friend is well on his way to being bound to him,” Victor said with a happy look for Harry. “Too bad I don’t think he’ll be up for our face off today.”

“Don’t count on it,” Charlie said with a twinkling eye as he watched Harry swat at the healer who was still running diagnostic scans. “If I know anything about him he’ll get up, proclaim that he is fine and attempt to get right back on his broom. Besides, he actually has some pull over the healer here.” They both laughed as seconds later Harry was getting to his feet and telling the healer that he was fine.

“My friends healed all my injuries, both internal and external. If it makes you happy I’ll skip my next class and rest through lunch but that is the most I will promise.” Harry told the healer who was staring at him as if he had three heads.

“Fine, but no flying until at least 3:00 this afternoon!” She demanded and he agreed before she made her way back to the infirmary.

“Ok, shows over everyone!” David yelled to the other campers. “Everyone back in the air, we still have an hour to go.” He turned to Harry with a concerned look on his face. “Go rest please,” he asked politely. “I know you don’t want to sleep or lay down but try to stay out of sight and take it easy. Charlie do you mind staying with him to ease my mind?”

“Was going to anyway,” Charlie said with a grin. “I promise I’ll keep him off a broom until after lunch.”

Harry just smirked and started walking in the direction of the stables. He figured now was a good time to introduce Charlie to Ash and

knew that his phoenix friends would enjoy resting in the sanctuary. "Thank you Fawkes and Beauty," he said as he stroked the birds riding each shoulder. "I haven't seen you in a while and I'm glad you heard my plea. That's three times you've helped me now Fawkes my dear friend."

Fawkes trilled gently and rubbed his head against his companion. He and Beauty had been traveling the country with his mother for the past few weeks. Fawkes was learning from the two all the things he should have learned before he was taken by Dumbledore. He knew he was ready to complete the bonding as he had felt Harry's pain and fear before he called out. He was actually already on the way when he heard the call from his wizard. Beauty followed him hoping to be able to help Fawkes' companion and the only wizard who she was fond of since her companion died.

"Harry!" Ash said with a relieved look on his face seeing the boy walk into the barn. "I just heard that you fell from your broom, it's good to see that you are in one piece."

"My friends here helped me," Harry said petting the phoenixes again. "Ash this is my good friend Charlie Weasley. He is currently a dragon handler at the Romanian preserve. He has finished his mastery training and even has his beastkeeper certification."

"Glad to meet you Mr. Weasley," Ash said shaking hands with the red head.

"It's Charlie and the pleasure is all mine. Harry tells me you are a beast master. I will be sitting my tests at the end of the month." Charlie said with a smile at the man.

"I wanted to take my friends into the back so they could rest. They used a lot of healing tears on me. I thought perhaps since he is certified you would be willing to show Charlie around." Harry said vaguely so that he would not give away the secret but Ash would understand what he was hinting at.

“Certainly,” Ash said with a smile. He liked and trusted Harry’s opinion and the fact that the other young man was almost a master at such a young age intrigued him and he wanted to get to know the dragon handler better. He opened the hidden door and said, “Welcome to the Potter Creature Sanctuary.”

Charlie looked into the enormous room with huge eyes and quickly followed the two into the facility. It was designed as a giant aviary but the bottom was like a botanical garden. He was wondering just what creatures he may run across in here and couldn’t remember the last time he had been so excited.

“We’re going to go rest over there,” Harry said pointing to a comfy looking patch of grass under a tree and next to a small brook. Fawkes trilled happily as it was a perfect location for their bonding and would be a comfortable place to rest afterwards.

Fawkes trilled to Beauty and she gave him a happy trill back and gave Harry the equivalent of a bird kiss before perching on one of the lowest branches of the tree. Fawkes rubbed his head against Harry again and focused on their connection to try and get his companion to realize the bond that was already forming.

“I’m your true companion then?” Harry asked with wonder in his voice. “I guess I had been hoping since I could feel more of you but didn’t want to assume anything. What happens now?” He asked the beautiful fire phoenix. He carefully lay down with Fawkes sitting on his chest, head over his heart and trilling softly. Harry was unaware of the passage of time as he listened to Fawkes’ song and concentrated on feeling the presence of the bird. He didn’t notice the strong white glow emanating from him and the rush of magic and euphoria that echoed throughout the sanctuary as he completed his bond with Fawkes.

Charlie and Ash watched the bonding with amazement. “I never thought I would be blessed enough to witness such an event,” Ash said with a fond smile at the pair who were still glowing. “He deserves such a companion with such pure magic.”

“He is an amazing person,” Charlie agreed and they turned away to let them rest. They had only walked a few steps before Charlie saw his first miracle of the day. “A golden snidget,” he commented with awe as he watched the happy little bird dance around a grove of flowers. “Is that a red snidget?”

“We’ve named them Crimson Snidgets,” Ash said impressed the young man was able to identify they were the same species so quickly.

“What other color variations have you found and are the colors indicative of climate?” Charlie asked and the two began a discussion on the differences between the Golden, Crimson, Violet, Night and Light snidgets. The five colors were gold, red, purple, black and white. The black and white ones had been the hardest to find as the black were nocturnal and the white only emerged in sunlight and both were near impossible to see.

The pair continued to walk around with Charlie examining and asking questions about the various animals they saw. Ash was impressed with the young man’s knowledge and insight. “I believe you will find our next guests the most amazing given your love of dragons.” Ash said before leading Charlie over to the Dragonette nest.

“Beautiful,” Charlie said with awe in his voice as he saw the tiny dragons. “I never thought I would see a photo let alone a real Dragonette. I have read everything I could find on them, this is truly a dream come true.”

Ash could sense his sincerity as the young man was close to tears. He was curious what Charlie had found about the species as he had relatively little information to go on himself. The two spent the next hour discussing the little dragons and how best to care for them and get them to successfully hatch a youngling.

Harry and the phoenixes slept for over an hour before getting up to go see how Charlie was enjoying his tour. He found them at the Dragonette nest and laughed as he saw they each had one of the little ones in their lap and were scratching their scales. The two

dragonettes were hissing in pleasure and contentment. “Yessssss, right there, ohhhh this human has great handssss...” the one in Charlie’s lap said.

“Well he likes what you’re doing Charlie. I must say hearing pleasurable moaning in parseltongue is strange,” Harry said while sending the Dragonettes a quick greeting.

“Can we keep this one?” The male in Charlie’s lap asked, almost boneless with pleasure at the scratches. “We likessss him.”

Harry just chuckled. “This one wants to keep you,” Harry told Charlie pointing the creature in his lap. “He says they like you.”

“Well tell them that I like them too,” Charlie said with a goofy grin of happiness on his face that Harry had never seen before. Harry relayed the message and the female rose from Ash’s lap and flew over to join her mate in being scratched by the ‘Spotted Human’ as she called him, much to the amusement of Harry when he heard.

Harry walked over to the office area and summoned Miko to get a camera so he could get a picture of Charlie with the Dragonettes. He knew that it would mean the world to Charlie and wondered if Ash would consider taking him on staff to complete his mastery. He would talk to him after camp ended and just let the two get to know each other for now.

As they headed toward the dining hall for lunch Charlie stopped Harry and gave him a big Weasley hug. “I don’t know how to thank you enough Harry. You have made this the best day of my life. I was honored enough to witness a phoenix bonding, was able to see and hold a golden snidget and finally my long time dream came true as I not only saw but was able to play with real Dragonettes.”

“I’m glad I was able to help you realize one of your dreams Charlie.” Harry said with a smile.

Harry was fussed over by all the girls at lunch after hearing about his fall. He was glad when they had to leave for a game so he could

make his way in peace over to the broom design contest. This contest was different than most camp competitions as it was open to anyone. Anyone from around the world could submit a design and prototype. Harry had even received a letter from his OWL examiner telling him he should send in his design for consideration. There would be representatives from all the broom companies present and many would be judges. The brooms had gone on display that morning and the companies had been allowed to review the designs and perform tests on the prototypes since then.

Harry smiled as he saw so many new broom designs. There were three categories for the contest: Racing Broom, Family Broom and Other Broom. Harry's Crimson Flood broom was entered into the Racing Broom category and he had designed a new broom for the Other category as well. He had been having some problems getting the proper maneuverability out of both of his brooms when doing trick flying so after his first camp he designed a new broom just for trick flying and dubbed it The Marauder. He was very proud of his idea as well as the creative spells he used on it.

Harry wandered around the displays looking at all the different brooms and trying to determine which he thought was best. He spent a lot of time in the Family Broom section as he had never thought about brooms being used for anything other than Quidditch. He saw some interesting long distance brooms used for traveling. He liked the comfort charms placed on them as well as the muggle repelling and climate control charms. There were also designs for kiddy brooms or training brooms and he recalled seeing wizard children riding small low flying brooms at the World Cup. There were some interesting designs for the kids brooms, including some designed to match Pro teams' colors.

His favorite was the "Hurray for Hogwarts" kids' broom. It was for slightly older kids to teach them the basics of flying and was done up in the four house colors along with the Hogwarts crest and the four house mascots. It even had "Never Tickle a Sleeping Dragon" written in golden script along the shaft. The spells on it were amazing and he loved how there were different levels of spells so the parents could adjust the broom as the child learned. After reviewing the design he decided that it should win for sure. He decided to talk to Ragnok so

he could get in touch with Nimbus. As he owned a large share of the company they should listen to him when he suggested buying the design and marketing it. He was officially sold when he looked at who the designer was: Rolanda Hooch. As a children's flying instructor she would know exactly what was needed on a good training broom. He wondered if they could get her to endorse the broom as well.

"Amazing spellwork isn't it?" One of the company representatives said as he joined Harry admiring the broom.

"It's the definite winner in my book," Harry agreed.

"My name is Jasper Holland and I am from the Freedom broom company here in the US." The man introduced himself and grinned when Harry said who he was.

"You designed that trick broom!" The guy stated happily. "It's such a unique design and the spells are ingenious. Someone said you had designed a racing broom as well."

"Yes, the Crimson Flood," Harry said with a smile that the man liked his broom. "I am afraid I haven't heard of your company, I'm only really familiar with the European Manufactures."

"Oh we have been around for years but we focus mostly on family brooms and other specialty brooms. I don't believe our company has marketed a racing broom since the 1920's or so." Jasper explained.

"Do you have a business card? I would enjoy learning more about your company." Harry said wondering if it would be a profitable investment. He was given a card and thanked the man before continuing his perusal of the other brooms.

Many of the brooms were great designs and most were submitted by non-campers. He even saw that Victor had tried his hand at a racing broom design. At 2 pm, an hour into the judging, all the brooms not being considered for any type of award had participation ribbons placed on them. Harry was glad to see that both his brooms were still in the running.

“Your brooms still in the running?” George asked Harry as the twins walked over to him. At Harry’s nod they grinned at him. “Ours in still in too. I’m surprised they even allowed us to enter it!”

“Was yours the Prank-o-holic?” Harry asked with a chuckle. The broom had charms to mess with the riders hair and clothing as well as randomly steering in circles or other type pranks. It was quite ingenious but not something that would be worth mass marketing.

“Promise me you’ll make Ron give it a go when you get back,” Harry said after they admitted that was their creation. “And get some pictures!” The twins agreed and they plotted how Harry might be able to sneak the broom into the Slytherin broom shed.

“They’re going to start the awards!” Fred said excitedly and dragged the two of them towards where Garret was standing with Garvin Ott from Nimbus.

“For those of you not familiar with our annual broom design contest let me quickly explain our awards. We have three categories of broom designs. Each category will have the top 5 brooms awarded as well as 4 honorable mentions, one for each category of Most Visually Pleasing, Most Original, Best New Concept and Best Spellwork. Each of the winners will be given their score sheets along with any comments from the judges to help you refine your design.” Garret explained to the crowd. “Now a designer can submit a broom design through owl-post or by submitting it during a camp session. Any winner who is not present will be sent their award. All winners will be photographed and be featured in next months Witch Broomstick magazine as well as Quidditch Monthly. Now let me introduce our head judge Mr. Garvin Ott of the Nimbus Broom Corporation.”

The applause for Garvin was quite loud and he laughed while waiting for the noise to settle. “I’d like to believe the applause was for me rather than the fact that I have the results,” he joked. “I would like to thank everyone who submitted a design this year. This has been one of the most promising years in decades and was very hard to judge.

We would like any of the winners present to please stay afterwards to speak with the judges.”

“We will begin with the Family Broom category.” Garvin announced and was handed an envelope from another of the judges. “Our 5th place winner is the Pretty Petal,” He announced as a small kiddy broom done in different shades of pink with flowers on it was held up. It was obviously designed for little girls. “Our 4th place winner is the Mini-Racer.” He said and another kiddy broom was displayed, this one designed to look like a muggle race car and was most likely for little boys. “Our 3rd place winner is the Child Carrier,” he said and they displayed a broom with a child safety seat attached behind where the rider would sit. Harry thought it was an interesting idea as he knew it was unadvisable to apparate with a baby and who wanted to take one through the floo!

“In 2nd place we have the Fulton Family Broom,” He said and held up an extra long, extra thick broom with back and foot rests that would ride 4. “And now for our winner of the Family Broom category we have Hurray for Hogwarts!” Garvin announced and the broom Harry knew would win was displayed. He described it to the twins and said it was Madame Hooch’s design. Garvin then announced the winners of the honorable mention awards.

“Now on to the Racing Broom category! I must say that this was the most difficult category to judge and additionally we all fought over who we thought deserved the top spot between the top 5 so all of you are definite winners in my book!” Garvin said with a huge smile. He announced all the winners and Harry’s Crimson Flood came in 3rd place much to his pleasure. Victor’s broom didn’t make the top 5 but was given the honorable mention for best spellwork.

“Our last category is the Other Broom category and this is for any design that does not fit into one of the other two categories. Our 5th place broom is the Mr. Fix-it and is designed to hold tools and keep the rider safe and steady while making repairs to higher up places or buildings and for washing windows. Our 4th place broom is the Bird Watcher and has a built in notice-me-not charm and scent blocker on it to be able to get closer to bird and animal habitats to observe. Our

3rd place broom is the Auror Special and is designed with built in protection charms as well as specially designed for stability to use magic while in flight. Our 2nd place broom is the Cargo Carrier and is designed to carry large and heavy cargo. Our 1st place broom is the Marauder and is the first ever broom designed specifically for trick flying. It is a one of a kind design that allows for greater maneuverability and handling for those daring enough to try trick flying.” Garvin announced and Harry was shocked that he had won!

The twins were still congratulating him when Garvin began to announce the honorable mentions. “We have a broom this year that has actually earned 2 different honorable mention awards. The Prank-o-holic is the winner of Most Original as well as Best Spellwork. Those of us in the trade look forward to seeing it offered in the Weasley Wizard Wheezes catalog.” He announced and Harry laughed as he congratulated his friends. They had known they wouldn’t win but getting two honorable mentions and having Garvin Ott recommend putting it in their catalog was a great accomplishment.

“So you named it the Marauder huh?” Fred asked with a grin.

“I bet Sirius would have thought it was a perfect tribute,” George added and the three friends smiled at each other in memory of Padfoot.

“Let’s go over and see what the judges want to talk to us about,” Fred said excitedly as they headed over to where Garvin was standing with the judges and about 5 other winners.

“We wanted to first thank you all for your great designs. I know there are only 7 of the 25 winners here at the moment but we were immensely impressed with the designs this year. Any other year all of you would have been 1st place winners, which is just how amazing this year’s batch of designs was.” A man with a Cleansweep Broom Company logo on his robes told them all.

“I know I would like to speak with each of you about job opportunities at the United Flight Design Corporation. We design all manner of brooms for both North and South America as well as

Australia.” Another man said to all of them and the consensus was across the board that all companies were looking for new designers.

Victor looked like Christmas had come early when Scandinavian Aeronautics mentioned they even had part time positions to coincide with the Quidditch off season. SA as they were called for short had produced both the Silver Arrow and the Shooting Star models although they had not brought out a new racing broom in several years and were due.

Harry was pulled aside by the Firebolt representative. They were a new company and the Firebolt had been their breakthrough product and was still the international standard broom on the market. He explained to Harry that they were quite interested in purchasing his design for the Marauder to help improve the flight of their racing brooms as well as to break into a new market. Harry directed him to speak with his account manager at Gringotts about an offer and promised to consider it.

Garvin pulled him aside after that to say that Nimbus was very interested in his Crimson Flood design and would have an offer to submit soon if he was interested. Harry thanked him for all his help in the previous camp and said he looked forward to working with him in the future. He hadn't told Garvin that he had a sizeable investment in Nimbus and would most likely sell them his designs over say Firebolt since it would increase his income more.

Harry and Victor headed over to one of the open pitches for their seeker duel as Oliver was calling it. They both had their Firebolts and so the brooms would not cause an advantage. They were both really looking forward to the friendly competition as they made their way out of the changing room in their Quidditch gear. “I guess word spreads as quickly here as it does at Hogwarts,” Harry said ruefully as they noticed the half full stands. Oliver was in the front row with a Gryffindor flag and a big smirk on his face.

“I'm sure Wood is the most to blame for the crowd,” Victor said with a shrug. “I heard he started a betting pool on which of us will win. Yesterday it was rumored at even odds but today I have the advantage after you took your tumble this morning.”

“Great,” Harry said sarcastically. “What do you think they would do if we just played tag or something instead of catching the snitch?”

“It would be amusing but I’m not sure we want that many people mad at us,” Victor said and they looked at the crowd. “So what did we determine the winner gets?”

“A cool t-shirt,” Harry said. “It will say ‘I beat Krum’ or Potter depending on the winner.” They both laughed at the idea and took to the air to the cheers of the crowd. David released the snitch after they were in position and the match was on.

Harry and Victor had decided that they would hold each other’s eyes for 30 seconds until the snitch was well away. They wanted a real challenge rather than just a sprint after the newly released snitch.

The crowd was awed with the skill the two flew with. Harry and Victor tried every one of their special moves to try and trick the other. They both succeeded a few times but neither gained too much advantage using them. They flew really well together and both were having a good time, even if they hadn’t seen the snitch yet. The campers were sure that if Krum saw the snitch first then he would win as he had never lost a match that he had seen the snitch first.

Sometime within the first 10 minutes of their match Neville began to announce. Harry grinned at the enthusiasm his friend had and was glad he was taking advantage of their friendly match to get some practice in. What Harry didn’t know was that the twins had purchased 50 pairs of Omnioculars and had different people as well as a few house elves recording the match. Each pair had the ability to permanently record up to 2 hours of game play and was the only way wizards had of seeing a replay as they didn’t have video camera technology. They figured they could make 100 galleons per recording easily as this was the seeker match-up of the decade as well as two of the youngest and most well known seekers in recent history. Since they got a discount price from Quality Quidditch Supplies for buying such a large number they were able to get them at only 4 galleons a pair plus a 10 galleon surcharge for ordering which took the total

order to \$210 galleons which they figured they could easily make up with selling 3 pair.

Victor spotted the snitch first with Harry but a few seconds behind. The crowd went wild as they watched them soar across the pitch after the tiny winged ball. They were shoulder to shoulder and each trying to gain an advantage over the other. The snitch went into a steep dive toward the grass and the two raced after it. Both of them were determined to win and dives were their specialty. The snitch seemed to sense that it was in danger and hovered less than a centimeter above the pitch, its wings hitting the grass.

Harry began to think about how he could catch the snitch and still pull out of the dive without hurting himself or his broom. He grinned as an idea formed and as Victor began to break out of the dive he quickly slowed and then dove off of his broom making sure to land in a roll. He laughed at the stunned look on his opponents face and then held up the snitch for everyone to see. The crowd went wild that Victor Krum had just lost to Harry Potter in the absolute best seeker showdown they had ever seen.

“You are insane my friend,” Victor said with a smile as the two shook hands. David made his way over and turned them to the crowd before hoisting Harry’s hand with the snitch up into the air like in a boxing match to officially declare him the winner.

“I think that Crazy Seeker really suits you,” David said with a chuckle. “I mean there are not many players crazy enough to purposely jump off their broom in the middle of a game.”

Harry just laughed and shrugged, still having a hard time coming to grips with the fact that he had beaten Victor Krum in Quidditch. Krum already had a chocolate frog card listing him as the best seeker in over a century and he just beat him! Harry even waved to the crowd before heading into the changing room for a shower.

“You know that the healer is going to have a heart attack that you jumped off your broom only hours after falling over 40 feet to the ground right?” Charlie’s voice said as soon as he was inside. “I mean

sure it was a totally awesome move and worthy of its own name like the Potter Pitch Plant or something equally ridiculous.”

“Ugh... at least she’s not Pomfrey or she’d be in here already to drag me forcefully back to the infirmary and pump me full of sleeping potions until she was satisfied I had rested long enough.” Harry said and they laughed as he got into the shower to ease his aching muscles from first his violent fall that morning and then his grueling match against Victor. “I’m glad that I skipped flying class though,” Harry told Charlie. “I’m stiff and sore and dueling is going to be bad enough tonight without another almost 2 hours of flying on top of it.”

“You should take a mild pain reliever before dinner and I can rub some muscle relaxant cream into your stiff muscles if you like,” Charlie offered. “I wouldn’t want you to lose your duel due to stiff muscles.”

“Sure, I’ll call for Miko and you can tell him what to get from the infirmary or my trunk while I finish showering,” Harry said and called the elf. Charlie just rolled his eyes and realized he should never be surprised when one of the farm elves popped into the room and asked what he needed.

Miko quickly returned with the needed potions and healing balm and within 10 minutes Harry was feeling much better and confident he had a chance in the duels that night. “Come on Champ, we’ve wasted all the extra time till dinner and if we don’t show up there will be a riot I’m sure as everyone will have heard about your little match.”

“Great,” Harry mumbled. “It seems I am incapable of going anywhere without causing a stir. Do you think the fates are having a contest or something?” Charlie just laughed and herded him towards his adoring public.

Dinner was an interesting affair as he discovered what the twins had been up to. Since no recording devices were allowed to leave the Farm without the director or owners permission they needed Harry’s approval to sell the Omnioculars. Harry just shook his head and said yes providing they gave a copy to him, to Victor and one to the Farm

so they could add it to their collection that the pro's used for training. Figuring it was a very fair deal they agreed.

"I think that if you make more than \$100 galleons a pair that you should donate the rest to the 'Save the Snidget' fund." Charlie told the twins and explained the charity that Harry had the goblins set up to help fund the Sanctuary. After some non-verbal twin communication they agreed that any proceeds over \$100 galleons would go to the charity.

"What are you plotting now Harry?" Neville asked having recognized the look on his friends face. Usually something spectacular or extremely expensive came out after that look and he was curious what it would be this time.

"Hold on," Harry said and made his way over the head staff table to talk with Garret and Mike. After a few seconds he waved over Oliver and Victor and the two grinned before Victor ran out of the dinning hall and Oliver started pulling other staff members out after him. Harry just calmly sat back down and told his friends to wait as he didn't want to spoil the surprise.

Just before dinner was over Victor and the others returned with triumphant looks on their faces. Krum sent a thumbs-up to Harry before they all sat down and Garret stood up to address everyone present. "Ok everyone listen up," He said and all talk stopped as they were hoping he would explain the excited glee on the faces of half the staff and many of the pro's faces. "I have just been given permission to hold a Charity pick-up game tomorrow afternoon after lunch. This game will consist of The Farm staff playing against an assortment of International professionals. As this is a charity event we must charge 3 galleons to get in, you may use your camp points to pay for all or part of the entry fee. All proceeds will go directly to the newly created 'Save the Snitch' charity which has been created to fund wildlife sanctuaries around the world to protect creatures in danger of extinction." He paused to let everyone clam down since they were so excited. "We have not decided the exact players for tomorrow's game so you'll have to wait and see. This game will be one hour in length is

all since there are other important camp activities that still need to go on as scheduled.”

The wash off chatter about being able to attend such an even was the talk of the camp. “I wish I had more points,” Amanda said with a sigh. “I don’t have much extra spending money and I really want some team photos from the gift shop but I’ll need to use almost all my current points to get into the game.”

“Don’t worry about it,” Harry told her with a smile. “Use your points to go to the match and if you don’t make up those points before Saturday I’ll give you the difference. But trust me when I say you want to go to the match.”

“Deal,” she said with a big smile at Harry who noticed Charlie look relieved as he would have offered to give her some of his points. Harry could tell that Charlie had a thing for Amanda and wondered if they were an item at Hogwarts.

The last night of dueling was grueling for the contestants as to make it to the finals there were three rounds before for a total of 4 duels in one night with very little rest between them. There were 16 duelers left for 8 duels in the first round of the night. Both Charlie and Harry were able to make it into the next round, although Charlie would need a hair regrowth potion since half his hair had been singed off.

The quarterfinals were very interesting duels and made Harry really want to attend an actual dueling competition. Harry won his duel using a few quick moves and an opponent that used too complicated spells. Charlie did not fare so well in his duel and would need a new pair of robes along with the hair potion. Somehow he was able to squeeze out a victory and Harry realized that his opponent looked worse for wear than Charlie did.

The semi-finals were interesting as Harry had to duel Charlie. He had wondered when they would be matched up and had been watching the older Weasley to learn his technique and weaknesses. The two of them bowed and the crowd was relatively silent realizing that the two were friends and it would be interesting to see who could come out

on top. Charlie took the offensive immediately and Harry simply dodged or deflected the spells. He had watched Charlie start to tire after about 7 minutes and knew he had more stamina. He would start out by staying on the defensive mostly and wearing down the dragon handler. After more than 5 minutes Harry started returning fire and those watching realized what his strategy had been as his spells were much stronger.

Charlie realized that Harry had the advantage at the moment and began to fall back to defend and try and regain his strength. Harry wasn't going to let that happen though and started throwing double the number of spells at Charlie who was hard pressed just to block them. After a few more minutes of intense spell casting by Harry he quickly changed tactics and sent two transfiguration spells at Charlie who was unable to block as he had a specific shield up for the type of spells Harry had been sending. The two transfiguration spells took affect and Charlie's boots were transfigured into concrete blocks and his pants were partially transfigured from the knees down into chains attached to the concrete. Charlie immediately concentrated on undoing the transfiguration and it was his undoing as it allowed for Harry's stunner to hit him.

Harry quickly revived Charlie and then stood next to him with a grin as Ken took a photo of them. Charlie made sure to scowl at the camera before ending the spell so his shoes and pants were back to normal. Harry and he shook hands and it was Harry that would move onto the finals.

"Well everyone this should make quite a duel for our championship this year!" Ken said happily. "I present last year's amateur camp dueling champion Lars Golik from Germany and this year's student camp dueling champion Harry Potter."

Harry smiled at taking on the winner of last year's championship. He figured if nothing else that all the dueling he had done recently had shown him lots of new spells as well as kept him in shape for the always present danger of death eater attacks. He bowed to Lars and the two of them began to test each other's shields and try and find weaknesses. They had finally started to really throw spells at each other to try and win and Harry was thinking it would be a long a drawn

out duel when Lars made a critical mistake. He conjured 3 snakes and set them at Harry with a smirk on his face thinking he was victorious. Harry just hissed at the snakes to scare Lars and the tables were turned. While Lars was busy trying to vaporize his conjurations Harry was able to slip a disarming jinx as well as a stunner through the German's shields and he was out like a light just 12 minutes into the duel.

“I don't understand,” the German said once he was awake, obviously upset at loosing. “My snake spell has never once failed to win me a duel.”

“Maybe against those scared of snakes but never against me,” Harry said with a shrug. “I'm a parseltongue so it was simple to turn them back around on you.”

“Ah, that explains it,” Lars said and stalked back to his table leaving Harry to celebrate with his friends.

Chapter 14: Charity Match at Camp

Harry woke up excited about his last full day of camp. The whole morning was dedicated to become a pro seeker with pointers as well as lectures and then concluding with a mock pro tryout. Then after lunch was the charity game and he had his referee testing after that. It promised to be another exhausting but amazing day at The Farm.

The lecture on the responsibilities of a professional seeker to their team was interesting. The seeker from the American national team was the speaker and she covered the differences between being a school seeker and a professional. They had an hour after the lecture with 8 different pro seekers giving them pointers on how to quickly improve before the tryout. The mock tryout as they called it was amusing to Harry. The first thing the scout for The Farm said was that most seekers' tryouts were for show and that the scout was really interested in how they played in a game setting. He said the best way to guarantee a spot on a pro team was to play against a pro player and clobber them, proving yourself as the superior seeker. Everyone looked at Harry enviously at that point.

The amusing part to him was that everyone thought this was a mock tryout when he saw scouts from every major team in the stands. He knew that many had been invited to the charity match since they were likely to show for the mock tryout anyway. Victor had said that he received his offer to play less than a week after getting back from camp and without ever attending a real tryout. He had a good time at the tryout anyway since he was able to show off all his best moves and make the rest of the student campers look like first years.

He ate a very quick lunch and said bye to the rest saying he had promised David he would help set up for the charity match. He headed into the Staff team's locker room and grinned at everyone assembled. David tossed him a white uniform with black lettering and The Farm logo on the front. It had his name and number 7 on the back, indicating he was the starting seeker. David was already wearing his matching uniform with his number at 17 as the back-up seeker. The pants for the uniform were thankfully black, as was the shirt that went under the white robes. He smiled as he put on all his equipment and he and his team chatted on their strategy.

“OK everyone listen up,” Oliver said and Harry groaned along with the rest of them as they sat down to listen to a legendary Oliver Wood pre-game pep talk. “We are going up against the top professionals in the world. In everyone in the stands opinion they have the superior team, but we all know that is codswallop. We will go out there today and prove once and for all that any staff member from The Farm could take their spot. Ree, John, Harris you are going up against the chasers from Ireland. Everyone thinks they are an unbeatable scoring machine. Between you and I we are going to make them eat their words. Colby, the American keeper is good but I know you’ve all seen him and know his weaknesses. I expect you to outscore the Irish. Max, Leo you’re up against the fearsome Canadian duo. You know they are twins and can basically read each other’s mind so be on top form and try and protect Harry. Harry, you’ve never competed against a full team of pros before so be wary of the bludgers as they hit a lot harder than what you are used to. Your only mission is to keep Krum away from the snitch. I know you beat him yesterday so that means he is going to try twice as hard today to get back on top. We will win today, we will make money for Ash and we will earn the respect that once belonged to all Farm staff.” Oliver finished and they all cheered and Harry grinned at the felling of having Ollie prep him for another game.

Harry stood next to Oliver waiting to be announced as the two reserve teams were introduced to the very loud and excited crowd. Up in the stands his friends were looking everywhere for him and couldn’t believe he was going to miss the beginning of the match! As the visiting team the Professionals were wearing all black with white lettering so as to be easily distinguishable from the Staff. Harry realized the house elves must have been working long into the night to get 28 full uniforms ready for them to use the next day. The crowd went wild when they saw that not only were they going to be watching professional’s play they were the best of the best. Each of the visiting team were the current leaders of their field or the best of each position and all were on not only a club team but a national team as well.

Harry took a deep breath as the announcer began the introductions of his team. “Now here is our very own Farm Superstar Team. At chaser

we have our three Chaser Trainers, Ree Woo, Ethan Harris and John Delancy. At beater are our two beater trainers Max Ames and Leo Berglund. Acting as team captain and keeper is one of our keeper trainers Oliver Wood. Finally as seeker we have our esteemed owner Harry Potter.” They all flew out and waved to the crowd who had been momentarily stunned to first learn that Harry was the seeker and second to realize that he was the owner. Many of the younger women immediately began planning how to attract his attention as he was obviously rich.

Harry’s friends were shocked to see him fly out as the Farm team seeker but immediately began cheering for him. Fred handed out their last 10 pairs of Omnioculars to people sitting near them to use during the game. Each of the friends already had a pair and they had bribed 10 house elves to record the game as well. “27 recordings are so not going to be enough,” he said with a sigh to his twin who agreed.

“Especially since we’re only going to be able to sell like 20 of them,” George said with a sad sigh. “Ah well, buck up we get to see Harry in his debut as a professional level seeker. He’s playing against the best the professional teams have to offer, if he squeaks out another victory here he will be legend!”

“I think you two twits forget that he already is a legend,” Angelina said with a laugh. “The question is will he still want to play for Gryffindor or will he accept a professional offer?”

“He’ll still play for Gryffindor,” Neville told them confidently. “I’m sure the pro teams will be begging him to play but he won’t until the war is over. He’s safe to play here since it is unplotable but he’d be a prime Death Eater target if he was out on a pitch with a scheduled public game. He wouldn’t want to endanger anyone like that. Hogwarts is safe as well with all the wards.”

“That means that these recordings are worth even more money,” Fred moaned and wished they had bought more than 80 from their supplier. “If this is his only pro level appearance for the next few years there will be teams begging for copies...”

“Shut up Fred,” Alicia said with a smack to his head. “The game is about to start.”

The game was amazing. Each team was so talented that to an untrained eye they looked like little less than blurs zooming around the pitch. Oliver was having one of the best games of his career, determined to prove his team's worth. He had already blocked 4 goals from the once thought of as unstoppable Irish trio. 15 minutes into the game The Farm was ahead 40 to 10 with their chasers proving why they were qualified to train the pros. Harry had successfully avoided two bludgers so far and was amazed at the speed which they passed him, immensely glad he had gotten out of the way. He and Victor were circling the pitch looking for the snitch. Harry was determined that even if he didn't catch it he wouldn't let Victor get to it either. They only had an hour to play and he wasn't about to let Victor get the best of him.

Victor turned and quickly began a steep dive. Harry looked to where the Bulgarian was flying and did not see a sign of the snitch and therefore didn't follow. Victor pulled out of his feint when he realized that Harry wasn't biting. Harry waited another 5 minutes before he tried to get Victor. After making sure the snitch was not in sight he turned his head towards the Pro goal posts and made sure to paste a gleeful look on his face before he raced off towards the other side of the pitch, Victor hot on his heels. He zig zagged through the other players and then turned and lazily made his way back to his favorite scouting spot. The crowd went wild when Harry led Victor on his wild snitch chase. The rest of the game continued in this fashion with the two trying to trick the other and leaving the crowd gasping every time at their amazing flying.

The game was almost over, there was less than 5 minutes left to play and the Farm team was in the lead 70 to 30. The crowd was getting restless as no one had seen the snitch yet. Suddenly both Harry and Victor took off at the same time from opposite ends of the pitch. The snitch had been sighted in the very middle of the pitch and neither seeker had an advantage. Harry was focused on the snitch and didn't even notice as he avoided an expertly hit bludger that would have made any other seeker lose his concentration on the snitch. The

crowd was on its feet cheering as the two seekers both closed the distance at the same time. Suddenly the snitch lurched into the air and Harry and Victor began a steep climb to catch it. They were circling each other in their pursuit and didn't realize what a magnificent sight they made in their nearly vertical climb.

Both boys had their arms extended, almost within reach of the tiny winged ball. They both put on an extra burst of speed at the last second. Harry reached out and grasped not the ball but one of the fluttering wings. Victor reached out at the same second as Harry and grasped the other wing, neither gaining sole control of the golden ball. Both of them had taken their other hand from their broom to reach for the ball itself and secure a victory... when the whistle blew signifying the end of the match! They looked at each other and both laughed before they nodded at each other and both grabbed the golden ball at the same time before holding it in the air and laughing at the irony of time running out before they could determine who had caught the snitch.

The crowd was stunned silent as they realized that technically neither seeker had caught the snitch but yet they were both holding it now. There were moans of frustration from those who had bet on whom would catch the snitch but overall most thought it was an amazing finish. The two teams shook hands, although the pros seemed less cocky now that they had lost to the Farm team.

"And the final score is 80 to 30 with the Farm Superstars emerging victorious!" The announcer said to thunderous applause from the gathered crowd. "I would also like to say that with the stand full to capacity we were able to raise \$1,500 Galleons in just this hour for the 'Save the Snidget' fund! Collectors photos will be available in the gift shop and proceeds will also go to the 'Save the Snidget' fund. With your help we can bring back these fine birds and other creatures that have been thought lost."

"Great flying there Harry," Ree Woo said with a grin as the team congratulated each other in the locker room. "I can't believe the ending with you stalemating Krum like that! I wish I had a replay to watch."

“I’m sure there will be one available soon,” Harry said with a laugh. “I know my friends the Weasley twins make 50 replays of my head-to-head against Victor yesterday and had almost 30 extra pair of omnioculars which I’m sure they used for this match.”

“Cool, so do you know what they are asking for them yet?” Max asked him.

“No, but I made it part of the deal that I get a pair and so does the Farm’s collection or they weren’t allowed to sell them. I’ll have to talk with them about it. For the ones of Victor and I we decided that anything over 100 galleons would be donated to the Snidget fund and that’s what sparked this whole charity match idea so hopefully I can talk them into the same arrangement.” Harry said with a shrug. “What would a match like this usually go for?”

“A normal match can sell for between 50 and 100 galleons, depending on the teams and if there were any spectacular moves. A head-to-head like you had with Victor will be a collector’s item not just for training purposes and will easily go double that. A match like we just had with only 500 people in attendance is almost priceless. Since we won I’d say the replays will be worth upwards of 500 galleons each.” John Delancy commented and the others just agreed with his assessment.

“I didn’t realize it was such a lucrative market,” Harry said with wide eyes.

“Oh yeah,” Ree said with a grin. “I sold my recording of the Irish/Bulgaria world cup match for 300 galleons.”

“Come on, the pros’ are buying us drinks since they lost,” Leo said with a grin as the rest of the team cheered and hurried up and changed. “You coming Harry?”

“Can’t,” Harry said with a shrug. “I’ve got referee testing in 5 minutes and then I have field healing and marketing before dinner and then the camp dance. Tell Mike the hangover potion is on me

though ok?" He laughed as they all cheered and headed over to the main house.

Harry was glad of his increased memory recall when taking the Referee test. He had been reading his complete rule book every night before bed and had been able to read through it 3 times already. He was glad he had taken the time to do so as the questions were tough. He knew he wouldn't have any problems with the flying aspect of the test but the written portion was brutal. He realized there was a reason that good referee's were hard to come by as you had to get a 90 or better on the exam to pass and then had to be re-tested every 3 years and to maintain your license you had to referee at least one match a year.

The flying part of the exam was a breeze for him and he was easily able to demonstrate the spells needed to release and track the balls. He landed with a smile on his face and sat next to the only other student camper in the class. "So how do you think you did?" Harry asked as he opened a bottle of water to drink.

"I did well I think," the other boy said with a smile. "I've been studying my dad's manual. He's a referee already and I thought it would be cool to be tested while I was here. I'm hoping to either be a referee or an announcer when I graduate."

"I have no idea what I want to do when I graduate," Harry said with a laugh. "But since I own this place I figured that I should have all the Quidditch angles covered and they can always use extra referees."

"You were great in the match today," the other boy told him. "I wish I could fly that well. I'm good enough to be a referee but I just don't have the finesse needed to play anything other than a friendly game."

"I'm glad the game turned out so well. It was amazing playing with the pro players. It makes me wish I could play pro but that's not in the cards for a while." Harry said wistfully as they watched the rest of the referee hopefuls in the air.

“Is it because of that maniac that is after you?” The kid asked curiously.

“Yeah, he’d probably try and attack any scheduled matches and I don’t want to put anyone in danger. I take it you’re not from Europe?” Harry asked.

“Nah, I’m from California here in the good ole’ USA,” the boy said with a grin. “I’m Matt by the way,” he introduced himself. “I read about you and the Dark Lords in England in my History class.”

“What school do you go to?” Harry asked curiously as he had heard of a few different American schools so far.

“I go to Salem in Massachusetts. It’s the elite school in the US and you have to test to get in. I’ll be going into my 7th year. There are two other main schools, one in New Mexico called Windwalker and one in Oregon called the Institute of Magic. Then there are a bunch of day schools across the country as well.”

Both Harry and Matt were awarded their referee licenses but only about half of the others passed the written test and would have to test again in 3 months time or they would have to hand in their rule book.

Harry grinned at the glare he received from the Farm’s Healer as he sat down in the Field Healing course. It was once again mostly amateur’s as the student players usually had school healers on hand at games. “Good afternoon everyone I am Emily Swanson and I am the healer here at The Farm. I have with me two of our three medi-witches as well, Jean Tanner and Peg Meier they will be helping you with the practical portion of the session. Now there are two main mechanisms of injury with Quidditch and they are injury caused by a bludger and injury caused by falling from a broom. My advise to you from the start is that if someone falls from their broom more than 5 feet in the air that you immediately contact a healer as you will not be able to treat the serious injuries from such a fall. We will focus on treating minor injuries that are usually sustained from a bludger or from another player.”

The workshop was very helpful to Harry as his healing OWL had covered more diagnosing and treating illnesses rather than injuries. He learned some triage spells as well as how to properly move an injured player and proper dosages of common medicinal potions that every medi-witch or team's emergency potion kit should contain. He thought that a lot of what she had been presenting he should carry back to the DA to use in case of injuries there or if Death Eaters attacked. He was hoping that maybe even Madame Pomfrey would hold an extracurricular field medic training course for any of those interested or worried about the war.

The Marketing workshop was run by Jason Smith who was the Farm Public Relations manager and who had a Business and Marketing degree from one of the American muggle universities. Jason was a muggle-born who wanted to be able to fit in both world and had a great understanding of business strategy and marketing tips that he had picked up in the muggle world and was planning on translating into his new position at The Farm. He was one of the new hires as the previous PR man had been fired with Quiggly and Harry was very impressed with Garrett's choice.

Harry decided he would have Jason help him with his muggle investment portfolio and see if there was anything he could do to grow it further. He liked the younger man as he was only in his early twenties and seemed to have a good grasp on the intricacies of both the muggle and the magical economies.

Harry was the last one back to the bunk and walked into chaos as the other boys were trying to decide what to wear to the dance that night. Many of them were attempting to make themselves look older so they could hit on the ladies from the amateur camp. Harry just laughed at them and hopped into the shower once Neville emerged. Harry had told Neville what he wore to the last dance so that his friend brought something similar to wear. Neville donned a pair of tan slacks; his brown t-shirt Harry had gotten him that says 'I love Plants' and a burnt orange button down shirt over top of that. Harry was wearing an outfit he had bought with Dudley at the mall and was a pair of plaid pants in a black, white, grey and blue pattern with his black Doc Martins and a dark grey t-shirt with Sorcerer Mickey on it from Disney

and a funky white button down shirt that he left open so everyone could see Mickey.

“Dude, that is a sweet getup,” Dan, one of the other campers said with a whistle when Harry was done dressing. “You need a few finishing touches though...” He said and asked Harry what accessories he had and if he had a choker necklace or any earrings. “Can I spike your hair?” He asked waving a bottle of muggle sculpting gel at him with a grin.

Neville laughed at his friend’s plight and dug through the different pieces he had picked up on their vacation to find some accessories for Harry. The American boys were way into accessorizing and the two of them just gave in and decided to join in. Nev had bought a leather necklace at Animal Kingdom with a lion stamped into it that he wore and let one of his bunk mates style his hair. He also found the assortment of jewelry that Harry had bought various places on their trip and pulled out a shark tooth and a very small Mickey head earring that looked to be made of onyx. The other boys grinned and Harry soon had two new holes in his head, his left ear was pierced with the dangling shark tooth and his nose was pierced with the tiny Mickey.

“Hermione is going to flip out,” Harry said to Neville and both shared a scared look for a moment.

“Nah,” one of the other guys said. “Just take them out after the dance and heal the holes. If you don’t leave it in more than 24 hours you won’t even have any scar tissue. Trust me, I do it all the time when we go to the clubs at school and my mom’s never suspected a thing. Useful thing magic,” he said with a smirk and they all laughed and even convinced Neville to wear a gold hoop in his ear for the night.

Mac, the one who offered to style Harry’s hair was cursing within a minutes that his hair wouldn’t stay how he styled it. Harry just smirked and asked him what it was supposed to look like. “Spikes dude,” he said with a roll of his eye and pulled a rock magazine out of his trunk and showed him a picture of a blonde guy with spiked hair and the tips were blue.

Harry just smiled and headed into the bathroom to look at himself in the mirror. It didn't take him long to figure out how to spike his hair and then he experimented with different color spikes and decided he liked silver tips on a few of his spikes as they looked cool with his black hair. "So what do you think?" He asked the guys as he emerged 15 minutes later with perfect hair.

"Perfect dude, you should wear your hair like that more often!" Mac said as they all headed out towards the dining hall for dinner and then the dance.

" ' Punk Rock Potter.' I can see the headlines now," Charlie's laughed as he sat down next to him at dinner as he and Neville had been the first of their group show.

"I take it the twins are still primping then?" Harry asked and Charlie nodded. "I don't expect we'll see the girls for a bit either."

"No but I bet they will look great," Charlie said with a waggle of an eyebrow.

"So what's the story with you and Amanda?" Harry asked him with a smirk.

"No story really," Charlie said with a shrug. "I fancied her throughout Hogwarts and we flirted a lot at practices but nothing ever happened between us and then I went off to Romania and have been too busy chasing dragons to worry about women."

"I say you should ask her out," Neville told him firmly. "She's great and even seems to like magical creatures; you're not going to find many girls that don't mind listening to you talk about creatures for long periods of time."

"What does she do for a living anyway?" Harry asked having not bothered to even ask her.

“She’s helping her dad at the Magical Menagerie, he’s the owner. She wants to get a job at Gringotts though but there are not any openings for humans at the moment.” Charlie told him with a shrug.

“What does she want to do for Gringotts?” Neville asked curiously.

“Archeology,” Charlie said with a grin. “She loves fossils and... WOW!” He trailed off at the end as the three girls walked in. Charlie was looking at Amanda who was wearing a little black dress with a silver dragon on it. He decided if that was her giving him a hint then he wouldn’t let her out of his sight tonight.

“You three look great,” Harry said politely as they joined them at the table.

“Thanks Harry, you look dashing in a punked out sort of way,” Angelina said with a laugh. “The hair is way cool but the nose ring is a little much for everyday use.”

“It’s just for tonight,” Harry said with a laugh. “I won’t risk the wrath of both Hermione and McGonagall if I showed up at school with them!” This earned a laugh from the table as they imagined their transfiguration professor’s reaction to a nose ring.

“I like your Mickey stuff Harry did you get it on your trip?” Alicia asked as she told him that she had been there the summer after her 2nd year with some of her American cousins.

Dinner was halfway over before the twins arrived in their very loud outfits. They looked like some sort of dragon hide disco rejects. Fred had orange either leather or dragon hide pants with a green and orange polka dot shirt and a lime green jacket made out of the same material as his pants. George was wearing pants and a jacket in the same material except his pants were an aqua blue and his jacket was a bright yellow. George had a striped shirt in the two colors and they both looked like abstract art with their bright red hair on top of everything.

“You guys could blind someone in that get up,” Charlie said shielding his eyes from his eccentric brothers.

“Yeah it’s a toss up on who’s the worst dresser between you two and Dumbledore,” Harry said and they all laughed.

The dance began after dinner and Harry was trying not to feel too nervous as three older women approached him and wanted to dance. He had had a great time last camp with Anna and all the other girls but he was nervous he would look like an idiot with the older girls. He decided that he wouldn’t get a chance to dance with three beautiful women in their early twenties again and let them lead him to the dance floor with a silly smile on his face. The next three hours were a blur of dancing to Harry as he was passed from person to person to dance with. He watched as Neville danced with a few of the other campers and how Fred and George had attracted quite a crowd with their dance style. Charlie had latched onto Amanda and Harry was fairly sure she was the only female in the room he had not danced with.

“I think I may just have a new patronus memory,” Harry said with a sappy grin and he slid boneless onto his cot.

“Just how many of those ladies did you dance with?” One of the other guys asked him in awe at his bunk mate’s skills.

“About all of them,” Harry said still smiling. “I don’t care if they just like me for my fame or money...that was one fun night. I may just have to start going to dance clubs if that’s the reception I can expect.” They all laughed at him and fell asleep quickly as they were so worn out.

“Can you believe it’s over already?” Harry asked Neville as checked that their trunks were packed before breakfast.

“The week went by super fast. Are we heading to the gift shop after breakfast?” Neville asked and Harry nodded so they could spend their camp points.

“I don’t even have to give my 50 points to Amanda since they won their section champ and are on the all star team.” Harry said with a smile. “Can you believe they chose their entire team as the Yellow section all-stars? I say this just proves that Gryffindors rule!”

Mike stood up after breakfast was over to announce the different awards. As before they did the silly awards where the camper got 10 points and a printed certificate. The twins tied for Funniest and Strangest wardrobe and then his friends all howled with laughter as Harry won the award for Craziest for the second time in a row! They then went into the individual position awards for the amateurs. Each position had 2 awards again except they were for Best Returning and Best Active. The returning players were those who had not played on an organized team for 4 or more years and the active players were those who had played on an organized team within the last 4 years. Charlie won Best Returning seeker and Amanda won Best Returning Chaser and Angelina won Best Active Chaser.

The awards for the student camps were different from before as they were all seekers or announcers and it didn’t seem fair to just award 2 people. There were 5 different awards for seekers: Best Overall Seeker, Most Improved Seeker, Best Flying, Best Catching and Best Tactics. Harry won the Best Overall Seeker. There were 5 different awards for the announcers as well: Best Overall Announcer, Best Newcomer, Best Game Follower, Best Extra Information and Most Energetic. Neville won the Best Newcomer award and Harry was glad for his friend and proud of his accomplishment. Each person who got a big award received 20 extra camp points.

The last award was the announcement of the winning amateur team for Camp Champions. As it turned out the Former Gryffindor team with all his friends on it were the Camp Champs. He congratulated Charlie, Fred, George, Angie, Alicia and Amanda for such a great accomplishment. They each got 30 points for being Camp Champ, plus they still got 10 points for each victory the day before.

All told Harry now had 272 points to spend in the Gift Shop which is the equivalent of \$16 galleons! He had the most points with Charlie coming in second earning 195 points followed by the twins earning 160 points each. Angelina and Amanda each earned 150 points,

Alicia earned 140 and Neville earned 90 points. Other than Harry, each of them had already spent 51 points to get into the charity game.

Since all of his friends knew he was the owner and therefore loaded Harry didn't hold back much in the gift shop and bought most of the stuff he wanted. He bought three posters that had a large photo of both Charity match teams, it was the same size as his camp poster and had copies of all the players signatures by their photos, even his own. The posters were \$3 Galleons each with half of the money going to the 'Save the Snidget' fund. He also got a photo of his Farm Superstars team for \$1 galleon and 2 cute stuffed snidget toys for \$2 galleons each, all with half the money going to the charity. He thought Hermione and Luna would each like one of the stuffed snidgets; he noticed that Charlie had gotten one as well as all three girls. Harry also got a bunch of individual photos for his album: There was a group shot of him and his friends, him and Neville, he and the twins, Punk Rock Potter, three of him doing different trick flying moves, five different photos of different snitch catches throughout the week, him and Victor flying, Victor with him after the snitch catch, one of the two of them holding the snitch at the charity match, him dueling Alex, his being named dueling champ, his two awards for his brooms and three of him dancing with different girls. Each of the individual photos was \$5 sickles each for a total of \$6 galleons 8 sickles. Since he had already spent more money than he had points to spend he didn't get anything else. He had been eying a model Quidditch pitch like Oliver had when they were in school so he could arrange players and develop new strategies but it was \$12 galleons and he wasn't even sure if he needed it.

Neville spent his points on buying photos and then since Harry had paid for his camp dues he had money to buy souvenirs as well. He got a photo album like Harry had but in Burgundy as well as a black Farm sweatshirt. He also bought three different books on the different rules, game history and an illustrated guide to the different moves so he could be more prepared for announcing. He knew Harry had bought a Wood action figure from Professor McGonagall and bought her two photos, the one of their group of friends and the one of Harry beating Victor. He also bought 10 different 'Save the Snidget' badges to hand out at school for \$5 sickles each to help the charity. He had to hold back a wince as he paid out \$14 galleons of his own money

for the lot. It was the most he had spent in a while but realized that it would have cost him \$70 galleons to go to camp that Harry paid for.

The group of friends promised to meet up at lunch to say their goodbyes before they went to their bunk to finish packing and go to the pro meet and greet. Harry laughed as he and Neville arrived at the area with the tables for the pro's set up to find that they had set up a spot for him between Victor and Oliver. "You're signing autographs?" Neville asked in shock knowing how much his friend hated his fame.

"Yeah, my bunk mates from last camp begged me and then somehow the word got out to the other campers and suddenly over 2/3 the camp was waiting in line for a Harry Potter exclusive!" Harry said with a laugh. "I know it bugs me normally but I figure that most people have treated me normally and been nice during camp so I don't mind signing something." He pulled his color change markers out of his pocket and winked at Neville as he took his seat. Harry thought the autographs were not as bad this time and wondered if it was because he was able to joke with Victor and Oliver during it.

The twins promised to keep Harry informed of any new developments with their younger siblings or their mum. Charlie said that he and Bill would support any decision that Harry made in regards to their mother's stealing. "Don't worry about little Ronniekins at school. You've got Neville and Hermione behind you and I'm sure everyone else will be on your side one you tell them that Dumbles was paying Ronnie and dearest Gin Gin to spy on you." Fred told him before the twins took their portkey back to the Burrow.

"Thanks for everything this week Harry," Neville said with a grin when they arrived back in his living room. "I never believed before I could do something like this and now I realize that I really like it. I'm glad that we have both figured out more of who we really are this summer. No one is going to know what hit them when we get back to school!"

“I can’t wait for the show. I’ll owl you when Hermione and I plan on going to Diagon Alley.” Harry said and waved before apparating back to Privet Drive.

Chapter 15: Blood and Books

Harry and Dudley spent the next week at the gym as it was the last week of Dudley's potion regimen. Once he was done with the potions for a few days they would take him to get measured for new school uniforms as well as get him a new wardrobe. Harry's Hogwarts letter had come while he was at camp and he was surprised but happy to see a personalized note from Professor McGonagall included.

Dear Mr. Potter,

I was delighted to see your amazing scores on your OWL exams. I am saddened that you were forced to retake all the tests but under the circumstances I know it to have been a good thing. There are some here at the school that attempted to question the validity of your exams but that problem has since cleared up. Please respond with a list of classes you wish to take this year as all NEWT level classes are available to you with your impressive scores. I understand there is more going on with your education and position here at the school than I had previously been aware of. Please be assured that I will do everything in my power to protect your rights this coming school year.

Professor M. McGonagall, Deputy Headmistress and Head of Gryffindor House

Harry had smiled to himself wondering what the headmaster had done or said to reveal his manipulations to her as well as wondering what the conversation about his OWL scores was like. He was glad that she seemed to be on his side and only hoped that he wouldn't need her protection. He knew he would have to deal with Dumbledore at some point once school was back in session but he was hoping to avoid it for as long as possible.

Harry decided to sign up for the maximum number of classes as he had studied farther ahead in all of them and could probably do well on his NEWTs now without the two extra years of schooling. He would take the main classes in Transfiguration, DADA, Charms, Herbology and Potions and then add Ancient Runes and Arithmacy and continue in Care of Magical Creatures. He would drop Astronomy, History of Magic and Divination since he could learn more from books than from

either of those classes. He also requested a class in Healing from Madame Pomfrey and explained his natural healing ability and that the OWL examiner suggested private instruction.

After responding to the Hogwarts letter he drafted another letter to the school's Board of Governors asking why they decided not to make any changes to the Hogwarts curriculum. He made sure to include a copy of the class listing that he received and asked if they would give him permission to bring in private tutors in the subjects not offered at the school. He also mentioned that even with his Quidditch ban rescinded he had not been named captain and speculated on the fairness of giving the job to someone with less experience than him as well as how he had the highest OWL scores in recent history and had not been extended the position of prefect although the current prefect had below average scores. He also asked their permission to start new clubs and activities. He requested permission to start a Football club, a dueling club and to have practice and studio space made available in the school for students to study physical education, fine arts and magical craftsmanship.

Three days later he received a response from the Board of Governors stating that they had made changes to the curriculum and thanking him for notifying them that the current administration at the castle was ignoring their directives. They granted him permission for the football club but he would need a faculty advisor for the dueling club. They promised they would investigate the available areas for his other requests.

He was still grinning when another owl delivered another Hogwarts letter. The letter outlined the new classes available for the coming school year and stressed that Students were not allowed to take more than 12 classes of which only 10 could be full time classes. The new full time classes were: Healing & First Aid, Dueling, Warding, Politics & Law, Teaching. The new part time classes were: Flying, Art and different language classes. The language classes being offered were: Latin, Gaelic, French, Spanish, German, Mermish, Giant, Fairy, Centaurian, and Elvin.

Harry happily responded that he would also drop Care of Magical creatures so he could add Warding and Politics & Law as well as

Spanish, French, German, Giant, Fairy, Centaurian and Elvin. He made sure to note that he realized that took him over 12 and then explained how quickly he picked up languages and that he would not need much instruction. He wrote that he would appreciate the new Warding professor to give him a skills test and see if there was anything he could teach him otherwise he would continue with Care of Magical creatures. He told McGonagall that he had read every book in the school on warding as well as every book in the Potter and Black libraries and was unsure if a basic warding class could teach him anything new.

Professor McGonagall responded the next day that Bill Weasley would be the new warding professor and that she would pass along his request. She also told him she would allow him to take all 7 language classes unless she saw him struggling in one of his other subjects and then they would have to lighten his schedule. She also mentioned that the Board of Governors was looking through all student records and had suspended all prefects, head students and Quidditch captains until they finished their review.

She told him that were other changes to the staff as well as that throughout the year the professors would be observed in their classrooms by certified teaching experts from around the wizarding world. She also told him that the new Dueling professor volunteered to run his dueling club and that the entire 3rd floor corridor that had been blocked off before was being renovated for student workspaces for fine arts and craftsmanship and that the old music rooms were being aired out as well that were located near the library. She also said that there would be new recreation areas on the main floor for different physical activities as well as areas of the grounds reserved as well. She told him she was proud of his effort to improve their educational standards.

Harry laughed as seconds later Dudley walked in and handed him the cordless phone saying that Hermione was calling. She was so excited about the new classes that she wanted to talk to him about which classes she should sign up for. He told her that he and Dudley would be over in a half hour and they could weigh the pro's and con's of each subject. He told Dud, shrunk his trunk and they hopped on his bike and flew over to Hermione's. Dudley was small enough now that

they could both ride the bike and he loved the flying feature and knowing he was invisible to anyone watching.

Hermione was currently taking everything except Divination and Muggle Studies which was already at the 10 full time class maximum. She was fretting over having to choose between new classes and her old classes. "I don't want to stop with any of my classes as I may need my NEWT in them for whatever job I decide on." She told Harry with an almost desperate look on her face.

"Relax Hermione," he told her with a smile. "You can test in any NEWT you want at the ministry the summer after 7th year. You don't have to take the class to sit the NEWT remember. So now you need to decide which classes actually help you and which ones you learn just as much in from the book."

"But I learn in all my classes!" She said sounding affronted.

"No you don't," Harry said with a smile. "What have you ever learned from Binns or even Hagrid for that matter? Do you really need the class time in Astronomy to know the star positions? For that matter you could have easily passed the Muggle Studies NEWT without ever having gone to a single class."

"Hermione," Dudley interrupted knowing she was about to go into a rant about how Harry didn't appreciate class work or something. "Which of the new classes really interest you? I want you to explain to both of us why each one makes sense for you to take as well as reasons not to take each one." Harry just winked at him in thanks for heading off a rant.

"Healing & First Aid appeals to me since I have always been in awe of the way the magical world can treat and cure sick or injured people so fast. I could learn how to help my friends and family if they were injured or sick. The downside is that I have never been all that comfortable with blood as it makes me squeamish." She told them starting at the top of the list and appreciating the way Dudley was making her think about them.

“Flying would be good for me since I never got the hang of it in 1st year except for the fact that watching Harry fly terrifies me and I’m not so keen on the feeling of only being supported by a length of wood.” She said and then with a smile drew a line through the flying class as an option for her to take, relieved that she was able to so quickly dismiss a choice.

“Duelling would be valuable as it would help me learn to quickly cast and dodge spells and hopefully get me ready for any potential fights with Death Eaters. I also think all the rules and traditions are interesting and it would help me build up my spell base and work on the aim and power of my spells. The downside would be that it is a mostly practical class with very little spellwork being taught and it is not needed for any Ministry career or any career really unless you want a Dueling Mastery.” She added a question mark next to Dueling on her list.

“Warding sounds fascinating and useful. I have been doing some studying into the wards around Hogwarts. The ways wards are cast are interesting and the class would let me learn the methods to see if I am capable of ward casting. The downside is that it could take half the year to realize that I am not one of the 50 who are capable of casting wards and then I would have wasted time I could have spent in another class.”

“Politics & Law is my number one favorite of the new classes as I am hoping to be able to change some of the archaic laws and policies of the wizarding world. I want to bring it more up to the 20th century as well as help with creature rights.” Hermione told them with a passionate smile. “The only downsides I can find is putting up with Malfoy and having to drop one of my current classes.” Harry laughed at that and they put a star next to Politics as one they wanted to add for sure.

“Teaching is one that I don’t know much about. The only real reason to take the teaching class is if you plan on ever being a teacher and I’m not sure that is the career path for me.” She told them and put another question mark next to teaching. “I plan on taking two languages for sure since I am allowed 2 extra classes and I am

horrible at Art so that won't be an option for me. I was thinking of taking one human and one non-human language each year. I'll start with Latin this year as it will help with my spell work and I was thinking that I would take Giant to try and help Hagrid with Gwarp."

"The OWL requirements for languages are one fluent and one partial knowledge and there is a Human Languages exam and a Non Human Languages exam so you can't mix and match. The NEWTs require two fluent and two partial for each exam." Harry told her so she would realize that one language of each wouldn't earn her an OWL.

"So I should probably focus on Human languages then," she said with a shrug. "I know a little bit of French already so I'll take that and Latin rather than Giant. I only wanted to help Hagrid as I don't really see me using Giant language too much in the future."

"I was hoping to take some classes in different languages next summer so we could get a tutor together for Gobbledygook and maybe Fairy or Elvish and if we learn fast enough we could take our OWL in them." Dudley offered to her with a grin and watched the two flabbergasted looks he was receiving.

"You want to take OWLs?" Harry asked his cousin, impressed with Dudley's desire to learn about the wizarding world and maybe even be a part of it.

"I'm a squib so I am allowed to sit for 14 of the 24 OWLs in the subjects that do not require active magic. I can only sit 11 NEWTs if I so choose since Herbology, Potions and Ancient Runes require magic past OWL level." Dudley told them and they grinned at him. "I also checked and there is no age limit to taking the exams. You have to be at least 15 to take OWL exams and at least 17 to take NEWTs but there is no upper age restriction."

"So you want to study for your OWLs and NEWTs after graduating from Smeltings?" Harry asked him curiously. "Which subjects were you thinking?"

“I figure that I have nothing good going for me in the normal world and that as a squib, your cousin and heir of a major family that I would fit in better there than here. Besides I don’t want to work some minimal wage job somewhere when I could be helping you.” Dudley told him with a shrug. “Truth is I don’t like my life here and would love to start over in the wizarding world where no one knew me as a bullying git and have no idea what my parents are.”

“Ok, we’ll talk to the goblins soon about getting you a few tutors while at Smeltings in subjects like Runes, Arithmacy and Occlumency. You can study during the summer on things like creatures, languages, and potions and then study the text books for the rest. If you’re not going to use your muggle education much then you can lighten your schedule to the basics, take a few language classes and then have time for independent magical study.” Harry told him and Dudley grinned that his cousin would support him in this. “Hopefully we can get you to OWL level by the time you graduate and then you can study for NEWTs as you desire in the future.”

“Sorry I sidetracked you two... back to Hermione’s over full class schedule!” Dudley said with a laugh.

“OK, I agree with Harry that I can learn enough Astronomy, History and Creatures through independent study so that leaves me with 3 new classes I can take plus two part time classes. I will take Politics & Law, Warding and Dueling. If I find that I don’t have the ability for warding then I’ll add either Healing or Teaching. I will also take Latin and French and then study with Dud in the summer on non-human languages.” Hermione said while filling out her choices to send to McGonagall.

“So what classes will you take this year Dud?” Harry asked curious if his cousin had planned in advance.

“I am going to keep taking math and accounting which will help with any business I go into as well as with Arithmacy. I’ll also take art and keep up with choir to prep for my Fine Arts exam. I never told dad but I have a very nice voice and have been in the Smelting’s choir since my first year there.” He told them with a chuckle. “I have been taking

Spanish already and will add either French or German this year. I'm also taking Psychology and a computer technology class."

"Sounds like a fun year," Hermione said with a smile. "What kind of art class are you taking?"

"It's an introductory class where they teach the beginnings of drawing, painting, sculpture, pottery and a touch of photography. Next year I'll be able to decide which ones I am more skilled at and take more advanced classes." He told her and went on to explain the technology class to her while Harry just listened in amusement.

Monday morning Harry and Hermione arrived at Gringotts at 7 am as they had scheduled to perform Hermione's blood heritage ritual. Harry went down to return the books to his vaults that he had made copies of for his collection while she performed the ritual. He then went to visit with Nani and allowed her to do a check up and make sure that Fawkes had fully healed his wounds from falling from his broom. She had just finished when Hermione emerged and Harry helped her into a chair so she could drink the restoration potions.

"Are you ready?" Harry asked as another goblin brought out her results. "You don't have to look you know. You can go on being Hermione Granger and I will never think any less of you."

"I'm as ready as I can be," she said and shakily reached for the parchment and unrolled it. It didn't take her more than a second to read who her father was and she just handed it to Harry and tried not to cry.

"I'm sorry you didn't get to know him better," Harry told her with a sad smile as he saw her father listed as Sirius Black. "You know he would have loved you unconditionally as he already adored you for your brilliance and for helping free him." They just held each other for a few minutes as they both reflected on their loss. Harry had lost the only father figure he had every really known and Hermione had lost a father she never knew she had.

“Does this make me or you his heir?” Hermione asked curiously as Sirius had done a blood adoption of Harry but she had been born first.

“No idea really,” Harry told her. “It’s probably complicated. We should go see Ragnok and get your inheritance set up and we can ask him. What’s the rest of your bloodline look like? Any hidden magic?”

They looked at the rest of her parchment to see who all she was related to and if anyone on her mother’s side had any magic. 5 generations before her mum there had been magic in the family and the squib child was obviously sent to the muggle world. She was technically related to both the Weasley family as well as several other older families such as the Bones, Zabini, and Abbotts though not closely enough that she was entitled to anything from them. Her squib ancestor had been the 3rd child. The most surprising part is that her adoptive father Dr. Granger was listed on her sheet as well and that 8 generations back the Granger family had its magic permanently bound. It would explain the violent behaviors of that family and their desire to prove themselves. Hermione was just glad that the man was NOT her father or her magic would have never manifested and she would have been bitter and mean as well.

Ragnok reviewed the document and was satisfied that Hermione met the criteria set for in Sirius’ will. “You were not acknowledged as a Black before he died therefore Harry is the rightful Head of House. To be recognized as a true member of the Black family and to be able to use the name you have to be accepted by the current Head of House and then he can name you as heir if he so chooses, but he is not obligated to,” He explained. “Now I would hold off on that for a few moments as since you have not been acknowledged by the House of Black you can claim heir status for the House of Granger, which has long since sat idle with the binding of their magic.”

“So since he is legally my father in the muggle world and listed as my father on my birth certificate I qualify as the magical heir to that family since I have magic?” Hermione asked curiously and with a smirk on her face.

“Yes, you will be able to claim the vault as well as regain the family seat on the Wizengamot, which you will be interested to know was awarded to the Dumbledore family when the Head of their family bound your ancestors’ magic.” Ragnok said with an evil smile on his face.

“So when she claims the Granger title she will effectively kick Dumbledore off the Wizengamot?” Harry asked with a grin.

“Unfortunately he will still retain his position as he is Regent for one other family but the court will have to nominate a new Supreme Mugwhip as the head of the court must be the actual head of a seated house and the Dumbledore seat will revert back to Miss Granger.” Ragnok told them.

“Let’s do it,” Hermione said with a smile. She was livid at how the headmaster had manipulated everyone and especially how he was a dirty thief as well. She didn’t care if he had defeated a Dark Lord, there was no reason to act the way he did.

After another quick ritual Hermione was wearing the Granger signet ring and had access to the family vault. A letter had been sent to the Ministry along with the Granger seal and they were just waiting for the response from the court records keeper to confirm that the seat had been restored. Moments later a scroll appeared before Ragnok with the confirmation and he nodded at Harry that the Granger business was complete and could not be challenged.

“I Harry James Potter, Head of the Ancient and Noble House of Black, hereby recognize our lost daughter Hermione Jane Granger as the biological and magical daughter of Sirius Orion Black. From now forward she shall be called Hermione Aries Granger Black.” Harry said and there was a flash as the Black family records changed to reflect Hermione’s new status. “Welcome to the family Sis.” Harry said with a wink and the two hugged as they were technically siblings now.

“I always wanted a brother,” she told him with a grin. “I guess you’ll have to do.”

“Come on let’s let Ragnok get back to work and we’ll go visit your new vaults.” Harry said with a grin.

“There is a letter and portrait for you in your new inheritance vault Miss Black,” Ragnok told her. “Harry as an active member of the Black family she will receive an annual stipend from the Black family vault.” Harry nodded his approval and they bid the old goblin goodbye.

“I want to visit the Granger vault first as I’m not sure I’ll be up to it after reading whatever Sirius has to say in the letter,” Hermione told him and Harry agreed and they had Slink the goblin take them to her vault. It was not quite as far down as the Potter vault and he assumed the Granger family was just a Noble family and not Ancient.

The vault had lots of gold as it had been building interest for years. The properties had been sold when their magic was bound so they could afford to move to the muggle world. The vault and Wizengamot seat were all that were left of a once thriving family. Both Harry and Hermione were thrilled to see the rows of books at the back of the vault and Harry grinned and pulled out his shrunken trunk so they could load all the books into his library to make copies later. There was a family tapestry that Hermione said she may take later. They looked through the various magical objects and found a pensive as well as an invisibility cloak and four different concealment cloaks that they took with them. There were a few chests of jewelry and Hermione found a cloak clasp with the Ganger crest that she liked. She was drawn towards the back of the vault to an old painting with a wand sitting on a shelf under it.

Harry could feel the magic coming off the wand and told her not to touch it until he had a chance to analyze the magic. “Why are you directing my heir?” The lady in the portrait asked suspiciously of Harry. “It is her legacy to hold my wand.”

“Madame, the wand is pulsing with magic of its own and as we are unaware of the magic within it is only right to be cautious. We know nothing of your family to know what is safe to touch within this vault.” Harry told her gently but firmly.

“How can you know nothing of my family?” She asked affronted. “We are honored members of wizarding society and have been pioneers in magic construction and finance. I was Head of the International Coven of Witches in my day and my family holds a seat on the Wizengamot, surely you must know all this.”

“Madame,” Hermione said realizing this woman didn’t know that fate that befell her family. “The Granger family had its magic permanently bound over 8 generations ago. I will have to investigate the circumstances but my father had never known magic when I received my Hogwarts letter. I am the new heir and Head of family, my name is Hermione.”

“Lady Elspeth Rianna Granger,” the woman in the painting said with a curtsy. “Matriarch of the Granger line as is tradition. We are a proud family and it grieves me to think one of my daughters would have tarnished the line so much that its magic was bound. You must have done something special to have unbound the magic.”

“I am legally adopted by my father and not of his or your blood. As such the bonds were not passed to me and I can claim the magical vault and seat on the court.” Hermione told her. “I do not know why our line’s magic was bound but for 2 generations before the binding the line was run by men and not women, so do not fault your daughters.”

“Such a preposterous suggestion!” The lady screeched, “Never has there been a man in charge of our noble house it is an insult to the Goddesses! We are guardians of the Lady of the Lake and priestesses of the Temple of the Moon. To have a male as head would throw the balance off and could... ah, well now I understand why the magic was bound. The men of the line could never control the magic and it must have gotten out of control. My wand contains all the knowledge you will need to control the magic of the line. Just hold it in your hand and the magic will instruct you. It will tire you but you must understand the responsibilities of our line young one. I shudder to think of the damage time may have caused without a guardian or priestess.”

“Madame, I am charged with the protection of my sister here and I ask that you swear to us that neither she nor her magic will be harmed by touching this wand.” Harry said preventing her from grasping the wand until he was given assurances.

“I could never harm one of my daughters,” the lady said with a smile at Harry. “But I shall give my oath none the less so it may ease your worries.” She gave the oath and Hermione grasped the wand.

It was a strange feeling as magic filled her and information flowed into her mind. She felt lighter and yet more grounded as well. Her magic felt stable and safe and like it was truly a part of her, she had never felt so right before. She felt the knowledge of her responsibilities as guardian as well as the link as a priestess to both magic and spirit. Carefully she set the wand back upon the shelf and curtsied to the painting. “Honored mother you bless me with this knowledge. I will strive to be a true guardian and priestess.”

“May your daughters be blessed,” the painting said before becoming unanimated once again.

“Are you going to explain what just happened?” Harry asked having watched her glow and her magic change and grow.

“I will Harry but I’ll need some time to sort through all the knowledge that she imparted on me. Maybe tomorrow after sleeping I’ll be able to better explain it.” She told him with a smile.

“Whenever you are ready,” he told her and then led her to the door so they could go visit her inheritance vault from Sirius. “Do you want me to come with you or do you want to do this alone?”

“I want you by my side. I don’t know if I can handle it by myself. We both need to hear what he has to say anyway.” She told him fondly and appreciated that he realized that she may have needed to be alone. They walked into the vault that was just slightly larger than his trust vault. It was full of galleons from her inheritance and in the center was a podium with a covered painting and an envelope.

Hermione approached it slowly and gently lifted the letter out of the envelope.

My dearest Child,

Yes, I knew you existed little one and I mourn every day that I was never in your life. I am at this moment a fugitive, a wanted man and therefore I do not have the resources to find out your identity. I hope you believe that I am not a criminal and that I would have never done the horrible things I was accused of. If you are reading this letter then you have found out your true heritage. Harry Potter is my adopted son. I adopted him in a blood adoption when he was 1 year old, as the head of the family he can accept you into the family as well. The two of you are siblings of a sort as you both share my blood.

I do not know who your mother is my child. Know that I loved one woman in my life and when she left me I was devastated and took comfort in the arms of many witches. My love was a muggle woman and never knew I was a wizard. Her name was Emily Stone and I tried to find her after my escape but I didn't know her married name. I saw upon returning to my childhood home and our family tree that the burn mark with my name was larger and realized that meant that I had a child somewhere. As you were never recorded as a Black the goblins had no record of you.

I would have loved to been a true father to you and I desperately hope that you were well cared for by whoever you call father. I hope your life has been full of joy and friendship. I am sure I do not deserve to hope that you will think of me fondly but know that I love you dearly and am waiting to meet you in the great beyond.

I had a portrait made so that if you so desired we could know each other, at least in some small way. I was only able to make the one portrait and I know Harry and my good friend Remus Lupin would like to see it at least once. I know I have no business asking favors of you, but I hope it will help them heal more from my death.

I love you my child and it pains me that we never met in this life. I wish you a long and happy life full of laughter and family.

Your Father,

Sirius Orion Black

Hermione had silent tears in her eyes as she read the letter from the man she now knows was her father. She was glad that he knew she existed and it soothed her to read that he loved her even without knowing who she was. Carefully she pulled the cover off of the portrait, hoping he would not be disappointed with who she really was.

Harry gasped as she pulled the cover away to reveal a portrait of his godfather. He and Remus had been sad to realize that he had not had one made before he died. He watched as the painted Sirius blinked and then stared in wonder at his friend and now sister.

“Hermione?” Sirius asked in wonder as he saw the young girl that had reminded him so much of his lost love. He always liked Harry’s young friend and was barely daring to hope that she was his lost child. “Are you my child?” He asked, the hope evident in his voice claming her heart.

“Yes,” she told him, tears spilling down her cheeks. “I’m your daughter and you loved my mother Emily.”

“You always reminded me of her as you are just as smart and beautiful as I remember her to be. I love you child and you have made me happy just to see your face.” He told her before looking behind her and seeing Harry. “Hey pup! I love you too you know Harry and I expect you to take good care of your sister here.”

Harry just grinned and nodded with tears in his eyes. He had given up hope of ever speaking with his godfather again and here his essence was painted into a portrait that he could speak with. “I love you too and I miss you.”

“Can we hang you in the library in Harry’s trunk for now so we can talk to you at school?” Hermione asked him not wanting to leave him in a vault.

“Sounds good to me oh beautiful daughter of mine,” he told her with a rogue grin.

Hermione exchanged a huge sum of galleons into muggle money before they headed out into Diagon Alley and back towards muggle London. Hermione was going to set up a bank account at a muggle bank and have her mother on the account as well to give her mum money to live off of now that she was loaded. “My mum will be able to leave dad now and I’ll never need to see that bastard who made my life hell.” Hermione told Harry. “I’ll just take a room at the Leaky Caldron for the next two weeks until we go back to school. We can find me someplace to stay after that.”

“You should just go to Grimwald place,” Harry offered. “We can go open it and I can make sure it lets you in.”

“Ok, can we bring Neville, Remus and Dudley too? Then we can all stay together for the rest of the summer.” She asked with a smile at the idea of their group being back together.

“Let’s stop by Neville’s on the way to get Dudley.” Harry suggested.

Before they had gotten to the exit they were stopped by an irate trio of Weasley’s. Molly, Ron and Ginny were blocking their path and the two friends shared a look before turning to face the confrontation they new was inevitable.

“What are you doing away from your aunt’s house Harry Potter!” Molly screeched at him, causing Harry to wince in pain from the sound.

“Why haven’t you written me Mione?” Ron asked sulkily with a jealous look at Harry. Harry always got everything!

“You’re coming with me right now young man and we are going to talk to Professor Dumbledore about your behavior,” Molly said as she reached out and grabbed his arm in a vice grip.

“Madame,” Harry said his voice as cold as ice. “You will unhand me at once. I am Lord Potter Head of the Ancient and Noble houses of Potter and Black. I do not have to answer to you or the headmaster as school is not in session.” He smirked internally as he noticed they were drawing quite a crowd.

“What’s the problem over here?” A young Auror asked making his way over to them through the curious on lookers. Molly had not realized that her obnoxiously loud voice had carried so far and had caused a scene.

“I’m just escorting this young man to see Headmaster Dumbledore,” Molly told the auror, still not having let go of her tight grip on Harry.

“And I was just telling her to unhand me as she has no authority over me.” Harry said with a sneer in her direction. “I expect her to let go and apologize for bruising my arm or I am afraid I will have to press charges.” Harry told the auror.

“Madame, unhand Lord Potter this instant or you will be taken in for questioning,” the auror said realizing that he had walked into a situation he didn’t want to handle.

Molly let go of Harry’s arm and the crowd could already see the bruise forming on his arm from her harsh grip. “You still need to return to your aunt’s house immediately Harry dear it is not safe for you to be out and about.”

“You are the only one who has threatened me today Mrs. Weasley. I am perfectly capable of defending myself if the need arises. Again I must remind you that my business is my own and I will not be ordered around by those with no authority over me.” Harry said with contempt in his voice.

“Don’t talk to my mother that way!” Ginny screeched at him in a way too similar manner as her mum. “Is this the thanks we get for accepting you as part of our family all these years?”

Harry almost growled at that comment and had to hold Hermione back from striking the youngest redhead. "You have no right to speak to me of thanks Ginerva Weasley. You owe a life debt to me for saving you from Tom Riddle and his basilisk. What thanks do I get in return? You spy on me for your mother and for Dumbledore. You report on my conversations and whereabouts, you tell them every private thing you hear. To top all that off, you were paid to do so from money stolen out of my own vaults! Is that bad enough?" Harry asked, noticing the crowd starting to glare at the Weasleys and both the auror and several reporters taking notes. "No, my best friend, the very first friend I made in the wizarding world was a sham. Ron was paid from the very beginning to befriend me, keep me ignorant of my position and report everything I ever said or did to Dumbledore. Not only that but he routinely went through my personal possessions to make sure that I wasn't keeping any secrets from him."

"Shall we move on to what you are guilty of Mrs. Weasley? The one woman I thought cared for me as a son? The one who said I was one of her boys one of her family?" Harry asked the venom obvious in his voice and everyone gathered could tell it was going to be something good from the way she paled and tried to back away. "Mrs. Molly Weasley, homemaker and doting mother is a thief." Harry said simply. "She has been stealing money from my trust vault since my 1st year at Hogwarts. Not only that but all the times she's pretended to care about me and take care of me and have me over to her house she was paid \$200 galleons a week for her services from money stolen out of my vault by our esteemed Headmaster Dumbledore. So the caring and loving Mrs. Weasley was taking at least \$2,500 galleons out of my vault each year, which is more than most witches or wizards make in year by working every day." The crowd was visibly upset and Harry was feeding off their energy as he blasted apart the people he once thought cared about him. "Do you three want to know the worst part about it? I would have given you whatever you wanted... all you would have had to do is ask... but instead you betrayed my trust and showed your true colors. I am glad of one thing though. I realize that by being so sneaky and underhanded you hid your nature from the rest of your family as well. I am just glad the Bill, Charlie and the twins were never dragged into your schemes and are still decent wizards who offered to make restitution for what you had done. I will not punish your entire family for your faults and I am glad

to still have the love of the four best of your offspring.” Harry said knowing the dig stung all three of them.

“Are you going to be pressing charges today Lord Potter?” The auror asked, looking eager to arrest the three red heads.

“Not until I am able to ascertain her husband’s involvement in this matter. If it as I assume and he was unaware of his wife and children’s treachery then I will not sully the Weasley family name with a trial and I will allow him as the Head of his family deal with them.” Harry said and nodded at the twins who had arrived at the back of the crowd when they heard about the commotion.

“You can’t believe what he is saying Moine,” Ron said breaking the silence of the glares they were getting from the other shoppers. “He’s always been a lying, attention seeking prat!”

“My name is Lady Hermione Aries Granger Black and you will not speak to me in such disrespectful tones. You do not deserve to speak with either my brother or me after your treachery. You disgust me and I wish I had never met your, your sister or your mother.” Hermione said with disgust in her voice and enjoying the jealous looks from both Ron and Ginny.

Molly dragged her two children away from the growing crowd before any of them were in danger. She knew she needed to get in touch with Dumbledore immediately so he could put Harry back in his place. She made a beeline straight towards Gringotts in hopes of hiding the money she had stolen from Harry. Therefore she was shocked when the security goblins at the door blocked the entrance when she approached.

“You and your two children are not welcome in this bank,” the larger of the two goblins growled at her. “Leave now before our spears accidentally slip.” The three hurried back toward the Leaky Cauldron to floo home. Molly had never heard of anyone being turned away from the bank before and was fretting over the almost \$8,000 galleons she had in her personal vault.

“Lord Potter will you answer a few questions?” A reporter asked after the Weasleys ran off.

“I will answer some but there may be some that I deem too private to share.” Harry said and the young reporter looked like Christmas had come early. “Now tell me which publication do you represent and ask your question.”

“I am from Witch Weekly,” she said with a smile. “I would like to know why you waited until this summer to claim your title?”

“That is simple,” Harry said with a frown. “I was never informed of my title by Albus Dumbledore who was acting as Regent for the Potter family. It was not until I began to study for my Politics & Law OWL that I discovered my true heritage and have since taken over my responsibilities.”

“Lord Potter, I am with Wizard Quarterly,” a man said. “Our research shows that you have had consistently had average to below average scores in your classes yet you achieved some of the all time highest scores. Could you please explain.”

“I had multiple blocks on my magic removed by my trusted friend who is a goblin healer. She determined that I had a block placed upon my magical core by the Master Healer at St. Mungo’s only hours after I was born since I was an overly powerful child and must have been manifesting my magic already. Additionally three other blocks were added to my magic after my parents death by Albus Dumbledore or those working on his orders. On my 5th birthday he blocked all intentional accidental magic that I could perform, then at the end of my 1st year of Hogwarts he directed the medi-witch to block off my natural healing ability and then at the end of my 4th year of school he blocked all natural mind arts talents. I was never informed of these blocks and unless my goblin friend had found them I never would have reached my full magical potential. After the blocks were removed I was able to improve my reading speed and retention and have a much easier grasp on my magic. Spells that I had always had problems casting became easier. Additionally, while studying for OWLs I was frustrated with my progress in Potions and how I didn’t

understand the reasons we did certain things. It was then that I found the pamphlet that all muggle raised students were supposed to receive before attending Hogwarts. I read all the suggested reading and suddenly things I had been struggling with for 5 years began to make sense. I was never visited by a qualified 1st contact witch or wizard and never given any of the basic wizarding world information that is provided to muggle born or muggle raised students. Due to this gross oversight I have struggled through my classes for the past 5 years. I was luckily able to retake my OWL exams and able to achieve scores that reflect my true potential.”

“Lady Black,” the young reporter for Witch Weekly said. “May I inquire as to your new title and your relationship with Lord Potter?”

“I recently claimed the dormant Granger title as the adopted daughter of Dan Granger of that line. I am also the biological daughter of Sirius Black and Lord Potter has welcomed me back as the head of the family. As Lord Potter is the heir of Sirius Black by blood adoption we are technically brother and sister.” Hermione said with a smile.

“Lord Potter, I’m with Quidditch Monthly. Rumor has it that you played in a charity Quidditch game against Victor Krum and were victorious. Can you please confirm or deny these rumors.”

“I attended the Seeker Special Session at The Farm training camp where Victor and I had a friendly head to head where I was lucky enough to come up with the snitch. Additionally I have started a new charitable organization called the ‘Save the Snidget’ Fund to raise money for endangered creatures and their care. There was a charity match to benefit this charity that week at the Farm but neither seeker caught the snitch. Any future donations can be made by contacting Gringotts.” Harry said with a grin and Hermione chuckled.

“That is all the questions for today,” Hermione said wanting to get to Grimwald before Dumbledore showed up looking for Harry. “Please feel free to owl any additional questions and we will respond if we have the time.”

Harry used magic to pack up everything in his room at Privet Drive while Hermione helped Dudley load the few possessions he wanted to keep into Harry's old school trunk. They had said their good-byes to the Dursleys and were out the door within 20 minutes of arriving. Hermione and Dudley were on the motorcycle and would meet Harry at Neville's as he could apparate and there was not room for three on the bike. Neville was all packed and ready to go by the time they arrived on the bike. They would leave the bike at Neville's for now and Harry would come and take it to Grimwald sometime the next week. For now they would take the Night Bus and get off a few blocks from Grimwald.

All four of them hated the Night Bus but it was the only quick way for underage wizards to travel to a house you could not floo to. Harry cast disillusionment charms on each of them as well as notice-me-not charms so no one would see them as they made their way to the House of Black. He placed his hand upon the door and called out, "I am Lord Harry James Potter, Lord of the Ancient and Noble House of Black, open for me and those I deem worthy." The house tested his magic and then opened for him. Neville and Dudley could not see the house still due to Dumbledore's fidelius charm. "Reveal yourself to my companions," Harry said and laid each of their hands on the door and the house instantly became visible to them. The reason the charm was not used on magical properties and more often on people was because the owner of the property could always find it and allow people access. It was a failsafe of the charm so that someone couldn't hide a house from its rightful owner.

They walked inside and all stopped instantly at the horrible smell. "Dobby!" Harry called out to his little friend hoping he could quickly find the cause of the smell and remove it. Harry was actually afraid it was Buckbeak as he had not thought about what would have happened to the creature when the house shut itself. It was only moments later that the elf popped in. "Can you figure out what the smell is please?" Harry asked him as they all stepped back onto the front stoop to avoid the smell. The smell turned out to be Kreacher, who had decapitated himself and was rotting on the floor under his mistress' portrait. Dobby quickly vanished the dead elf and used his magic to air out the house of the smell.

“Dobby being done getting rid of smell Harry sir,” he said tiredly. “It tooks lots of magics so Dobby not beings able to help cleans for few hours.”

“Thank you for your help Dobby and please go to bed and sleep for the night. We will see you in the morning and we can figure out how we want to start getting this place in order.” Harry told him and Dobby popped out.

Dudley opened the windows in the living room while Harry did his best to clean off some of the dust. Hermione was writing a quick note to Remus and Neville was searching for any hidden critters that could attack them. Harry called Fawkes to take the note to Remus and bring him to the house if he could and waited for the final member of their little group. Harry and Hermione explained what happened at Gringotts and then the confrontation with the Weasley’s afterwards to Dud and Nev and then again to Remus once he arrived.

“So you’re Padfoots daughter huh?” Remus said with a fond smile as he thought of his friend. “He would have been so proud to have you as a daughter. He was extremely fond of you for all the help you gave Harry and how you helped save him.

“How long till Dumbles finds out and tries to counter everything?” Harry asked Remus who shrugged but seconds later winced and pulled a pendant from under his robes.

“I guess he wants to talk about it now,” Remus said. “He must be livid to set the meeting notice so hot. I’ll come straight back after the meeting. Do you want me to bring the loyal Weasley boys with me if they are there?”

“If they want to come they are welcome,” Harry told him. “Be safe,” he added as Remus walked outside to apparate. Harry had not instructed the house to allow anyone apparation rights or floo access yet and thought perhaps he would wait and see how things worked out with the Order meeting first.

Chapter 16: Order of Chaos

Remus arrived at Hogwarts, the temporary headquarters of the Order and nodded at the twins and Bill who winked at him. He sat down next to Kingsley Shacklebolt where he had a decent view of the whole room so he could watch people's reactions and determine which ones would side with Harry. It only took another 10 minutes for everyone to arrive and then Dumbledore stormed into the room, looking nothing like his normal grandfatherly persona.

"Harry Potter is out of control," he stated to those assembled. "He has left the safety of the blood protection at his aunt's house, spread lies about myself and the Weasley family and somehow had the Dumbledore seat removed from the Wizengamot." He stated and there were the appropriate gasps.

"Perhaps you may want to go into more detail and tell us exactly what was said and how they are falsehoods?" Fred Weasley said causing many of the Order to stare at him from his serious tone and glare directed at the headmaster.

"You could also explain how there were no blood protection wards at Privet Drive based upon Lily Potters blood and how the only blood ward used Harry's own blood and was only protecting the house and not very well," Bill added.

"Or how the reason your seat was removed from the Wizengamot was because the rightful magical heir of the Granger family claimed it as the Dumbledore family took their seat when their magic was bound over 8 generations ago." Remus added and they all noticed how Dumbledore became more and more angry.

"I'd like to hear what you have to say about the allegations that Lord Potter raised against both you and Molly Weasley. I have the complete transcript here from the auror on the scene, shall I just read it and we can discuss the points as they come up?" Tonks asked and the others in law enforcement in the room agreed. Tonks read the notes from the auror at the scene and Remus carefully noted the reactions of the different members. Molly Weasley was screaming

and throwing a fit but one of her son's had silenced her and Arthur was looking at her like she had grown a second head.

“Let's start with the accusations against you Albus,” Minerva McGonagall said with a cool voice. “You knowingly and willfully kept Harry's inheritance from him, you placed him in a home where you claimed blood wards from his mother's sacrifice protected him yet they did not exist, you paid two other students to befriend and spy upon him with his own money and paid this woman here to pretend to care for him, then the most horrible thing of all is that you placed three blocks on the child's magic and never had him checked for old blocks even with that being part of the school charter for orphaned children. Is there anything else I am missing?”

“You are missing a lot professor but those were the only things that were revealed today,” George said seriously.

“What do you have to say for yourself Albus?” Mad-Eye Moody asked him seriously. He had known his old friend was sly and crafty and that he had an unhealthy obsession with the Potter boy but he never thought he would blatantly break so many laws.

“Harry needed to be protected and molded into the hero he must become. We need him to win this war and he could not grow up a spoiled brat like the Malfoy heir.” Dumbledore told them. “I did everything for the greater good of the wizarding world.”

“You blocked his natural healing ability for the good of the wizarding world? What did that accomplish other than almost killing him several times? You blocked his mind arts abilities and then had your pet death eater mind rape him all last year, what did that accomplish save opening his link to Voldemort father and getting a good man killed? You paid my mother and siblings behind our families back for something that any moral witch or wizard would do for free, all the while stealing the money from the very boy you claim to be protecting?” Fred Weasley spat with venom and many people's opinions of the twins greatly rose that afternoon.

“You will never understand how it pained me to do those things,” Dumbledore said, trying desperately to turn things back around.

“How it pained you to send an innocent man to jail?” Remus asked quietly as everyone turned to stare at him. “You performed the Fidelius charm for the Potters and would have known that Peter was the secret keeper. You were the head of the Wizengamot and they would have had to grant Sirius a trial if you said so. How was that for the good of the wizarding world? How did that pain you?”

“Then you set yourself up as the regent for the Potter family by using a forged will for Lily and James. Harry was never to be sent to his aunts house and there was a list of at least 6 people he was to go to and then to an orphanage but never to her. You took over as regent when it was stated to go to Frank Longbottom or then Amelia Bones in their will. After that point you continued to take Order dues for both Potters and Sirius, began funding your own little crew of busybodies and taking \$5,000 galleons a month for yourself when you were only allowed \$2,500 per year. You sabotaged some of the best investments the Potter family had and made sure to drive the Black family into the ground all the while having amassed over \$800,000 galleons of Harry’s inheritance. How is that for the greater good?”

“Shall we also mention how you attempted to forge a copy of Sirius’ will as well or how you knew that Harry was verbally and physically abused at the Dursleys yet still sent him back every year? How about how you set up all of his little adventures to test him or how you could have easily pulled him out of the tri-wizard tournament. We may even mention how you have had two active death eaters as professors and that doesn’t even count your so called spy over there whom none of us have any proof is on our side. You passively scan every student with Legilimency so how could you not tell that Ginny Weasley was possessed in 2nd year, how could no one ever think to ask Moaning Myrtle how she died? How can you claim that any of this is for the greater good of the wizarding world?” Remus finally finished and every since member was silent in horror as the list of offenses grew and grew and spiraled out of control.

“And these are just the things we are aware of so far.” He added before turning on Molly Weasley with a glare. “You are despicable,” he told her with a growl. “You and your youngest children are worse than he is as you actually pretended to care for Harry, made him trust you and love you and were lying the whole time. I think you deserve to rot in Azkaban for stealing from a minor but Harry has too much respect for the rest of your family. This is your one chance to explain yourself or I swear I will rip you limb from limb if you so much as think about using a knut of Harry’s money.”

Molly Weasley realized she was ruined. She had hated being poor and saw little, stupid Harry Potter as her ticket back into the high life she had lived before marrying Arthur. “He had more money than he knows what to do with and never even missed a thing,” she told them with no remorse in her voice. “Arthur doesn’t even make enough to send the kids to Hogwarts so I had to do something. Albus was willing to waive their tuition if I convinced Ron and Ginny to keep tabs on Harry. We got a bonus if Ron could make sure Harry was sorted into Gryffindor like a good little hero.” She said blandly. “I hate being poor and I hate having to wear these frumpy clothes so I took the offer and took a little bit more from the brat while I was at it. He’ll never need it anyway as he barely knows which end of his wand is which and gets horrible grades. There is no way he’s going to survive the war so I might as well get some of the money before the ministry takes it all as he’s the last Potter.”

“Remus,” Arthur said looking like his life was over. “Please pass on my apologies to Harry and set up a meeting so I can figure out how to make reparations for my wife’s transgressions.” Arthur bit out the word wife like it was something disgusting. “I will handle my other children as well and figure out some way they can pay him back for what they took.”

“Leave my children out of this; they will not be forced to live up to your moral high code. Because of you and your insane love of muggles our entire family is a poor joke in the wizarding world. They will never become anything great because of your example!” Molly Weasley yelled at her husband. “I never should have married you but

I thought that your name would carry you far even if you didn't have a large bank account. It was too late once I found out I was mistaken."

The entire Order was shocked at the attitude of the normally jolly woman and realized they were finally seeing the real side of her. "So be it," Arthur said wearily, trying to mask the hurt he was feeling by her betrayal. "I Arthur Maxwell Weasley declare that Molly Anne Weasley is no longer my wife or a Weasley nor are her children Ronald Billius and Ginerva Molly." Many members of the Order gasped at the declaration but Molly just glared at her once husband.

"I William Arthur Weasley heir of the Weasley family do uphold my father's decree and hereby disown Molly Anne, Ronald Billius and Ginerva Molly from the Weasley line." Bill said as he placed his hand upon his father's shoulder. A little known fact was that it took two of the eldest males of the family to disown anyone and one needed to be the head of the family. That was why Sirius was never officially disowned as his brother was not old enough and then died.

"I no longer need the Weasley name," Molly huffed. "I am the Prewitt heir with my brothers gone and will gladly retake my family's last name."

"That won't work," Charlie said with a satisfied look on his face. "As there are more than 3 other male Weasley heirs Great Grandfather Prewitt was able to name me as heir and once he passes on I will be the head of the family. Since there already is an heir you will not automatically revert to being a Prewitt and will have to have Great Grandfather reinstate you before being allowed to use the name."

Molly was in shock that she had not been informed that Charlie had been named heir. She knew it would have been possible for one of her younger sons to become heir but assumed they would ask her permission first before going to her grandfather. She wondered how she was going to convince him to let her back into the family as well as to claim Ron and Ginny as well. She also was worried what would happen once Charlie would become her family head. There would be no financial help from the Prewitt family as her grandfather believed

in working for ones own fortune. It looked like she would have to get a job; at least Albus would take care of Ron and Ginny's tuition.

"Now Arthur, I think you are being way too harsh on your wife and children. Sure she made some bad decisions but must you really disown her? And your children, surely they do not deserve to be thrown out for this small mishap." He said with his grandfatherly twinkle.

"I will never listen to any advise or direction from you again Albus Dumbledore. You are worse than my greedy wife and children combined as you knowingly hurt a young boy who thought the world of you. You knowingly placed innocent people in danger or condemned them to even worse fates. If my children had not all left Hogwarts by now I would withdraw them so they are not exposed to your influence." Arthur told the old man he once respected more than anyone else. He was hurt and weary from everything that had been exposed that day and wanted nothing more than weep for how much of his life was a lie. He was grateful that his remaining sons were there to support him as he didn't know what he would do without them at the moment.

"I believe it is time for a new leader for the Order," Tonks said officially as she stood with looks of disgust being given to both Dumbledore and Molly. "I no longer believe Albus Dumbledore to be acting in the best interest of the Light and will no longer remain a member as long as he is in charge."

"I second that motion," Kingsley Shacklebolt said as he stood next to Tonks.

"I am afraid the Order can only be run by someone who has a phoenix as a familiar," Albus said with a twinkle and a victorious smirk.

"So that is why you forced Fawkes to you with compulsion charms," Remus said with understanding. "I guess the Order of the Phoenix is officially defunct then as you never had a phoenix familiar rather you stole a baby phoenix from its mother before it had learned to defend itself and forced it to do as you wished." There were more shocked

gasps around the room and several others began to look at the once revered headmaster as some kind of monster. None of them could comprehend trapping a phoenix to pretend you had been chosen by one.

“We will have to disband the Order then as none of us have been blessed with the companionship of a phoenix, nor do I know anyone who has.” Moody said gruffly, still processing everything he had learned about the man that an hour ago he had considered a close friend.

“I know someone,” Charlie said with a smirk. “I was privileged enough to be able to witness the bonding between the two. He is the perfect choice but I do not know if he will agree to lead or if you all will think him capable. Additionally I know he will demand changes be made and that we start taking the fight to the Death Eaters. He will want us to try and forge alliances with all the magical creatures and will not allow the prejudices of the wizarding community get in the way of our winning this war.”

“Sounds like a smart man to me,” Moody said. “He must be good and for the light or he never would have been chosen as a companion and the fact that you witnessed the bonding is good as you can provide the memory if it is ever contested. When can we meet him?”

“I think it would be best if he was approached by a small group of us first and if he accepts we can hold another meeting. I am sure he will insist on checking the loyalty of all of us to the cause and to the Order before he allows anyone into his secure location.” Charlie told them. “He will most likely choose a few older members to act as a ruling council in the event that he cannot make a meeting.”

“Ok everyone,” Minerva said as she stood. “It is getting late. We will let Charlie take Moody and a few others with him to meet this new Phoenix friend and then send us word of a new meeting. In the meantime I suggest we continue as we have been and everyone bring any information you have gathered to the next meeting where we can share it with everyone. Now is the time for full disclosure. If a

new leader cannot be found I would request that you still help with security at Kings Cross and on Hogsmead weekends so that we can at least help keep the students safe.”

“I would advise not leaving the country Albus,” Moody said with a glare. “I am sure the ministry will want to question you on several items as well as the Board of Governors. Molly, if I never see you again it will be too soon.” He said and then walked out of the great hall. Many of the other members expressed similar opinions as the meeting broke apart.

Moody waited for Charlie just outside the main doors to the castle. He wondered just who this new champion of the light was and why they had not stepped forward before. Charlie joined him along with Kingsley, Remus and the remaining Weasley family. “Let’s apparate to the Burrow and we can floo from there.” Charlie suggested. “We will need a bit to sort out the family business and then we can meet my friend.”

The others agreed knowing that the Weasleys needed to figure out what to do with their disowned family members. They luckily arrived at the Burrow before Molly returned. “Dad, why don’t you just pack up everything and come stay with me in London for a while. The twins can pack up their and Charlie’s stuff and keep it at their store. Unless you want to stay here that is?” Bill suggested.

“No, everything reminds me of her here,” Arthur said wearily. “Perhaps I’ll rent a flat once I get Harry paid back. Ok boys, let’s take everything of value. Leave them their clothes, the non-heirloom furniture and the kitchen utensils. We’ll take everything else.” The family nodded and split up throughout the house. By agreement they took care of Ron and Ginny’s rooms first as well as the master bedroom so that the three disowned family members couldn’t hide anything if they returned during the packing.

Remus, Moody and Kingsley joined in and within an hour they had the majority of the things shrunk and in the living room. Bill and Charlie were bringing everything down from the attic while the twins were in the shed with Arthur packing the study. Remus was conjuring

boxes and Moody was helping place all the shrunk items as Kingsley was sending them through the floo to Bill's apartment or the twins shop.

Arthur finished packing his study of everything and once outside the door he canceled the expansion charm on the room and it returned to the size of the hall closet it had once been. Moody seemed impressed with the impressive and lasting charm work and realized that perhaps Bill did not get his skills by accident as most assumed. "Shed's completely packed," Fred said as they floated in four conjured boxes full of their dad's muggle stuff and tools. "We grabbed all the Quidditch stuff and everything else from outside, including the Weasley plaque at the end of the lane."

"Dad we'll put all this at our shop for now since Bill's place looks full," George said and Kingsley changed destinations.

"All's that is left is this room, the rest of the attic stuff and Percy's room." Arthur told them, looking much older than anyone had ever seen him. "I'm not sure what to do about Percy or his things."

Bill and Charlie had just walked in followed by the attic boxes and heard their father. "Why don't we just floo him and either ask him to come over or at least see what he wants done with his stuff. He should be informed of what has happened at least." Charlie suggested.

"Perhaps you should make the call Bill, he may actually answer." Arthur said wearily as he began packing the things in the living room. The hands on the clock that were once Molly, Ginny and Ron were gone. What most people didn't realize was that the clock was a Weasley heirloom and worked much like a family tree as it automatically updated. It was never Molly's clock and had only come into their possession when his parents died.

"Percy Weasley," Bill called out after they finished sending everything else through the floo.

“Bill?” Percy responded, surprised to hear his brother’s voice. Upon looking at his weary face he knew something was wrong. “What’s wrong? Is someone hurt?”

“No one is hurt but there is a family problem that you need to know about. Can you come through please?” Bill asked him, hoping Percy wouldn’t start off with his pompous attitude immediately.

“Fine, but if I am harassed or this is some trick I am leaving immediately,” Percy said with a huff as he stepped through into the Burrow for the first time in over a year. He looked around in surprise as the room was basically empty save a few pieces of worn furniture. “Ok, you have my complete attention now, what’s going on?”

It took them a while to explain everything to Percy but when they were through he didn’t seem as surprised as they thought he would be or as they had been. He looked thoughtfully at his father. “I think you are an honest and honorable man,” he told him and then grinned with an evil smile that could rival any of his brothers. “Wow that feels good to be able to say. I guess by her no longer being Molly Weasley the oath she tricked me into taking is no longer in affect.”

“What do you mean about her tricking you into an oath?” Bill asked wondering if his brothers estrangement from the family had been a set-up.

“I found out that mum was being paid to watch Harry and confronted her,” Percy told them. “Her response was to place me under a compulsion charm to dislike Harry and anyone who truly liked him. It was a very strong compulsion and thus why I left the family. The worst part is that she tricked me into an oath of secrecy that I would not betray her secrets or actions. That’s why I could never tell you what was going on and why I haven’t been back since. The compulsion charm only kicks in when I am in proximity to one of you so it was easier to stay away”

“So you don’t hate me?” Arthur asked, hoping that he would at least get one of his sons back.

“Never did dad, I love you and am proud to be a Weasley. I am sorry about everything and especially sorry that you have to go through all this. Am I still allowed to be part of the family?” Percy asked them.

“I want to believe you Perce, I really do but after everything we have to be sure,” Bill told him. “Will you submit to a truth spell questioning?”

“If that’s what it takes to get my family back then yes,” Percy said seriously. “I know that I have burned many bridges over the past year but I hope we can try and regain what we had before.”

“You want us to go back to pranking you and mocking you?” Fred asked which caused a snort from the others in the room.

“Yes and I’ll go back to pretending your not funny and that you will never amount to anything,” Percy said and they all laughed. “I’m going to head home before they get back as I don’t think I could refrain from hexing that woman.”

“We’ll contact you soon about the truth spell and if you need to talk Dad is staying with me and Charlie is with the twins for the next week or so.” Bill told him as he left through the floo.

“Well I think that is everything,” Arthur said as they finished sending Percy his things through the fireplace.

“ We’ll just do a quick check,” George said as he placed a cushioning charm on the floor in front of them and then a protection spell around all of them before Fred yelled out the summoning charm and called for “Any hidden items.” They were not sure what might be hidden which was why they had the protection spells up.

They could hear some noises throughout the house and within a few seconds there was quite the array of items speeding towards the twins. The items bounced off the shield and landed softly on the floor thanks to the cushioning charm. Once they were sure everything had arrived they dropped the shield so they could examine the hidden

objects. There were lots of small piles of galleons as well as three larger sacks of money. There were also quite a few parchments and letters.

“Dad, are these the Weasley rings that your grandparents used?” Bill asked as he pulled a set of wedding rings from the pile they were sorting.

“Yes, they were lost just before our wedding. I was upset because they are magical rings that don’t allow the spouses to work against each other. I guess your mother was devious already back then and hid them herself. I am glad that she was unable to destroy them. There is a book in the family vault that tells all about their properties and creation. They are probably worth the most out of all the heirlooms, worth even more than the clock.” Arthur told them.

“ Any idea what this potion is?” Charlie asked the least knowledgeable in the subject than the rest of them.

“It looks like Amortentia,” Moody growled. “Better let me take it just to be safe.”

“What does it do?” Arthur asked as he too hadn’t taken NEWT potions.

“It’s the strongest love potion that doesn’t directly use dark magic,” Fred told them.

“Dangerous stuff if that’s what it is. Too bad we don’t know which room it was hiding in,” George said. The twins had a vast knowledge of potions thanks to their work.

“It came from Ginny’s room,” Charlie said. “It was locked in this,” he showed them Ginny’s trinket box that she kept her ‘treasures’ in on her dresser. They had left it alone until it came sailing into the room with the other stuff. “I opened it to make sure there wasn’t any of the Weasley jewelry hidden in it.”

“100 galleons say that she was planning on using that on Harry,” Fred said with a growl.

“Arthur I am afraid that if that truly is Amortentia then I will have to take Ginny in for questioning. It is a heavily punishable offense to even have the potion even without the intention of using it on another. I know Harry is likely to not press charges for your sake for the theft but I cannot as an active Auror ignore the evidence here.” Kingsley said solemnly.

“She is no longer a Weasley Kingsley, do what you must,” Arthur said, the weariness growing in his heart. “If she is truly capable of using that potion on another then she is truly lost. Please at least use a truth spell or potion to ascertain her intention as I hope it was something she was talked into by someone else.”

Remus had been sorting through all the letters and other parchments. Most of the parchments were bank statements from Molly’s personal vault but there were quite a few letters that she had obviously intercepted. He handed three letters to Charlie, two to the twins and the rest to Arthur. There were also quite a few letters from Albus with instructions for them which Remus placed in a separate pile for them to review later.

“I... She... But... I...” Charlie was stuttering as he looked over the letters. There were three offers from professional Quidditch teams offering him STARTING positions. They were all dated from the summer after his last year at Hogwarts. The main reason he had chosen the dragon preserve over Quidditch was that he had only been offered reserve spots and hadn’t wanted to waste his best years sitting the bench.

Bill carefully took the letters from his brother and read them with wide eyes. “Congratulations Charlie I always knew you were an amazing seeker. I never understood why one of the teams didn’t gobble you up after graduation and now we know that they tried to but our mother interfered and you never knew.”

“Offers from Puddlemore, Vastra and the Cannons to be starting seeker,” George said with a whistle of awe for his brother.

“I bet after your performance at the Farm there are teams that would be interested in you again,” Fred suggested. “Its not too late if you want to make a go of it.”

“Nah,” Charlie said with a grin. “This makes me feel great though! Maybe I’ll be able to help out with some of the camps next year then since I’ll already be at the Farm.” He held in his smirk as he waited for one of them to realize just what he said.

“What? What do you mean you’ll be at the farm next year? Did you get offered a job while we were there?” George asked.

“Yep, you are looking at the new Assistant Beast Master,” Charlie said with a content smile. “I will be able to get the year of work with various creatures needed to earn my Mastery.”

“Earn your mastery?” Arthur asked with pride. “Are you going to start the training to get a mastery?”

“No I’m just going to finish my training. I’ve been training for it since I got to Romania and have already passed by Beast Keeper certification. All I need now is to have a year working with different creatures other than dragons and I can apply for my mastery.” Charlie told them and was soon under a pile of Weasleys as they were all so happy for him that they pounced on him in a tangled group hug.

Moody chuckled at the antics of the family as he placed everything that had been hidden in a box, other than the potion they were taking in for testing. He was glad that Charlie had some good news to pull out as it looked like Arthur was slowly coming back to life. “I think its time we all cleared out of here,” he told them as his magical eye spotted Molly walking up the lane with her two children. “They are on their way back. Perhaps it would be best if they just arrived at the empty house.”

“Yes, I don’t know if I am up to a confrontation just now,” Arthur said and looked at Charlie to find out where they were headed.

“We can actually just apparate there,” Remus suggested and Charlie looked at him strangely. “They just moved to Headquarters,” he told them with a shrug. “Seems they all wanted to stay together for their last two weeks.”

“Ok then, everyone apparate outside of the old Order Headquarters,” Charlie said and they all popped out just seconds before the three ex-Weasley’s opened the door.

Ginny took one look at the mostly empty house and sprinted upstairs to her bedroom to make sure her things were still all there while Ron took off out the back door to the broom shed. Molly just sank down wearily in a kitchen chair as she realized they were destitute.

“NOOOOOOOOOOOO!” Ginny wailed from upstairs and Molly rushed up to find out what caused her daughter to sound so distraught. She had assumed that they would have left their personal belongings alone.

“What’s the matter?” Molly asked as she looked around the room and noticed almost everything was in its place save a few of the Weasley heirlooms.

“The potion is gone,” she whispered looking in fear at her dresser. “My whole box of secrets is gone and the potion was inside it.”

“I doubt your father would know what it is and only took your box assuming you had some of the Weasley jewelry in there.” Molly said although there was fear and uncertainty in her voice. If anyone found out about the potion they could both be facing serious time in Azkaban just for having possession of it.

“Those bastards took our brooms!” Ron screeched as he stormed into the room. They let Pig go too so we don’t even have an owl. They left us the crappiest of all the furniture and took anything I could have sold to afford a new broom. How am I supposed to be the team captain without a decent broom? I’ll be the laughing stock of the school if I have to use one of the ancient school brooms to play.”

“Well mine is gone too so it looks like two of us will be on school brooms unless we can convince Dumbledore to get us new ones.” Ginny told him.

“Ok listen up you two,” Molly said realizing they would need a plan if they were going to stay on their feet. “I will go looking for a job starting tomorrow. I want you each to go stay at a friend’s house for the rest of the summer so they can feed you and I can ration the remaining food until I get my first paycheck. Did you check and make sure your school things were still here? I don’t think I’ll be able to make enough money in time to buy you each another set of school supplies.”

“There’s here,” Ginny said as she saw her 5th year text books and her new robes. “At least they left our clothes,” she said bitterly as she pouted on her bed. “I never thought we could get poorer, this is horrible.”

“Don’t worry, we’ll get that prick Potter back once we get to school. We’ll have the entire student body thinking he is a worthless freak by the end of the first week. No one ever messes with a Weasley.” Ron said with a vengeful gleam in his eye.

“We’re not Weasleys,” Molly snapped at him.

“Yeah, we’re worse than Weasleys,” Ginny said glumly. “We’re nobodies. We don’t even have a family name.”

“I will go speak with my Grandfather tomorrow as well. I am sure by the end of the day we’ll all officially be Prewitts which is a much more respectable family than the Weasleys could ever hope to be.” Molly told them reassuringly.

“Great, can you ask Great Grandfather to buy us each a broom then?” Ron asked and it took effort for Molly not to strike her son.

“I wish I still had my spending money for school,” Ginny said wistfully. “I had it locked in my secrets box with everything else. I used that new charm so it should only open for me; maybe that’s why

they had to take it as they couldn't figure out how to open it!" Ginny said hopefully.

"Bill is an experienced curse breaker, how long do you think your little charm will last against him?" Molly sneered wondering how her offspring could be so stupid before brightening considerably and hurrying into her room.

Ginny and Ron followed their mum and watched her as she got down on her hands and knees and was reaching under her bed. "What are you doing?" Ron asked.

"I have galleons hid in various places around the house and am trying to retrieve them," She told them smugly but then frowned when she couldn't find the purse under there. "Accio galleons," she said while pointing her wand under the bed but nothing happened. "No... they couldn't have found them." She said and proceeded to go to all her other hiding places which all turned up empty. She finally gave up and sat down on her bed and cried. They were broke and without a family, she just hoped her Grandfather would take them back tomorrow.

Harry was pacing the room wondering how the Order meeting was going. He was nervous about hearing everyone's reactions and hoped that a few of the members would take his side in things. He knew that Dumbledore was a skilled manipulator though and could probably easily turn things around in his favor making Harry seem like a misbehaving schoolboy.

"Relax Harry," Dudley told him for the 5th time. "Wearing a hole in this hideous rug will just make it uglier." That made them all laugh and Harry sat back down on the couch as they waited for Remus to get back.

"Why don't we go exploring the house while we wait?" Neville asked them as he had finished looking at everything in that room already. "We should find the kitchen and see if it's good enough shape to make dinner otherwise one of us will have to run out for something."

“Don’t worry about food,” Harry told them. “I have a MRE unit with me that can feed us for the rest of the summer. I would like to explore the house though. As long as we all stick together and have wands at the ready we should be ok. Dud, make sure you don’t touch anything until one of us tells you its safe. This house was owned by muggle haters and they may have things that are charmed to hurt anyone who doesn’t have magic.”

“Where to start?” Hermione asked them.

“How about the sitting room and we can see what Mrs. Black’s portrait has to say about me being the Head of Family and we can introduce you to your grandmother.” Harry suggested with a smirk and Hermione rolled her eyes but headed towards the loud portrait.

“Hello Mrs. Black,” Harry said as he pulled the curtains away from the scowling woman. “My name is Lord Harry Potter Head of the Ancient and Noble Houses of Potter and Black. I am the master of this house now; release your hold upon it.”

“You cannot be the Head of Black without Black blood flowing through your veins; the inheritance ritual is set up that way. Therefore you are not the true Head and have no control over me.” Walburga Black said with a sneer but she had refrained from screeching.

“I was adopted by blood by your son and my godfather when I was 1 year old. I am a Black by blood and your Head of Family.” Harry told her and she bowed her head in resignation.

“What will you do with me then Lord Black?” She asked him wondering if her existence as a painting had ended so soon.

“I shall leave that decision up to your granddaughter. May I present Lady Hermione Granger Black,” he said and motioned for Hermione to join him at his side. “She is the confirmed biological and magical child of your son Sirius.” Harry told her as the two just stared at each other.

“Sirius’s child you may be dear but not a Lady. That title is reserved for the Head of the family or their spouse and as you are not the Head of Black I am afraid you will not be able to use it.” Mrs. Black told her quite politely considering her usual demeanor.

“I am the Head of the Noble House of Granger, Guardian of the Lady of the Lake and priestesses of the Temple of the Moon.” Hermione told her and the others watched in awe as Mrs. Black bowed before Hermione.

“I am honored that a daughter of mine is the new Guardian. Recite the temple prayer to the portrait of the Temple in the music room and it will reveal itself to you.” She said and then went back to sit regally in her chair in silence.

“I believe she will behave now,” Hermione told Harry and then smiled at the slight smirk she saw from the portrait. “Well she won’t screech at every guest and will respond to my commands and to a lesser extent to your commands.”

“Works for me,” Harry said and they looked around the rest of the room with Hermione making a list of things that needed replaced or were questionably dark. They moved on through the living room and into formal dining room which none of them had been into before. The Order must have closed it off as it was a large drafty room with what appeared to be century’s worth of dust.

“Too bad they never opened this room up as it would have been a perfect meeting space for the Order without everyone being crammed into the kitchen.” Hermione commented.

“That is because this room had been sealed by your Grandmother’s portrait and crazy house elf,” A portrait of a man said, startling most of them as they had not noticed the line of portraits along the wall to their right. “I am Octavian Black, Magical Architect and Warding Expert. I designed and built this house, unfortunately I died just months after finishing it and my younger brother became Head of Black.”

“Pleasure to meet you sir,” Harry said politely. “May I ask why she closed off this room?”

“She closed off as many rooms as she could before she ran out of magic. She drew on all available magic in the house and then used it to permanently stick her portrait and the family tapestry to the walls before sealing the rooms that she felt were not worthy of her son to inherit.” Octavian told them. “This room contains many Black Family heirlooms such as the silver, crystal and china as well as many priceless works of art and the only entrance to the hidden conservatory, gardens and greenhouse.”

“Greenhouse?” Neville asked with a smile. “Do you believe that it is still there? Could we go look at it?” The others just grinned at their friend’s enthusiasm.

“The double doors across from you open into the conservatory. That room has multiple sets of double glass doors with access to the gardens. If you take the set of doors directly across from the dining room doors you will be able to see the greenhouse from that garden.” He told the boy who was an obvious plant lover.

“How is it that you were able to hide so much space in the middle of London?” Dudley asked curiously.

“That is one of the secrets of Magical Architecture. I was able to create a pocket of space separate from the existing space. It overlaps the muggle houses surrounding here, essentially sharing the space. It’s not entirely in this dimension. Quite tricky magic and it is essentially what ended up killing me as I overtaxed my magical reserves for so long they were unable to handle the stress. The best part about it is that it is fluid and malleable. I have books you can read on it so you can add on if you like. There is no limit to the amount of space it can share and since the spell had already been completed you won’t tax your own magic to expand it.” He explained and the others were all very impressed and wanted to look around.

They thanked Octavious and were almost across the dining room when the doorbell chimed. “That will be Remus,” Harry said as they

all looked longingly at the opposite door but knew they needed to find out how the meeting went first.

The five Weasleys, Remus, Kingsley and Moody arrived at Grimwald place and rang the doorbell. "You're phoenix friend is the new Head of the Black Family?" Moody asked gruffly as they waited for someone to answer the door.

"Yes, he was able to open the house again just today. The inside is worse than ever so beware," Remus told them and smiled as they head people approaching the door. He watched the stunned expressions of everyone else as Harry opened the door to find all of them on his front stoop.

Harry was shocked to see the group with Remus but quickly ushered them inside as he realized the meeting must have been quite interesting. "Are you alright Mr. Weasley, you look quite pale." Harry asked concerned that the man looked on the verge of collapse.

"No son I am not but eventually I will be," Arthur said and gave Harry a fatherly hug. "We'll explain it all to you shortly."

They all sat down in the living room as it was the cleanest at the moment. "So what happened at the meeting?" Those that had been there took turns explaining everything as well as what had happened at the Burrow after they left.

"So which one of you has a phoenix companion?" Moody asked, looking straight at Harry and hoping it was him. The Order would follow the Boy-Who-Lived but it may have problems with any of the other kids.

Harry concentrated on Fawkes and the beautiful bird landed on his left shoulder with a welcoming trill followed seconds later by Beauty landing on his right shoulder. "Two phoenixes!" Kingsley exclaimed in surprise.

"You all should recognize Fawkes here; he is my companion and a fire phoenix. This stunning lady is Beauty and she is an ice phoenix

whose companion was killed in the last war and has been keeping Fawkes and myself company since I met her during my Care of Magical Creatures OWL exam at the ministry.” Harry introduced his bird friends. “I’m not sure what her real name is but she doesn’t seem to mind being called Beauty.”

“Would you be willing to be the head of the Order of the Phoenix?” Moody asked Harry. “The original Order dates back before the founders and is always reformed when the darkness gets too strong. The leader must be someone blessed with the companionship of a phoenix.”

“That must be why Dumbledore stole Fawkes then,” Harry said with a nod. “I wonder who would have been the one to start the Order up again if he had not interfered? Are there many other phoenix companions?”

“You are only the second one that I have known about as I can no longer count Albus in that. She was one of the few remaining priestesses for the Temple of the Moon and had an ice phoenix companion, much like your friend Beauty here. She was killed along with most of the remaining priestesses when Voldemort attempted to take control of the temple to gain access to the Lady of the Lake.” Moody told them and Hermione gasped in outrage.

“How dare that monster attempt to harm the Lady,” She said, her hair beginning to whip around in an unseen breeze.

Moody looked at her closely and then bowed his head. “The threat was contained my Lady,” he told her. “Although now that there is a new guardian I am sure she will be even better protected.” Most of the others were confused but realized there must be something special with Hermione for her to almost glow with power like she did in that moment.

“Your devotion is strong Alastair Moody and you will be rewarded.” Hermione told him, her eyes seeming to look through him and were intense with power. “I shall return to the temple before the end of the summer to renew the protections my sisters gave their lives to

enforce.” She then stopped glowing and saw that everyone else was staring at her.

“I am the Guardian of the Lady of the Lake and high priestesses of the Temple of the Moon. My family has been entrusted with the task of insuring no harm comes to the Lady or the temple. We were the first priestesses and were blessed with special powers from the Goddess herself to protect that which is hers.” Hermione explained. “I am just beginning to understand my history and responsibilities. It is especially hard since I was never aware there was a wizarding religion until I received my inheritance.”

“It would be my honor to guide and protect you on your journey to the temple,” Moody said to her and Harry relaxed knowing she would be in good hands. “As you do not fully understand your powers and are still so young in magic I would fear for your safety alone.”

“Thank you Moody,” she told him with a smile. “I know Harry worries about my safety as well and since he knows less than I about our religion it would not be advisable to take him into the temple.”

“So now lad,” Moody said turning to Harry for the task they came here for. “Are you willing to be the head of the Order of the Phoenix?”

Harry and Fawkes seemed to stare at each other for a moment as the fire bird relayed his feelings on the matter through their bond. “Fawkes feels that it is our duty so I will accept, but there will have to be sweeping changes.”

“As long as Fawkes is comfortable with the changes then I have no problems and will help you deal with any of the more resistant current members.” Moody said and the Weasley boys were all glad that they had someone to lead the fight, even if only in name.

“First thing will be to determine the loyalty of all the existing members, all of us here included. We will need to start to recruit much more than before so we can get prepared to take the fight to the Death Munchers rather than just putting out fires all the time. We

need to become more proactive, less secretive and much more organized. No longer can one person hold all the cards and have absolute say so. I will want a ruling council that with a majority vote can veto any of my decisions that they feel are suspect. Additionally, with my still being in school, it will be impossible for me to run every meeting and be the lead contact for our informants. We will create a cabinet to run things smoothly in different areas, much like a muggle corporations and their hierarchy.” Harry paused and grinned to see Hermione scribbling away taking notes on what he was saying.

“That brings us to the first order of business. All meeting contents should be recorded so we can review at a later time or distribute to those not at the meetings. I am hoping to recruit a large contingent of Hogwarts students as well and we will have a sort of Junior Order for them at school to prepare them to join once they turn 17. We will no longer discriminate on who can join the Order as long as they can pass the loyalty test.”

“What type of loyalty test do you have in mind Harry?” Bill asked as they were all eager to see what Harry could do with the order.

“A truth spell questioning and then the Phoenix test. Each potential member will be questioned and then tested by Fawkes and even Beauty if she agrees to sense their loyalty to the light. No member will be allowed inside headquarters without passing this test, no exceptions.” Harry told them and they all agreed. “Shall we get started with those of us here and then once we are all satisfied with the others loyalty we can move on to some more serious planning?”

Hermione handed him a piece of parchment with four hastily scribbled questions on it and Harry nodded with a smile. “Hermione has come up with four questions that should be enough of a test under the truth spell. 1) Are you or have you ever been a Death Eater or supporter of a Dark Lord? 2) Are you loyal to the Order of the Phoenix? 3) Will you or have you ever betrayed the secrets of the Order of the Phoenix? 4) Are you willing to fight for the light in the war against the dark? We will ask each other these questions and then move on to the Phoenix test. After that Hermione I want you to work on another parchment like you made for DA but this time get Bill’s

help and make it so we will know the minute one of our own betrays us.” Hermione nodded as Bill looked curious as to what they were talking about.

“Moody if you would be so kind as to cast the truth spell on me first please?” Harry asked and Moody did and Harry quickly passed the test before they moved around the room with all of them passing except the twins who upon further questions felt that using the extendible ears and reporting to their siblings was betraying the Order’s secrets and promised never to do so again. No one else felt that way and reminded them that they were not Order members at the time and were feeling left out and only wanted to help.

Fawkes and Beauty flew around the room and gave their approval of everyone there. Beauty took a liking to Hermione after searching her like the rest and after finishing the test perched on her shoulder rather than Harry’s. “She must sense that you are a priestess,” Moody told her with what appeared to be a smile though was hard to tell with his heavily scared face.

“Ok, I want Moody, Arthur, Kingsley and Professor McGonagall on the ruling council that will keep my decisions in check. Moody you will be in charge of all intelligence gathering, Arthur if you would be willing I want you to take charge of all Order records and maintaining the list of all contacts, members, and potential members. Bill I want you to run the meetings when I am gone, it will get everyone used to a younger face but of someone everyone respects. I want everyone to work on recruiting as well. Hermione you will be the official scribe but we will need to find someone to help out for meetings we cannot attend. Perhaps Percy will be interested once he passes his loyalty tests. I am assuming you all will question him much more intensely that we were.” Harry told them and everyone nodded.

“Remus, I want you to start work on Marauder type maps for places such as Hogsmead, Diagon Alley and the Ministry. You can practice using this house and I’m sure the twins will be thrilled to work with a real Marauder.” Harry told them and watched as the twins bowed down in reverence of Moony causing everyone to laugh.

“I’m sure I have our original notes someplace, otherwise they may be in your vault Harry,” Remus told them. “Would you like us to try and make a duplicate of the original as well so you have more than one for use?” Harry nodded thinking it would be a great advantage to have more than one map.

“Do you think you can recruit any more aurors Kingsley?” Harry asked him curiously. “What about trying for Madame Bones herself?”

“It may be possible now that Fudge has had to admit that Voldemort is back. Before then it would have been career suicide to actively recruit amongst the ministry employees. I’ll test the waters and see. Bones may be open to joining now that Dumbledore is out, she has never agreed with his policies and political maneuvering.” Kingsley told him. “I agree that she would be a great ally to have.”

They discussed the new organization of the Order as well as how to test all the current members. “What do we do with anyone who fails the test?” Neville asked, bringing up a very good question.

“Well I think if they fail the Death Eater question they should be taken to the ministry for questioning, if they fail the betrayal question we get all the information possible out of them before obliterating the knowledge of the Order from them, same with anyone who fails the loyalty question. Anyone who fails the fighting question we will have to find out why they won’t fight and then make an executive decision, especially if they still pass the Phoenix Test.” Bill suggested and they all agreed that his ideas were good and would work for the time being.

“\$100 galleons says that Snape fails every one of the questions,” Harry said to those gathered.

“Not quite fair as we all know he will fail the first question.” Remus pointed out. “But I agree that he most likely won’t pass the others as well. I never will understand why Dumbledore trusts him so.”

“I think we will need more than a truth spell for him,” Hermione pointed out. “If he truly is a master of Occlumency then he can easily trick a truth spell. We will need a potion and since he is a potions

master he most likely has built up his tolerance to all the lesser potions. We may have to use Veritaserum.”

“As long as neither I or any of the active aurors are present for the questioning. We would have to bring you up on charges for using a ministry restricted substance.” Kingsley told them. “I wouldn’t mind seeing a pensive memory of it afterwards though. I will have a list of questions that I wouldn’t mind answered as well.”

“I’ll handle the questions then as I know how to conduct a truth serum questioning. Make sure you have a list of questions and paper handy to scribble down additional ones for me to ask as information is presented. We will use a dicto-quill to record the answers as well as two others writing to make sure we get everything he spills out.” Moody told them and they all agreed. “We should do the Hogwarts crew first, that will catch him off guard and allow us the opportunity we need.”

“Will tomorrow work? It’s been a long day and we could all use a rest. I wish the house was in better shape for visitors but with just us and Dobby we will be hard pressed to even make a dent in the years of neglect. Perhaps Winky will be willing to help us out for the rest of the summer?” Harry said and they all agreed and the non-Weasley’s all left.

“Harry, I want to apologize for what Molly, Ronald and Ginerva did to you and most of all I wish to try and make restitution for what they stole from you.” Arthur told him, obviously struggling with his feelings and on the verge of emotional collapse. “I have always thought of you as one of my sons since they first time you came to stay with us. I am appalled at what they did to and took from you and wish that I could somehow undo the hurt they must have caused you. I will understand if you no longer want anything to do with the Weasley family but I hope you will allow us to make up for our former families short comings.”

I was heartbreaking to see the man who had always been so cheerful and kind looking so lost and broken. “Mr. Weasley, there is nothing for you to apologize for. You had no idea what they were up to nor did

you have any idea that they were capable of such things. One of the things I respect most about you is how you always see the best in people, that is a good trait to have and one I hope this experience has not damaged. I love your family. They are the older brothers I never had and you have always been what I thought an uncle should really be like rather than what mine is like. You do not need to make restitution for those who are no longer part of your family. I just want you to get through this ordeal and we will all be here to help you.” Harry told him and was pulled into a group hug with all the Weasley men.

Arthur was crying at the integrity and sincerity of the young man that had been through so much already in his short life. “You truly are an amazing young man.” Was all he was able to say before his emotions got the better of him and the whole family, Harry included, had a healing cry over their losses.

Chapter 17: Phoenix Test

Harry and his friends spent the next day exploring the house. They had Dobby pop over to Hogwarts and see if Winky wanted to come over for a few days and help clean. She agreed and she and Dobby were busy cleaning years of dust out of the house. The first thing the group explored was the hidden gardens and the greenhouse. Neville was almost giddy when he saw that the greenhouse was in stasis and not in disarray.

“I’ll be able to take it out of stasis and work on the plants if you want me to,” He offered to Harry. “I’m not sure I’ll have time to get everything done before we head back to school though.”

“Will it hurt it too much more to keep it in stasis until either Christmas break or next summer?” Harry asked, knowing very little about the preservation spells used.

“No, anything that wouldn’t survive a long stasis would be dead already anyway so anything left will be fine for longer.” Neville told him. “It is too bad you don’t have anyone to tend the plants during the school year, it’s driving me crazy wanting to open those doors!” They all laughed at their friend’s obsession and went out to see how much of the garden was still accessible.

“This will be beautiful once it’s trimmed up,” Hermione said, voicing what they were all thinking.

“It’s hard to imagine something this amazing being attached to such a dark house,” Dudley said and they all agreed that the beauty outside was a stark contrast to the dim and dark inside.

They found that there was a basement to the house as well as two more upper floors that had been sealed off. There was a ballroom and music room on upper most floor. The ballroom had a huge balcony that overlooked the hidden gardens. The music room had a secret room attached to it that Hermione opened up like Mrs. Black’s painting had said to. It was a prayer or shrine room and Hermione spend the rest of the day in there reading books about her religion

and piecing together what her responsibilities would be. The boys left her alone knowing this was something she needed to discover for herself.

The other floor that opened up had a huge library on it which left all of them confused as they had seen the library on the floor below. After consulting with some portraits they learned that what they thought was the library was really just a study that had all the books the family had more than one copy of in it. The actual library was huge, almost the size of Hogwarts library and was an obviously magically expanded room otherwise it would not fit in the house.

The other main room on that floor was a dueling room that had a dueling platform as well as practice dummies and targets. There was a large sparing area as well with different types of weapons mounted to the wall. Harry grinned at his friends and he and Neville had a mock duel to show Dudley what one was supposed to look like. Then he and Harry showed Neville some of their martial arts moves. The three boys had a fun time in the practice room as Harry was calling it until it was time for lunch. They headed into Harry's bedroom and got food from the MRE as they had told the two house elves that they could find their own lunch and to focus on cleaning.

They found that a nursery had been hidden next to the master suite and an owlry on the roof before they headed down to explore the newly revealed basement. The basement was large and had a fully stocked potions lab, many different storage areas, a workshop that Harry knew would be perfect for practicing his magical craftsmanship and two jail cells. After inspecting the cells he determined they were reinforced with magic and very sturdy.

"We can fix one of these up real nice for Remus to use on full moons," Harry said and they agreed that it would be a safe place for their friend to transform. The house was protected and the cell would protect anyone from him if the potion for some reason didn't work. They would make it comfortable for the wolf.

"The other one can be used if we catch any Death Eaters. We can hold them here until we question them and then turn them over to the

ministry.” Neville suggested and Harry agreed and added anti apparation wards to both cells as well as anti anamagus spells. It would be ready if needed.

“Its almost time for dinner and the Weasleys are coming over. We should go get ready,” Dudley said looking at his watch.

Harry decided to just set-up the MRE in the kitchen until they headed back to school. “Dobby, Winky,” He called out to the house elves that were doing such a great job cleaning. The two, now filthy elves popped into the kitchen immediately. “You two are making amazing progress on getting the house clean, thank you.” He told them and watched as they both beamed with pride. “We are having the Weasley’s over for dinner soon, have you had a chance to get to the dining room yet or should we just eat here in the kitchen?”

“The dining room is clean Mr. Potter sir,” Winky told him. “Does yous be wanting me to make dinner?”

“No thank you Winky,” Harry told her with a smile. “We can fend for ourselves for a while longer until the cleaning is completed. Do you two think you will be able to get everything clean before we head back for school? And remember my rule about sleeping and eating.”

“We will have the house clean,” Dobby told him. “But we won’t get to the garden until after that.”

“Can you both tend to magical plants?” Harry asked, watching as Neville perked up at hearing that.

“Oh yes Mr. Potter sir, it is one of Winky’s favorite jobs. She was in charge of her masters gardens and potions greenhouse.” The little elf said with a spark of happiness in her eyes. “I do be missing it,” she said with a snuffle. The two elves shared a look and were obviously communicating through gestures, amusing the boys who were watching. Winky finally gave Dobby a stern look and a push towards Harry.

“Harry Potter sir, you were such a kind master to take Dobby as your elf and make him a part of your family. Winky misses having a family to work for. She hates being a free elf. Could you make Winky your elf too?” Dobby asked him, looking at the floor the entire time. It seemed that house elves were not used to having to ask things of their masters.

“Do you really want to be my elf Winky?” Harry asked her and she nodded, her overly large eyes full of tears.

“Winky wants to be a good house elf again. She would take good care of this house and make the plants grow and keep it clean.” She told him seriously.

“Now Winky the rules I have for Dobby will apply to you as well. First, I want you to wear clothes. If I ever need to free you or if you wish to be free again we will need to talk about it. You look very pretty in your dress and its much more professional looking than a tea towel. Second, you will not call me master and I would like it if you could try and call me Harry. Third, you will not punish yourself unless told to do so by a family member. And finally, if there is anything you need, such as yarn to make socks or new clothing I want you to tell me and we will see if I can get it for you. So what do you think? Can you abide by those rules and do you still want to be part of my family?” Harry asked her.

“Winky very much wants to be part of your family,” she said with happy tears spilling from her eyes as they finalized the bond.

“Welcome to the family Winky,” Harry told her and the two happy elves popped out of the room. “Hermione is so going to kill me!” He moaned as the other two laughed.

“I think it was very sweet of you Harry,” she told him, none of them having realized she was standing in the doorway. “Now Neville can take the stasis charm off the greenhouse and he and Winky can figure out what needs to be replaced.” Neville just grinned happily.

“I thought you hated the idea of house elf slavery?” Harry asked her confused.

“I hate the idea of them not having a choice. Both Dobby and Winky are free elves who chose to join your family. I also hate the idea of people abusing their elves and I know you would never do that. Besides, I understand the need for help to keep this place in order.” She told him and they all headed off to get changed for dinner when the Weasley’s arrived.

“So we were able to contact a few of the Order and they will be meeting us at the Leaky Caldron in the back room after dinner at 8pm. These are the ones we are the most sure about and wanted to have them on board before we tested the others we are not so sure of.” Arthur told the assembled group at dinner. “Moody and Kinglsey will join us at the pub. “Remus is out recruiting in the werewolf community and said he would stop by a few times before you head back to school.”

“That’s good,” Hermione said having spent the last few minutes looking at the Weasley family. “Now are you going to tell us what has you so upset and the boys looking satisfied?” She asked Arthur.

“Our mother tried to go crawling back to her grandfather on the Prewitt side. She told him a completely made up story and then begged for him to reinstate both her and Ronald and Ginerva.” Bill told them.

“ Fortunately I had stopped over for breakfast with my great grandfather to inform him of everything that had gone on. Needless to say he did not buy her lies and refused them admittance into the Prewitt family.” Charlie said.

“Molly then spent the rest of the day in Diagon Alley trying to find a job. Seeing as she is not allowed in Gringotts and therefore needed paid in cash rather than having her wages put in a vault like most witches she was not very well received. The fact that she doesn’t have a last name didn’t help her any either. I’m sure she will have to

choose a muggle last name before she will be able to find a job.” Fred and George told them.

“Why are you so upset Mr. Weasley?” Hermione asked, wondering what else had happened that day.

“I had to explain to the Minister and several others today what happened. Kingsley informed me that the potion we found was Amortentia and he will be taking Ginerva in for questioning tomorrow morning. I am just sad that it came down to all this and struggling to figure out how I was so wrong about Molly and how Ronald and Ginerva ended up so greedy when the rest of my boys are good upstanding wizards.” Arthur told her.

Hermione went over and gave him a hug. “I can’t imagine how difficult this is for you, but stay strong. We are all here for you.” She told him and the entire table nodded their agreement.

After dinner they still had an hour before they were due to meet the Order members and gave the Weasley’s a tour of the newly opened parts of the house.

“So Charlie’s friend was a true phoenix companion and will lead the Order now?” Tonks asked Kingsley. “I am still in shock of what happened at the last meeting. I hope Remus will be here so I can ask him to let me visit Harry. That boy deserves any help we can give him and I was appalled at what those people did to him. I just want him to know that I’m on his side no matter what.”

“I’m sure he’ll appreciate that Tonks,” Kingsley told her hiding his smirk at how shocked she would be when the new head was introduced.

All of the members that they had contacted were present already and they still had 10 minutes to go. “Thank you all for coming,” Kingsley told them all. “We have found a new leader for the Order, a true Phoenix companion this time.”

“Now before any of you are allowed into the Order you will have to pass two tests. You will be questioned under a truth spell and then you will be evaluated by a phoenix. If you fail either of these tests then you will not be allowed admittance into the actual Order or be given the knowledge of where it is located. There is still an opportunity to help if you can pass part of the tests but you will not be allowed full membership. If anyone has a problem with this security measure the door is right there and we thank you for not wasting our time.” Moody said gruffly looking as if he expected half of them to leave.

“Good, that makes it easier.” Bill said from the doorway where the rest of them had arrived. “I would like to introduce Fawkes; many of you knew him before when he was illegally bound to Dumbledore. He will be performing the phoenix test tonight along with his friend Beauty here,” he said and the two birds flashed into the room to the awes of those gathered.

“I would like to introduce everyone to my friend who is a true phoenix companion and the new leader of the Order of the Phoenix, Harry Potter,” Charlie said and there were gasps heard as Harry walked into the room with his friends and the rest of the Weasleys.

“Thank you all for coming. Myself, Neville Longbottom, Hermione Granger Black, Dudley Dursley Evans, Remus Lupin, Alistair Moody, Kingsley Shacklebolt and all the Weasleys were tested last night by both truth spell and by phoenix and were deemed worthy of joining the Order of the Phoenix. This will be a mandatory test for any who wish to join. Additionally, Hermione and Bill have come up with a membership agreement that you will all have to sign before being given any Order information.” Harry told them all. “I realize that I am young but I will be leaning on the veteran members to guide me and this will no longer be a dictatorship. Information will be shared with most if not all members and there will be a checks and balance system in place on all major decisions.”

“Ok, we are going to set up a privacy curtain and silencing spell in the corner here where the truth spell questioning will be done.” Kingsley said and they got everyone organized and questioned in the

next hour. Everyone present passed both tests and Harry informed them that Headquarters was in the same place as last time. They all thought it was amusing that it hadn't changed locations and how Dumbledore assumed it was still shut tight. Hermione had them all sign the parchment and they were all bound to secrecy.

The week flew by for the teens. They all went to muggle London shopping for Dudley as well as picking up a few things for themselves. Harry extended his collection of fun shirts and they decided that the shop would be a cool business idea for the wizarding world. Dudley even offered to run it if Harry wanted to front the money and effort to charm the shirts. They thought it was a plan and would have the goblins look into the idea while they were at school. Hermione said she would help come up with ideas during the year as well.

Dudley was just glad that he finally felt comfortable someplace and didn't really want to go back to the muggle world. "It's going to be so boring without you three around," he told them as they finished their shopping. "At least we can keep in touch through our Gringotts boxes."

"That makes it easier otherwise you might have a hard time explaining all the owls!" Neville said with a grin. "I promise I'll send letters through Harry and I'm sure Hermione will as well."

"At least once a week," she told him with a fond smile. "Besides I'll have to make sure you are studying for your OWLs! I've been working on a study schedule for you." Harry just laughed and led them back to the Leaky Caldron so they could get their school supplies.

"Ok Dud," Harry said as they walked into Flourish and Blotts bookstore. "We need to get you all the books you'll need to study for your OWLs. I'll charm you a few book covers in different muggle subjects that you can put on them if you need to take any out of your room."

They purchased all the required school books through OWL level for Ancient Runes, Arithmacy, Herbology, Politics & Law, Teaching,

History of Magic, Astronomy, Care of Magical Creatures, Muggle Studies, Potions and Divination. They also purchased him a few guides on what to expect in the Physical Education, Fine Arts, and the two different languages exams. In addition to all of that they added more History books and a few on Occlumency as Harry was hiring him a tutor to teach him on weekends. Dudley browsed around some more while Harry got his 6th year texts and found a few more interesting books. There was a small section just for squibs and he took a history book, a book that listed notable squibs and their accomplishments, a book on jobs in the wizarding world he could do, and three different books on living around magic but not having any of your own.

Harry had found a few more books while he was walking around. There was a book on Wizarding etiquette and tradition as well as three different ones on religion the he grabbed three copies of each. He also bought himself and Dudley all the books that were on the recommended reading list for the year and the books that had been on the muggle-born pamphlet that he had read in the ROR as he wanted his own copies. He picked up a few other reference books that he always saw Hermione referring to when doing homework as well and got two of any that would help Dudley as well.

When the two cousins met at the counter they had over 100 books between them and they laughed at the look on the cashiers face. Harry pulled out his empty old school trunk for the clerk to place all the books in and they left a few hundred galleons lighter.

“I have to grab a few things, why don’t I meet you at the twins’ store. They have a section of muggle safe products that you can stock up on for school.” Harry suggested and Dudley agreed and headed over to WWW. Harry headed back to Mr. Loch’s trunk shop where he had placed an order for a custom trunk for Dudley. He was back in his same Jim Grim persona so he wouldn’t confuse the nice trunk maker. “Good afternoon Mr. Loch is the trunk I requested ready?”

“Yes, come on back and I’ll show it to you.” The man said with a big smile as he had a great time building trunks for whoever this young man really was. “It was tricky getting everything to work for a squib I

tell you, but I figured it out finally!” He told him with a happy smile. “We have multiple compartments but it looks just like a normal muggle trunk to anyone who doesn’t know better.” There was a library that was a lot like Harry’s along with the quick access compartment for it as well. There were three different normal storage compartments and a wardrobe like Harry’s. Harry also had Loch add a kitchen/dining room complete with fully stocked MRE, table for 6 and cabinets for storage of other non-perishables. There was also a compartment for Dudley’s dog to live in with self cleaning areas and a self refilling water and food dish. They were not sure if Dud could take his puppy so this was just in case. Overall there were 8 different ways to open the trunk so that you would get the different compartments. There were the standard spells on the trunk itself against theft and destruction as well as the auto-shrink charm and an auto-lightweight charm.

Loch explained how to key Dudley into the security system and all the different ways to open it as well as gave him a manual in case he forgot. Overall the trunk cost more than his but it was worth it for Dud to have a secure place to study and store his magical things. Harry thanked Loch and hurried over to WWW to meet up with the rest of his gang. Hermione was getting his potions ingredients so he stopped in and got his parchment, ink and quills before heading into the twins’ store. He had fully stocked up on muggle notebooks and pens before they left Privet Dr. so that he could take notes easier than using quill and parchment.

“You guys done getting your school stuff?” Harry asked Neville and Hermione as they were helping Dudley pick out muggle safe pranks.

“Yeah, I just need to stop back and pick up my new robes before we go.” Hermione told them and they talked with the twins for a bit before heading to Florean’s for ice cream before heading back to Grimwald.

Molly, Ron and Ginny were sitting at the kitchen table trying to decide on a new last name. Molly had been turned down for every job she applied for since she didn’t have a vault or a last name. They could put in a request at the Ministry for a last name as long as they had chosen one that had no bearing in the wizarding world. They had

narrowed the list to a few choices such as Price, Grant, Lee and Rogue. Not being let back into the Prewitt family had hit all of them hard as they had not expected things to be as bleak as they were looking at the moment.

“At least things can’t get any worse,” Ron muttered aloud right before someone knocked on the door.

Kingsley and four other aurors arrived at the former Weasley house to take Ginerva, her mother and her brother in for questioning. He stepped into the house. “Ginerva, Molly and Ron you are under arrest pending an investigation into criminal possession of a controlled potion and other alleged activities. You will be questioned under truth potion or spell to ascertain your involvement before full charges are named.”

Molly hung her head as she realized this meant that they had found the Amortentia in Ginny’s locked box and regardless of Harry deciding not to press charges they could not get out of this one. Ron was confused by the depressed look on his mother’s face and the terrified look on his sister’s face. Sure he knew his mum had stolen from Harry but assumed that the charges would be dropped and it wasn’t enough of a punishment to look so scared especially Ginny who had nothing to do with it.

They were each placed in chairs facing Kingsley and another auror they didn’t know. Behind him was a mirrored window where the Weasley men, Harry, Hermione, Amelia Bones and three members of the Wizengamot were seated to listen to the interrogation. They began with Ginny as she was the one in possession of the potion. Molly and Ron were silenced and all three bound to their chairs. Ginny was given a truth potion, not as potent as Veritaserum but safe on those who had not had their magical maturation yet.

“What is your name?” Ginerva Molly

“Have you ever been in possession of the restricted love potion Amortentia?” Yes

“Where did you acquire said potion?” An apothecary shop in Knockturn Alley

“Were you aware it was a controlled potion?” Yes

“Did you intend to use this potion?” Yes

“Who did you intend to use this potion on and why?” Harry Potter, so I could marry him and get all his money when he died fighting the Dark Lord

“Who else knew you had this potion?” My mother and the potions maker who sold it to me.

“Are you aware of the penalties if ever caught using such a potion?” Yes

“Where did you get the idea to use this potion on Mr. Potter?” Headmaster Dumbledore told me that I needed to make sure that Harry fell in love with me and that we needed to be engaged at least before the final battle or we would risk losing the entire Potter fortune. I overheard Professor Snape and Dumbledore discussing the risks of using such a potion to ensure that Harry fell for me but they decided it was too risky. I thought it was a great idea and after talking with my mum I went and bought the potion.

“When were you planning on using it on Mr. Potter?” As soon as school started

“Have you committed any other crimes against Harry Potter?” I have stolen money from his trunk and placed tracking spells on his shoes.

“Have you committed any crimes against other students at Hogwarts?” I placed a blubbery curse on Cho Chang all of last year so Harry wouldn't want to date her, I placed frizzing potion in Hermione Grangers shampoo once a month, and I placed listening charms in the boys' dormitories.

“Have you committed any other crimes not yet mentioned?” I stole money from different members of the Order of the Phoenix while they were in meetings, I stole candy from Honeydukes every time I went, I set a basilisk loose at Hogwarts, I killed all the roosters at Hogwarts, I intercepted mail intended for my brothers, I used a mild lust potion that I stole from Professor Snape’s stores so the potions maker in Knockturn Alley would sell me the Amorentia and I deliberately withheld the information that both my mother and Headmaster Dumbledore were stealing from Harry Potter’s vaults.

“Do you feel remorse for any of your crimes?” No

“Will you continue to break the law if released?” Yes

“Have you ever practiced dark magic?” Yes

“Have you ever performed an unforgivable curse?” No

“Are you a supporter of the Dark Lord Voldemort?” No

Kingsley was shocked at the number of crimes the 15 year old in front of him had committed. The Weasleys were not doing any better trying to reconcile the sweet girl they always saw Ginny to the conniving criminal in front of them. Harry was sad that she could be so corrupt at such a young age. Hermione was just livid and thought that Ginny was lucky to be behind the spell proof glass otherwise she would have hexed her.

Ron was questioned next and seemed very nervous after hearing everything that Ginny had admitted to. He wondered why Dumbledore hadn’t shown up to protect them yet.

“What is your name?” Ronald Billius

“Have you ever been in or know of anyone in possession of the restricted love potion Amorentia?” No

“Have you committed any crimes against Harry Potter?” I have stolen money, candy and other things from his trunk, I stole his wand

while he was in the hospital wing for a few hours and I placed tracking spells on his glasses.

“Have you committed any crimes against other students at Hogwarts?” I placed a tracking charm on Hermione Granger’s backpack.

“Have you committed any other crimes not yet mentioned?” I stole candy from Honeydukes, I stole pranks from Zonkos, I knew Severus Snape has the Dark Mark and I deliberately withheld the information that both my mother and Headmaster Dumbledore were stealing from Harry Potter’s vaults.

“Do you feel remorse for any of your crimes?” Some of them

“Will you continue to break the law if released?” Probably

“Have you ever practiced dark magic?” No

“Are you a supporter of the Dark Lord Voldemort?” No

Molly was the last of them to be questioned and knew that her small family was doomed after their confessions.

“What is your name?” Molly Anne

“Have you ever been in possession of the restricted love potion Amorentia?” No

“Did you know your daughter was ever in possession of said potion?” Yes

“Were you aware it was a controlled potion?” Yes

“Did you know if she intended to use this potion?” No

“What discussions about the potion did you have with her?” I told her that she could be arrested just for having it and that she could get

sent to Azkaban for using it on anyone. I told her to be careful and that I didn't want to know anything about it.

"Have you committed any crimes against Harry Potter?" I have stolen money from his vault, I knew of and encouraged the theft of additional money from his vault and I withheld information of his physical and mental abuse at the hands of his relatives.

"Have you committed any other crimes not yet mentioned?" I intercepted mail intended for my family, I stole irreplaceable family heirlooms from the Weasley family, I participated in an illegal organization the Order of the Phoenix, I withheld the information that Severus Snape has the dark mark, I withheld information about where escaped convict Sirius Black was hiding and I withheld the information that Albus Dumbledore was stealing from Harry Potter's vaults.

"Do you feel remorse for any of your crimes?" No

"Will you continue to break the law if released?" I don't know

"Have you ever practiced dark magic?" No

"Are you a supporter of the Dark Lord Voldemort?" No

Kingsley went into the observation room to find out if there were any additional questions they wanted asked.

"Can you ask Ron and Ginny why they placed the tracking charms and listening charms, why mess with Hermione's shampoo and why Ron took my wand please?" Harry asked thinking they were most likely Dumbledore directives. The questions were asked and they were all at Dumbledore's suggestion. The reason for the shampoo was to try and keep Hermione unattractive to other boys for Ron's sake, the reason Ron took his wand was Dumbledore wanted to place tracking and magic suppression spells on it and the tracking and listening charms were to keep a closer eye on their comings and goings.

“Mr. Potter, unless you press charges against Molly and Ronald they will go free.” Director Bones told him “Ginerva will be given a trial and sentenced then for the Amoretia alone if you do not press charges.”

“What will happen to her?” Harry asked curiously, he had no idea if there was a place for juvenile offenders.

“She will be expelled, her wand snapped, her powers suppressed and she will be sent to a muggle juvenile detention facility with charms in place so she cannot reveal our world. She will stay there until the age of 21 and then be released on parole but still without her magic. If at the age of 50 she has not been accused of any additional crimes she can appeal to have her magic released.” Bones told them and Hermione nodded thinking it a much better alternative than Azkaban.

“If Harry were to press charges against all of them what would happen then?” Hermione asked curiously.

“Molly would spend 2 years in Azkaban and then be required to make reparations to Harry. Ron would be held in a similar facility to Ginny with his wand snapped but with the option of applying for another wand after 5 years of probation following his release after 2 years.” Kingsley told them.

“OK, I will hold off on pressing charges against them unless they try something else. If they do then I reserve the right to add these charges to whatever else they do.” Harry told them and they all agreed.

Molly couldn't believe their luck. She would not be going to Azkaban and Ron was released as well. Ginny was going to be tried for her possession of Amortentia and would only be sent to prison for 5 years and have her magic bound for 35 years. She took the threat of Harry pressing charges if they messed up again very seriously as she knew he was the only reason they were not all going to prison.

Chapter 18: Wrapping Up

Harry, Neville and Hermione helped Dudley get everything into his trunk. The four friends spent the rest of their summer vacation just relaxing and having fun. They went to a movie one night but the rest of the time just stayed inside and talked about everything that had changed that summer.

Hermione had to leave for a few days, accompanied by Moody, to visit the Temple. She was quickly learning about her new faith and responsibilities. She was also able to spend some time with her mum who had filed for divorce already and was living in a nice flat Hermione was paying for.

Dudley was sad he would have to go back to school but determined to learn as much as possible while he was away in the muggle world. He couldn't believe what a great summer it had been. He went from despising his cousin to him being his best friend. He just wished his parents had been as cool as Remus describes his Aunt Lily and Uncle James to have been. If his parents had welcomed Harry into their home he could have grown up with a brother in Harry and could have perhaps found out about the wizarding world much earlier.

Neville was having the best summer of his life. He had friends that really cared about him and he didn't feel stupid or left out. He was looking forward to their next year at Hogwarts. It would prove to be interesting and he was planning on helping Harry in any way he could.

Harry thought it was an interesting summer. He was finally free of the manipulation of Dumbledore. He had effectively taken him out as the leader of the war. He had enough evidence to get him kicked out of Hogwarts and into Azkaban if he chose to use it. He would see how the school year went but he would no longer be his pawn. He wondered what the year would hold... who the DADA teacher would be... and just what adventures awaited him and his friends once they boarded the Hogwarts Express.

The End

Note: I have not decided if I will write a sequel or not. I left it wide open for one and even have some vague ideas. I have been having difficulty getting motivated to write lately. This story was originally going to cover the school year as well but I figured you would all like to read it before the 7th book came out!

I hope you all enjoyed it and this will most likely not be my last story. Maybe the 7th book will give me the inspiration to write something else.

Everyone have a great summer!

Redfrog